Borderlands of the Mediterranean

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Borderlands of the Mediterranean

BORDERLANDS *of the* MEDITERRANEAN

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"The imagination sinks abashed at the foot of Karnak."—CHAMPOLLION.

BORDERLANDS *of the* MEDITERRANEAN

By

J. GRAY McALLISTER

Professor of English Bible in Union Theological Seminary in Virginia and Author of "Studies in Old Testament History," Etc.

With an Introduction by Rev. Walter W. Moore, D. D., LL. D., President of Union Theological Seminary in Virginia

"The grand object of travel is to see the shores of the Mediterranean. On these shores were the four great empires of the world: the Assyrian, the Persian, the Grecian, and the Roman. All our religion, almost all our law, almost all our art, almost all that sets us above savages, has come to us from the shores of the Mediterranean."

—SAMUEL JOHNSON.

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To

MY KINDEST CRITIC AND MY BEST CHUM

My Wife

INTRODUCTION

The Mediterranean Sea is the most richly embroidered body of water on the globe. Fringed by Egypt, Arabia, Palestine, Phoenicia, Greece, Italy, France and Spain—the lands of Moses, Mohammed, Hannibal, Alexander, Caesar, Napoleon, and, above all, of Jesus—with cities like Carthage, Alexandria, Mecca, Jerusalem, Tyre, Athens, and Rome, it is, as some one has said, the sea of all the most poignant associations of mankind, the sea of the religions, the law, the literature, and the art that have ruled, and still rule, the race, so that not to know the Mediterranean and its associations is not to know the history of civilization.

About one of these Mediterranean lands more books have been written than about any other country of equal area on earth. And the reasons are not far to seek, for that country was the home of the most wonderful people that ever lived—the people who have given to mankind the truest conception of the Divine character and the highest ideal of human conduct; and it was the scene of the most wonderful life that was ever lived—the life of the Son of God; and it was the birthplace of the most wonderful book that was ever written—the book to which we are indebted for our Christian civilization. Little wonder then that travelers from every land turn their steps thither in every age, and that, under the spell of its unparalleled history, they set down in writing their observations and reflections.

Many of the hundreds of the books thus written are of little or no value, and one reason is that the authors themselves have but a meager and superficial knowledge of the

country and its history. What a traveler brings back from the Holy Land depends on what he takes to it. The best books on the subject are written by men who have spent years in the careful study of it before going to Palestine. Dr. McAllister has not only been steeped in the choicest literature on the subject from his boyhood, but for twenty years has been teaching the geography and history of Bible lands—teaching them with ever-increasing enthusiasm and ever-enlarging knowledge. With this ample preparation and with his rare felicity of expression, he has written a really fresh and suggestive book, presenting vividly the salient features of the ancient history of the land and bringing the story down to the present time, showing us, for instance, what Palestine is like since the World War. The volume is copiously illustrated. In short, it is good value from every point of view, and it is commended cordially to all Bible students and to all general readers as well who appreciate reliable information attractively presented.

WALTER W. MOORE.

Union Theological Seminary,
Richmond, Virginia.

FOREWORD

This book of travel (a personal narrative, and not a guide-book) is the outgrowth, first, of addresses delivered in America and on the high seas and then of a series of articles running in successive issues of "The Christian Observer," of Louisville, Ky., and asked for in more permanent form. I wish to thank the editors of this religious weekly for many courtesies, several of my fellow-travelers for not a few of the pictures I am using, Mr. Olof Anderson, Jr., of Louisville, Ky., one of my students in the Presbyterian Theological Seminary of Kentucky, in which until recently I have been teaching, for the preparation of the maps found in the volume, and a long-suffering public for its possible tolerance of an addition to the flood of books now deluging the world.

J. Gray McAllister.

Union Theological Seminary,
Richmond, Virginia.

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BORDERLANDS *of the* MEDITERRANEAN

CHAPTER I

CROSSING THE ATLANTIC

IN the pages that follow I shall attempt to share with my indulgent readers some of the privileges of a tour that carried a party of us in the winter and spring of 1924 to three continents, into fifteen countries and over seventeen thousand miles by water and land and by nearly every sort of conveyance known to man, including, to the best of my recollection, ocean liners, steam tenders, gasoline launches, sail-boats, row-boats, barges, bullock-sledges, gondolas in dreamy Venice, donkeys and camels in age-old Egypt, steam and electric trains, elevators to the top of the Eiffel Tower, surface cars and subways, busses in London town and jaunting-cars in Ireland, Buicks, Dodges and the ubiquitous Ford, to say nothing of certain foreign cars the names of which I have had not the slightest trouble in forgetting.

Fluid Highways

A word concerning the highway on which we traveled from our own shores to others so far away. Three-fourths of the earth's surface is covered by water—oceans, seas, lakes and rivers—and if Nature were fickle, much of the remainder might easily be. No wonder that among certain ancient peoples unused to ships and shipping, like the Hebrews with their even coast, the sea was no pleasant symbol, and that the last writer of the Bible, a man of this race,

looks to the day when there shall be "no more sea." For the sea was at once with them the symbol of mystery, of merciless power, of changing and dangerous moods, of separation from friends and home and familiar scenes and of nameless terrors that one could feel but not describe. This was the picture of the sea for those who did not go down to the sea in ships or do business in great waters; but the sea-faring folk were filled with no such dread. They heard the call of the sea and ventured forth, built ever stauncher ships that braved the storms and made the winds their messengers, and won in the sea a friend. The oceans that once separated distant peoples now bind them together; the uncharted lanes that were once the dread of at least some of the ancients are now the fluid highways of travel and of commerce.

The Great Atlantic

The great Atlantic covers more than a sixth of the globe and just about one-fourth of the submerged portion of it. More than 9,000 miles it stretches from north to south, and more than 3,000 miles from east to west. Count in the seas that it may rightly claim as its own, and it encloses within its ample shore-lines at least 34,000,000 square miles. This means that it could hold eleven countries the size of continental United States and leave a comfortable margin all around. Its average depth is about two and a half miles, but I shall leave to others of a statistical turn to figure out just how

many cubic feet of water the Atlantic contains or how long the tank-train would stretch that would be needed to transport it to no one knows where.

In the Paths of the Seas

Of much more interest to us is the fact that a sea voyage takes one over a bewildering variety of animal and plant life. Strange creatures dwell in the dark depths of the ocean and roam the paths of the seas, some of them equipped with phosphorescent "torches" to light them through deeps that otherwise would be shrouded in dense darkness. Deep-sea divers have been able to go down only several hundred feet below the surface, but some years ago a cable in the Mediterranean broke in two and when the ends were brought up to be tied together the cable was found covered with clinging living creatures that were lifted to the sunlight from the sea's deep bottom more than a mile and a quarter down. The oceans teem with life; and, besides, it is a fair speculation that they cover, and that for the long future, vast deposits of coal and iron, copper and silver, gold and diamonds, besides vast and variegated forests rooted in the rich valleys and hillsides of the ocean's uneven floor.

If for a time some mighty hand could lift the floor of the Atlantic and drain off its staggering volume of water and we could travel by airplane across its great reaches, the scenes that would greet us would be among the strangest the human eye could witness. For one thing, if the salt in the

Atlantic were given time enough to settle and dry, you would see a layer of it about thirty-five feet deep over the former ocean's bed. This in itself would hide large surfaces of the restored territory and leave great forests in the drapery and tracery of an old-time New England winter. Nearly midway of the new uplifted continent you would see a great S-shaped ridge, broadening here and there into irregular plateaus and sweeping lowlands. Turn giant bellows on the salt and blow it all away, and in your course you could trace the fifteen stout gutta-percha cables that bind the New World with the Atlantic side of the Old. You would see, too, on close inspection, a marvelous plant life flourishing now in deep recesses of the sea. You would see the greatest part of the more than 13,000,000 tonnage of merchant vessels sunk during the World War, and, it may be, some of the treasure-ships of pirates bold now securely stowed away in Davy Jones' locker.

Life on Shipboard

Life on shipboard is an extremely interesting thing, even before the ship starts from her dock. A daily paper, securing its news by radio, keeps one in touch with the more important happenings of the world. One soon knows the meaning of "ship-shape," for there is a place for everything and everything is in its place. Nor can one fail to be impressed with the courteous and efficient service on these trans-Atlantic liners. Nautical terms, of course,

The Mediterranean and Its Coastlands

were everywhere, but I did not clutter my mind by attempting to learn them. I found it quite sufficient to keep in mind the difference between the bow and the stern, and the starboard and the port sides of the ship, and to find my way to the dining saloon three times a day. I have not space to speak in detail of the recreations on shipboard, especially on long cruises, such as games on deck, addresses on various subjects and entertainments that were improvised to while the time away.

Beautiful Madeira

A week out from New York and we came in sight of Madeira, our great engines never stopping on this long course of 2,761 miles across the heaving, tossing Atlantic. We welcomed Madeira not alone because it was the first land we had seen since leaving America, but also because of its own beauty and charm. Separated by about four hundred miles from the Moroccan coast of Africa, the gift of volcanic forces, thirty-eight miles long by twelve miles broad at the broadest point yet supporting a large population unequally distributed, the island is easily the chief of its group, in size, in beauty, and in wealth of historical interest. Approached from the north, it rises almost sheer, like a series of grim and stately fortresses, out of the sea, yet even here it is picturesque, as if Nature dared to unite towering strength with delicate charm. Approached from the west and south, as we saw it, it rose like a great bank of dark clouds that gave way, as we steamed on, to clearer outlines of mountains towering 1,000, 2,000,

3,000 and even 4,000 feet above the sea, with a central range that ran up into peaks higher still. We were impressed with the rarely beautiful coloring, browns and purples predominating, as the sun or the shadows fell upon the mountainsides; with the mountains terraced to the very edge of bluffs and almost to the summit of the range; with the great ravines and the little villages at their mouths; with the numberless white homes on farms that looked like squares on an uneven checker-board; with the church steeples that pointed heavenward. In a word, the scenery of Madeira is varied, picturesque, magnificent; and these features combine with a fine climate to make the island an enviable health resort. The population is Portugese almost wholly. The Roman Catholic, quite logically, is the dominant religion, but the Church of England, the English Wesleyans and the Free Church of Scotland are also represented.

This leads me to suggest to any of my readers contemplating a Mediterranean tour to find out in advance the missions that are being conducted in places on the itinerary and, so far as possible, visit them. It will make your own trip more profitable and will bring encouragement and pleasure to faithful workers in these distant lands.

The City of Funchal

In Funchal, the capital of Madeira and finely situated on its southern coast, we saw a city quaint and beautiful. Hardly had we cast anchor in the sheltered harbor before we were surrounded by small

boats containing boys who had come out to dive for coins. One boy is said to have dived under the ship for a quarter. Another, later on, offered to dive from the deck for a coin of any denomination, but got no takers. Venders of wicker tables and chairs and of beads and embroidery were soon alongside the ship and in a surprisingly short time had hoisted their merchandise to a place on deck. It was interesting to see the bartering that followed, the first price asked being from three to four times the price received. Landing from the steam tender we strolled up the one broad street of the city, passing picturesque groups and little shops on the way; inspected the old and very gaudy cathedral; walked along other streets that were narrow and steep; saw houses of varying colors, terraces, gardens and a very profusion of tropical flowers of brilliant hues and rode back to the pier in a bullock-sledge.

From the points of view of scenery, of racial likeness and differences, of dress and habits, we had found much of interest in Madeira, but we found even more in the long history of the island. We were, of course, especially interested in the fact that Columbus made his home for a time in this very city of Funchal. While living in Lisbon, and already a seasoned seaman, Columbus fell in love with a school girl there by the name of Menina Perestello, daughter of Bartholomé Perestello, first governor of Porto Santo, one of the islands of the Madeira group. Leaving Lisbon, Columbus sailed the five hundred miles to Porto Santo, married the girl of his choice, settled later in Funchal and there, it is

said, in touch with sea-captains, charts, conjectures, was fired with the spirit that finally led him forth across the uncharted ocean to seek the Far East and to find the greater treasure of our Western World.

Lifting Anchor

Just after our anchor had been lifted we caught the clear tones of the Angelus sounding out from the cathedral of Funchal, an impressive close to an eventful day. Later, through a mist that was almost rain, the lights from homes and streets gradually shone out, until the whole city was illuminated. Then, with increasing distance, the city shrank to the dimensions of a toy village and finally (for night had fallen) faded wholly from our view.

Approaching Cadiz

I succeeded in getting even my sixteen-year-old son up on deck at 5:30 o'clock Monday morning to see the double lights from the lighthouse near Cadiz. Columbus sailed out of this harbor of Cadiz to discover us, but we should have been better content had we been able to sail in. The sea was too rough. The pilot boat—gallantly flying her flag—had such a hard time reaching us that the pilot stayed with us around to Gibraltar and the harbor police forbade any attempt to land our passengers.

Here happened one of the funniest incidents of our cruise. One of the passengers, having visions of busy days in Spain and thinking to take time by

the forelock, read up his guide-books, wrote out a full description of the trip he expected to take to Seville and the Alhambra, all verbs in the past tense, and unfortunately posted the letter in the mail carried back to Cadiz by the pilot boat! The letter found its way up western Europe and thence to America; and I heard echoes of it after my return home. The people who received it told me it was splendid, and I maintained a praiseworthy silence. But at the least, from the deck of our ship, we got fine views of the long peninsula and of the city of Cadiz as the afternoon sun shone down upon its white houses and revealed the craft of smaller tonnage than our own sheltered within the inner harbor. We had seen, even if we could not enter, a city founded by the Phoenicians three thousand years ago, owned by Carthage until Carthage fell, fortified by Julius Caesar, conquered successively by Goths, Arabs and Algerian pirates, plundered by the English and only within recent years regaining some small measure of the importance and prosperity it once enjoyed.

CHAPTER II

GIBRALTAR AND ALGIERS

WE turned our back on Cadiz at half past nine in the morning, steamed along the southern coast of Spain, passed between "The Pillars of Hercules" and entered the greatest of seas, the Mediterranean, in the early afternoon. As

GIBRALTAR

came in sight, a great, crouching, rock-ribbed lion, we passed through alternating zones of rain and sunshine, and a rainbow, beautiful and complete, arched itself across the course of our ship. Then a gale set in, soundings were taken and our anchors cast in a more quiet part of the harbor. The next morning, the storm having passed, we landed in tenders. Mr. George W. Warwick, a young Kentucky friend of mine, is superintendent of the Armstrong Cork Co., in Algeciras, just across the bay from Gibraltar, so we took the ferry first for that town. There were interesting types aboard: A Spaniard, with his scarlet lined military cloak, looking for all the world like a troubadour; Mohammedans topped by their fezes; and (on our return trip) a group of women talking with tongues, hands, eyes and shoulders. We learned that others besides the French cannot talk in the dark. Near the wharf was a sunken ship, her masts and one side out of water, while on the wharf a jargon of voices greeted us. A young Spaniard who could speak English fairly well offered himself

Gibraltar—The Rock

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The Parade Ground at Gibraltar

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as guide and took us to the Grand Hotel. Just here let me say that nearly every town or city we visited has a Grand Hotel. Athens, Baalbek, Damascus, Jerusalem, Milan, Luzerne, Paris, each has a Grand Hotel, and the list is far from complete. If you are ever in doubt on the question of hotel accommodations abroad, just ask to be taken to "The Grand." It may be grand or otherwise, but at any rate, nine times out of ten, you will be taken to a hotel. At this particular Grand Hotel at Algeciras a most obliging clerk got Mr. Warwick on the 'phone, and within a few minutes he was showing us the quaint old Spanish town. We had just seen a line of men, accompanied by numbers of women, marching down the other pier and loaded into waiting barges. Mr. Warwick told us they were Spanish soldiers on their way to fight the Moors in Africa and that probably not more than half of them would ever return to the homeland. We got splendid views of Gibraltar on this trip to Algeciras, both going and returning. Reaching the Gibraltar dock, we strolled through the gate of the massive wall and with all courtesy were allowed to pass the guard. The narrow streets of Gibraltar are cosmopolitan, colorful and interesting to a high degree. We passed Moors richly robed and turbaned; donkeys loaded down with wide, well filled market-baskets swinging from either side; quaint carriages; automobiles and even auto-busses for the use of the nearby Spanish towns. We overran the restaurants, patronized the stores and drove up the steep streets to the entrance to the fortifications, where we left our cameras and were furnished

with a first class English guide, a soldier of the Royal Guard Artillery. We had already seen the old Moorish castle, built in 711 A. D., and preserved as part of the wall running up the steep sides of the great rock. We walked up the path and through two galleries cut through the rough sides of the mountain and were rewarded with extensive views of the fine harbor filled with many ships; the break-water and the docks; the drill-grounds and athletic fields, and the strip of neutral territory, called No Man's Land, stretching between the holdings of Great Britain and Spain.

The Premier Fortress of the World

No words could ever do justice to the strength or strategic importance of Gibraltar. One of the giant guns on the heights, so we were told, has a range of twenty-one miles, and as the strait is only about thirteen miles wide, this monster of modern warfare could actually hurl its death-dealing charge some miles into the continent of Africa. The powerful radio stations, some of the wires of which were rigged up on the face of the great cliff, are indispensable adjuncts in Gibraltar's present day military outfit. The great search-lights are no less so. In time of war they could instantly uncover any enemy fleet attempting to pass through the strait, and the great guns of the fortress, it is claimed, would do the rest by sending the fighting craft to the bottom in ten minutes and that before they could approach within five miles of shore. Solidity marks

Algiers

San Geronimo, Algiers

everything the British have built at Gibraltar. I, for one, am glad Great Britain has Gibraltar, and has Malta and the mandate of Palestine besides.

On the way to and from the fortifications we passed groups of children just out of school. One group sang for us as we were passing, "Yes, We Have No Bananas Today." Later, in Venice, three young fellows passed us practicing the same familiar song. We had to breast a rough sea in getting back to our ship, but by ten at night the stars were out and the moon was shining down upon a bay once more at rest, the great dark fortress forming an impressive background for the brightly lighted town. At 1:30 in the night we lifted anchor and started on our journey of 350 miles to the city of Algiers.

The day that followed was crisp and beautiful. The Mediterranean was a deep indigo. Our ship cut through the long, sweeping waves and tossed them aside as smaller billows of turquoise or pure white.

Algiers

The French province of Algeria stretches for about 600 miles along the north coast of Africa and penetrates inland to a depth of, roughly, 350 miles. Our immediate destination, however, was not the whole coast, but the leading city of it: Algiers, the capital of all this territory. We reached it on the second of its Sabbaths, for it has three a week: the Mohammedan on Friday, the Jewish on Saturday and the Christian on Sunday. We entered a spacious

harbor, one, too, that is protected from all winds, Nature and man co-operating to make the harbor what it is. The city that rose before us is beautiful for situation, though one would be far from the truth in claiming that it has ever been "the joy of the whole earth," for it has been quite the reverse for much of its long and checkered history. Its life, indeed, has been a varied and tumultuous one, and oftentimes shameful and cruel.

Away back in Roman times what is now the marine quarter of Algiers was a small town by the name of Icosium, and one of the streets of the old section today follows the line of a Roman street. Even the present city, which was founded in 944, is nearly a thousand years old. The whole coast was settled in very early days. The Romans conquered the territory two years before Julius Caesar was assassinated. The Vandals conquered it in 440 A. D., and the Mohammedans in the Seventh and Eighth Centuries; and Arabic settlements followed in their train.

The Barbary Pirates

This seething unrest and open strife among the peoples of the Mediterranean combined with the weak rule of the native Berbers to give piracy its golden opportunity, and from the Fourteenth Century until the Nineteenth—for five hundred years—this north coast of Africa continued to hold an evil reputation. Many of the Moors, expelled from Spain in 1492 A. D., settled in Algeria, made Algiers their headquarters, sought revenge for their expul-

The King's Libra

sion in piratical attacks on the coast of Spain and all too quickly graduated into piracy as a profession. Recruits came to them from all quarters, some of them renegade scions of Europe's nobility.

The Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries were the pirates' days of glory, though the Eighteenth Century was not far behind and only the Nineteenth Century saw the destruction of the business. No such fearless and merciless bandits ever sailed the seas or gathered in such vast revenue. Still further to increase it, these pirates became slave-hunters, and in this displayed a ferocity that probably has never been equaled, much less excelled, in all history. Finally the business of piracy became organized plunder. Capitalists invested largely in it, fitted out their galley-ships, preyed on all commerce that dared to come within range and actually paid ten per cent of the proceeds into the official treasury of the Dey ruling in Algiers. The extent of the business may be estimated from the fact that millions were at a time in the treasure-chests of the Dey. Bougie, a hundred and twelve miles to the east of Algiers, grew into the shipbuilding city of the coast. Then a renegade Frenchman taught the pirates the use of sailing ships, galleys were discarded or given second place and piracy widened its sphere of plunder in the great reaches of the Atlantic, Ireland, and even Iceland, feeling the mailed hand of these terrors of the sea.

Tribute, blackmail, call it what you will, all nations had to pay, or suffer the consequences of refusal or neglect; and even when tribute was paid one could

never feel safe, for honor among thieves seemed to have had little place among these. But the capture of cargoes was the smallest part of the business. What the pirates aimed for chiefly was the capture of persons, to be held for ransom or, lacking that, to be kept or sold as common slaves. No sex, no age, no nationality, no degree of refinement, no stage of health, furnished exemption from the cruelty of these brigands of the high seas. Spaniards, Frenchmen, Englishmen, Americans; men and women and even little children; old and young; those of humbler station and others of noble blood and gentler breeding; some in robust health and others frail and broken; all were captured and thrown into vile prisons and if unransomed were put into chain-gangs or else sold to heartless bidders from the slave-block. The Mole that connects the old Spanish fort with the mainland in the harbor of Algiers was constructed by the labor of Christian prisoners and slaves. In all, these pirates are said to have captured 3,000 ships and held in bondage 600,000 Christians, Cervantes himself being for six years a slave in Algiers. At the height of this evil business more than 20,000 captives, it is said, were in the prisons of Algiers alone! Only the merest fraction of all who ever entered these prisons ever came out again to freedom, for many could not be ransomed, even though religious orders were established and maintained for the purpose. The absence of any united front on the part of Christians and, in tragic fact, the wars that were going on for much of the time between the so-called Christian nations of the world, together gave the

Barbary pirates a free hand in plying their frightful traffic. It stands to the lasting shame of these nations that instead of blotting out the business they seemed all too ready to employ it for selfish ends.

America Takes a Hand

Our own country of America, which had suffered along with the rest, though by no means to the same extent, has the honor of having begun the real work of sweeping these cut-throats from the seas in what Lord Nelson, the far-famed and justly famed British admiral, declared to be "the most daring act of the age," when on the night of February 16, 1804, young Stephen Decatur, only twenty-five years of age, drove his ship into the harbor of Tripoli, set fire to the United States frigate "Philadelphia" which the pirates had captured, and, without the loss of a man, escaped, though a hundred and fourteen guns were trained against him. He increased his prestige and helped to give the death-blow to piracy along this dreaded coast when in 1815, with a small United States squadron, of three frigates, one sloop and six brigs and schooners, he sailed out of the harbor of New York for the purpose of enforcing American demands in Algiers. He met and defeated the Algerine squadron off Cartagena and was ready to blow the top off of Algiers when the Dey met all his terms and agreed that henceforth the American flag and all it stood for should be respected in his territory. All American prisoners were released and all tribute by America was henceforth abolished by

the terms of the treaty rested from the Dey by the valor and blunt speech of the man who has been described as "the most conspicuous figure in the naval history of the United States for the hundred years between Paul Jones and Farragut." We thought of this as we steamed into the harbor of Algiers. Other blows were soon given that together put an end to piracy along these shores.

But, forgetting this shameful past for the moment as we steamed into the harbor, we gave ourselves over to the scene before us, and few could be more charming. The setting of the city—with terrace rising above gleaming terrace and the whole surrounded by welcome verdure—makes most appropriate the Arab comparison of the city to "a diamond set in an emerald frame." We saw indeed a twofold city—the ancient Moorish and the modern French. The streets of the old town are narrow and winding; the roofs are flat; the stone houses have for windows small gratings that make them look like jails and door-ways low and narrow that add nothing to the welcome. The front door, and the windows too, are on the inside! The markets, the gathering place of a motley population of Arabs, Moors, Jews and Negroes, presented picturesque contrasts in both colors and costumes.

The Romance of San Geronimo

The museum of Algiers contains at least one object of interest—if you are interested in such things. It is the model—a perfect likeness—of San Gero-

nimo, a young Arab who renounced Mohammedanism and embraced Christianity about three hundred and fifty years ago (1569 A. D.). Captured by corsairs he refused to renounce the faith, was thrown into a mold in which concrete was being made and encased in concrete was built into the fort then under construction in Algiers. The fort was demolished in 1853, the bones were identified as those of San Geronimo, whose story had been told by a Spanish Christian writer a generation after the martyr's death, and the plaster cast was made that may be seen today, even to the texture of the cords that bound the hero, and the clothes he wore.

Moslem and Christian

The central object of interest in the city is the Kasbah, the old palace of the Deys who for so long ruled Algiers. It was built in 1516—more than four hundred years ago—and is reached by four hundred and ninety-seven steps in a road that has been driven right through the building.

We came down the street of the Kasbah. It was crowded on either side by shops, about six by eight with the front wall lacking and everything in plain view. We noted a barber shop, a shoemaker shop, a restaurant with meat sizzling on the fire, several tailor shops, all using the Singer sewing machine, employed more widely in the Near East than any article save Fords of western manufacture, if my observation is correct, for we noticed them in every city we visited. We saw men in turbans or fezes

and women veiled. In this Moorish quarter everything was strange and picturesque—and filthy. Beggars were everywhere, not only boys of ten and twelve but tiny children of three or four, with palm outstretched and persistently following until positively and almost roughly dismissed. While on a drive through the French part of the city we got out of our carriage to take a snap-shot of the distant harbor, with our ship lying at anchor in it. Immediately we were surrounded by a group of Arab boys clamoring for money. I threw a nickel into the air and almost started a riot.

We visited a mosque. Moslems were washing hands and feet or else removing shoes and sometimes stockings before they stepped on the mosque carpet, forbidden to "infidels", and bowed in prayer towards Mecca. Unkempt and wrinkled women were begging at the entrance as we went in and came out. I thought of the absence of all this at the doors of our Protestant Christian churches and of the great gulf, here and in all other Mohammedan lands, between a Moslem and a Christian civilization. "By their fruits ye shall know them." I thought of another thing: Only thirty miles away from Algiers is the railway station of Constantine, once the home of the great Augustine. Constantine! Augustine! Names of men who helped to make the Fourth Century notable in the annals of the Christian Church, yet this early home of Christianity is now a stronghold of Islam.

But the day of redemption will come as certainly as God rules, though the time seems long to human

eyes. We had an illustration of this truth the night before we left Algiers. The American Methodist Episcopal Mission in the city had entertained certain members of the cruise and two of the mission teachers were in turn guests for dinner on shipboard—a treat all round. We learned that the work has been established less than half a century; that it had but one convert in fifteen years, but that now about forty are gathered into the mission. There have been long years of seed-sowing in other mission fields before harvests were gathered in. It takes brave faith to carry on in the face of such discouragements, but these faithful workers are claiming for themselves the assurance that "the prospects are as bright as the promises of God." They know that "in due season they shall reap if they faint not," and that the day will certainly come "when sowers and reapers will rejoice together" in the full glory of the harvest time.

CHAPTER III

ATHENS, THE EYE OF GREECE

WE left Algiers at ten in the morning, escorted for some distance by a French "blimp", which circled slowly over our ship and then returned leisurely to its base. We were now on our long run of eleven hundred miles to Athens. We steamed close to the African coast, with everything in plain view. The Atlas Mountains lifted their long black masses in the distance, and behind one range appeared another clad in snow, beautiful by contrast with its neighbors and striking by contrast with what we had left in Algiers, where gardens were green, flowers were blooming and orange trees were bending with ripe fruit—the middle of February, too! We rarely think of snow in Africa! We left ancient Carthage (the Carthage that Rome destroyed) not far to our right and about noon of the day following our departure from Algiers sighted Sicily, our course taking us between that island and the much smaller island of Malta, on which Paul was shipwrecked on his way to Rome. Night fell, and facing a strong head wind, and with waves higher than usual, we found ourselves in that part of the Adriatic Sea (now called the Ionian) in which the great Apostle and two hundred and seventy-five others were buffeted for two anxious weeks preceding their shipwreck. The twenty-seventh chapter of the Acts seemed very

The Acropolis at Athens, "Mar's Hill" in the Foreground

ATHENS

The Parthenon

The Temple of Wingless Victory

real to us. About six o'clock the next morning we were in beautiful Phaleron Bay and in sight of

Athens

The view of Athens from the deck of our ship was a glorious one, for the day was ideal. Across the water and the several intervening miles of land we could see clearly the lofty Acropolis, at the base of which the modern city is built, and its crowning glory the Parthenon, beautiful even in ruins. Our little party of four (Rev. Herbert K. England, of Roselle, N. J.; Mr. Robert L. McLeod, Jr., of Maxton, N. C.; my son, J. Gray McAllister, Jr., and myself) were from this time on to have some fine trips together. We hurried through breakfast and were soon aboard a tender heading for shore, passing a number of sail-boats and row-boats on the way. One of the waiting automobiles soon landed us at the foot of the Acropolis. We entered, inspected and kodaked the Odeon, the old music hall in which the semi-circular seats for 5,000 auditors remain almost as they were in the glory days of Greece, though the walls of the building show the mutilation of the centuries, as does the Theater of Dionysius nearby. We then ascended the worn, rock-hewn steps of the Areopagus, popularly known as Mar's Hill, and stood upon the spot where Paul delivered the famous sermon recorded in Acts 17. Here we joined in an impressive service led by Rev. H. E. Harman, of Pittsburgh. The Areopagus where we were standing is a mere mound in comparison with

The Majestic Acropolis,

which rises two hundred feet above the level of the city and which towered in full view not more than two hundred yards away. We soon visited the Acropolis, ascending by the graded road, then up the steep path and the steep steps, then through the massive and beautiful gateway (the Propylea) to the small but equally beautiful Temple of Nike, or Wingless Victory, and then to the wonderful Parthenon, with its battered yet graceful columns, the dominating center of a wilderness of broken pillars and statues.

Hard by the Parthenon rose in ancient days the gigantic figure of Athena Promachus, made by Phidias from Persian spoil taken at Marathon. It stood sixty-six feet in height and its great shining lance-head guided the Grecian sailors into the harbor of Athens five miles away. No marvel that the Parthenon, even in ruins, is considered the chief architectural legacy of the golden days of Greece.

We visited next the Erechtheum a few yards away and were charmed, as all travelers are, with the Caryatides supporting and adorning one of the porches of this temple, graceful figures symbolizing the maidens "who at the Pan-Athenaic festival ascended to the Acropolis carrying on their heads baskets containing flowers and other offerings" for the patron goddess of the city. Phidias' statue of Athena Parthenos, thirty-nine feet high, made of gold and ivory and worth, it is said, $750,000, stood in the sanctuary of this temple. One of the figures

of the maidens, restored in terra cotta, the method employed in the restoration of the Parthenon now being carried forward, we saw later in the great British Museum. We spent hours on the Acropolis on this and later visits and found points of interest everywhere, in the stately ruins, the women selling embroidery made by refugees, the views of the modern city and the enthusiasm of travelers from far lands.

The Setting of Paul's Speech

These temples of the Acropolis were erected in the Fifth Century B. C., in the greatest days of Greece. While Ezra and Nehemiah were carrying on their work of reformation in Judea, the leaders of Greece were erecting these massive and graceful structures for the worship of their gods and in the work laying tribute upon the greatest genius and the largest talent that even Greece could boast. These temples of gleaming Pentelic marble, perfect in architecture, adorned with statues and even trophies of war and decorated by master hands, stood until relatively recent days. They were standing in all their glory in the days of Paul. As he stood upon the Areopagus, his audience of Athenian thinkers gathered about him, he could see the Acropolis crowned with these wonderful temples and thronged with worshipers. If we think these temples beautiful today even in ruins, what must they have been in Paul's day, standing there unmutilated and complete! Paul could truthfully say, as he tactfully said, that

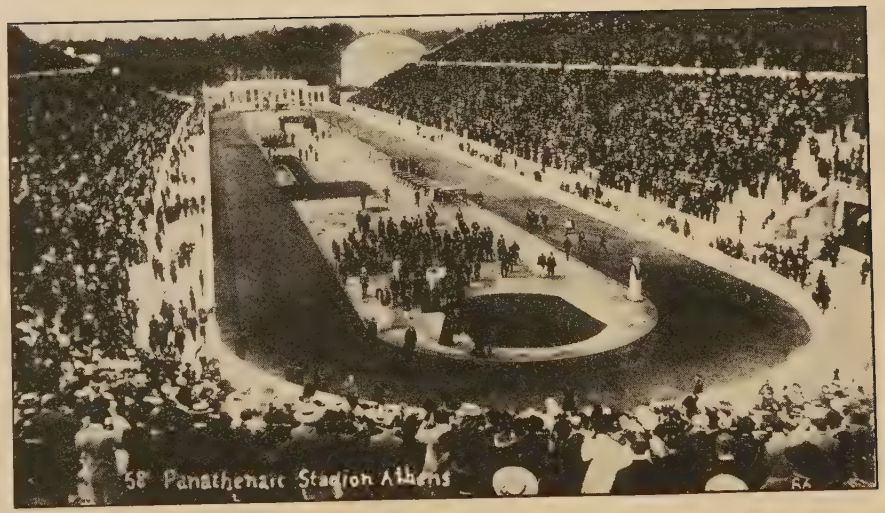
the Athenians were "very religious," for the best that was in them they had offered to their gods and they had even erected, somewhere in Athens, an altar to the Unknown God, whom Paul proceeds to make known to them. Keep in mind where Paul was standing and upon what glory he was looking and you will find (as we found) a special significance attaching to his words as he continued his address (Acts 17:22-31): "God that made the world and all things therein, seeing that He is Lord of Heaven and earth, dwelleth not in temples made with hands, neither is worshiped with men's hands, as though He needed anything, seeing He giveth to all life and breath and all things. . . . Forasmuch then as we are the offspring of God, we ought not to think that the godhead is like unto gold, or silver, or stone, graven by art and man's device. And the times of this ignorance God overlooked; but now commandeth all men everywhere to repent. Because He hath appointed a day in the which He will judge the world in righteousness by that man whom He hath ordained; whereof He hath given assurance unto all men, in that He hath raised Him from the dead."

The visible results of Paul's Areopagus address were not large: Some mocked and some postponed. But nevertheless Paul's preaching was not without result, for "certain men clave unto him and believed; among the which was Dionysius the Areopagite (a member of the Athenian supreme court) and a woman named Damaris and others with them" (verse 34). Note the characteristic names.

ATHENS

"Mar's Hill"

The Temple of Olympian Zeus



The Beautiful New Stadium at Athens

The Market Place

It should be observed that Paul's sermon on the Areopagus was only part of Paul's work for Christ in this city "wholly given to idolatry." Read verse seventeen of this same noted chapter of the Acts: "Therefore disputed he in the synagogue with the Jews and with the devout persons and in the market daily with them that met him."

We visited the Market at a later time and secured a good picture of it. An iron fence shuts it off from the busy street. Four Doric columns support the ancient gateway, and large stones and the fragments of columns were neatly piled here and there. We were in the presence of ruins dating from the days of Julius Caesar and his nephew and heir, Augustus, each of whom had much to do with making the Old Market what it was in the time of Paul.

We had the privilege while in Athens of seeing

The Parthenon by Moonlight

I never expect to see anything more beautiful. The moon was full, or nearly so. The night was clear. The Propylea, the exquisite little Temple of Nike, the Parthenon, the Erechtheum—what could have been more beautiful as the mellow moonlight softened and hid away the mutilations of the centuries! And stretching out before us, its buildings gleaming with lights, lay the fair city of Athens, the city of Pericles, Miltiades, Phidias, Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Demosthenes, and of Venizelos,

too. Athens, though a thousand memories throng its streets and heights, is a modern city. While reverencing the past, and preserving in a fine and sensible way its marvelous memorials, the city is intensely engaged in the tasks of the present and in providing for the future. Mr. Venizelos, we learned, had been recalled to Greece only a short time before we reached there, and one of the members of our cruise, bearing a letter of introduction from Greek friends in America, had a very pleasant interview with him and carried back, from the former Premier himself, a very gracious letter to these friends.

While we were seeing the Parthenon by moonlight the representatives of Greece were hotly debating, far into the night, their future form of government, whether monarchy or republic. The plebiscite that soon followed severed all political relationship with King George II, though this former ruler regards himself still as king and predicts his early return to Greece. Well, time will show, but those who fear that Greece cannot rule herself forget that Greece was a pioneer in the business of self-government, and that a good many centuries ago.

A City Full of Interest

No visitor to Athens should fail to see the Greek Cathedral. We found a building substantial, richly ornamented, and filled with pictures. There were no pews. A bearded priest, wearing a black robe and a black mortar-board cap, was in attendance.

A woman dressed in black lighted a candle before the tomb of the Greek Patriarch buried in the Cathedral, kissed his picture and other pictures nearby, and went silently out again. We visited the Y. M. C. A. on the same street, but could not capture the time for a visit to the interesting Presbyterian Church near the Arch of Hadrian. We inspected the Theseum, the oldest temple in Athens, and the best preserved of all, then went to the Bema, where Pericles and later Demosthenes are said to have addressed the people. At least, we came in sight of the spot. The entrance gate was locked, but Mr. Knittle, of Manheim, Pa., more fortunate than ourselves, secured a good picture at close quarters. We spent a while, however, at the rock tomb of Cimon and the so-called Prison of Socrates. Whether Socrates was ever a prisoner there or not, somebody was, and the prisoner, whoever he was, could look out of his strong, rock-hewn cell and see the Acropolis and the Parthenon, five hundred yards distant. We passed more than once the beautiful Stadium, the restoration in pure white marble, and at a cost of $500,000, of the stadium of the early days. We saw on many occasions the Greek soldiers in their picturesque dress uniforms—red cape, tight knee trousers and leggings, pointed shoes with a pom-pon on the point. We handled some of the brand new issue of Greek money and were interested to observe that the printing was done by the American Bank Note Company, and that at the top was the inscription, "The Kingdom of the Greeks," singularly inappropriate since the kingdom has

passed away. I have not space to speak of modern Athens, a city claiming half a million souls, or of great features of its life, such as its two great universities, its archaeological institutes, and its museums crowded with priceless treasures. We skimmed over the blue waters of the bay in a sail-boat, saw two of our own gun-boats flying the stars and stripes (part of the squadron, we were told, that rendered valiant help in the Smyrna disaster) and were soon back home again aboard our ship, which lay at quiet anchor in one of the most historic and beautiful harbors of the world.

CHAPTER IV

HEROIC GREECE

The battlefield of Marathon shows how Greece made history in the days long gone. The stupendous work Greece is doing for more than a million refugees shows how she is making history now. We saw these proofs of a heroism that few have equaled and none surpassed.

Marathon

Our small party while in Athens decided that we must see Marathon, so engaging a guide and an automobile we made the trip most comfortably in an afternoon. Our guide was Andrew Demetracopulos, who had spent fourteen years in Canada and the United States and had served nineteen months of the time in the Canadian forces in the World War. It is unnecessary to add that he spoke English fluently. We found him, too, well versed in the history of his native land of Greece and proud of the part she had played in stemming the tide of Persian invasion in the memorable Fifth Century B. C. He was just the guide we needed for our trip to Marathon.

The distance is twenty-six miles and the road a fairly good one. We saw the big refugee camp just outside of Athens. It is housed in part in wooden buildings, which are rare in that part of the world, and we noticed other refugee camps, for

work on farms, along the way to Marathon. We passed many farms, and farmers either at work or returning from the fields at the close of day to the small villages; for the detached farm houses, so familiar to us in America, are almost wholly lacking in the Near East. Most of the villages had at least two public buildings: A Greek Catholic church, surmounted by a cross, and a roadside tavern. We saw women working in the fields; grape-vines cut down to the root; a few olive groves; cypress trees and umbrella-shaped pines. We passed a big wagon loaded with hay and the driver on top of it, all drawn by a small donkey. My admiration for the donkey and my profound sympathy for him steadily increased on this trip to the Near East. To see a large man, his feet almost scraping the ground, carried along at a good pace astride a small donkey, is ludicrous—to all except the donkey.

On we sped over a rolling country, passing not far from Pentelicus, whence the marbles were quarried that made the temples of Athens so beautiful. Then a blow-out delayed us, but we came finally in sight of the sweeping Bay and Plain of Marathon, hills and sloping mountains behind, and recalled the great day when Greece beat back the Persians and won the undying gratitude of Europe and the West.

The Persian Invasions

It was no other than Darius the Great, the man who, in 521 B. C., had allowed the Jews to resume the rebuilding of their Temple in Jerusalem, who

Modern Athens, Lycabettus Hill in the Background

The Mound at Marathon

planned and carried forward this invasion of Greece in 490 B. C. His army, according to some authorities, numbered 100,000 men, though others reduce the estimate. To oppose this great force Greece could summon to her aid only 10,000 patriots. The Persians, debouching from their ships, encamped upon the Plain, the despairing Greeks looking down upon them from the nearby hills. Then the Greeks charged the enemy and drove them into the Bay, the Persians losing 6,400 men and the Greeks but 192! No wonder the battle of Marathon takes rank as one of the decisive battles of the world, for had the issue gone against her, Greece would have been absorbed into the Persian Empire and, as the implacable foe of Persia, would never have been free to develop the institutions that have made the world, down to this day, her willing debtor.

This was not the last invasion of Greece at the hands of Persia. Xerxes took up the unfinished work of his father and made even larger preparations for the conquest of this valiant people. With an army that may be conservatively estimated at more than a million men, though Herodotus gives far higher figures, he pressed into Greece in the summer of 480 B. C., ten years after Marathon, finally, by the treachery of a Greek soldier, pushed through the Pass of Thermopylae, gave Athens to the flames, saw his fleet go down in defeat at Salamis, near Athens, though he had the stage set for a smashing victory over the Athenians, learned the news of the merciless slaughter of his troops at Platea the following year, retired to his capital a

defeated and disappointed monarch, and was murdered by two of his courtiers a few years later on. Xerxes whose queen was Esther!

We had seen the Bay of Salamis from the Acropolis. Later we were to see in Constantinople the Serpentine Column made from the bronze shields captured at Platea and containing within its folds the names of the cities of Greece that had helped to rid the land of the menace of Persian invasion.

The Mound of Marathon

No stately shaft marks the field of Marathon, but only a simple mound raised over the one hundred and ninety-two who died for Greece that day, the monument to Miltiades, the commanding general, having been thrown down, and, it may be, buried in the mound, a great while ago. The mound, about fifty feet high, is itself an impressive monument to the brave defenders of Greece. We spent some time on the top of it getting views of plain and bay and mountains, and on the side of it gathering the wild flowers that bloomed as if in tribute to the soldiers of the long ago.

The Return to Athens

was without incident. The day was far advanced. The refugees were back in their simple camps and the villagers in their homes or else in the dimly lighted taverns. The lights of Athens appeared in the distance and before long we were motoring through one of her principal streets on our way to

a brightly lighted restaurant. We kept Andrew with us so that we might be certain to get a square meal and not pay too much for it. An orchestra furnished good music. A greatly bewhiskered gentleman passed in and then out again after he had supplied himself with a magazine at a news-stand over in the corner. We ordered bread, steak, tea and coffee. I saved the waiter's check showing ten per cent for service and the same amount for a luxury tax.

The Near East Relief

We got an early start our second morning in Grecian waters, and on reaching the wharf asked one of the guides if he could speak our language. "I speak very well English," he replied. On the way to the Near East work we stopped at the Arch of Hadrian and then at the ruined temple of Zeus. This great structure, begun in the Sixth Century B. C. and completed eight centuries later, was considered second only to the marvelous temple of Diana at Ephesus, one of the seven wonders of the ancient world. The ruined temple and the great spaces around it constitute the playground of the boys' orphanage not far away.

The Boys' Orphanage

We next visited this orphanage, housed in the Zappeion, one of the former exposition buildings, and caring for 700 boys. A hundred or more were in the open court engaged in athletic exercises as we went in, a fine set of fellows wearing simple blue

uniforms. We were shown through the building. The dining room is neat and plain. We noted the tin cups and plates. The sleeping quarters had a concrete floor on which were endless mattresses, each with a sheet and blanket, and all spotlessly clean. The school rooms were most interesting. We saw a group of blind children being taught by a most intelligent looking blind teacher; a group of deaf-mutes at their class work; boys of different ages in other rooms, all looking older than we knew them to be and the agony of a thousand years speaking out of the eyes of not a few. One group sang for us "The Star Spangled Banner" and a Greek song. We saw other boys at work sawing wood, mending shoes, preparing vegetables for the mid-day meal.

The Girls' Orphanage

We drove next to the former Royal Palace, the interior of which was badly damaged by fire during the Revolution of a few years ago. This palace, by arrangement with the Government, is the home and school for about 250 girls that are being cared for by the Near East Relief. We were told that it is more a receiving and discharging depot for the younger refugees, for at Oropos, thirty-five miles from Athens, there is an orphanage enrolling 900 girls. We saw long lines of refugees here who had just come in; others who were ready to go out. In the throne-room of the palace, surrounded by heroic paintings and the insignia of royalty, a class of deaf-

School in Refugee Camp at Athens

Selling Wood in the Refugee Camp at Athens

mutes was in session, and in a great hall nearby the girls sang for us in English and with appropriate gestures, "Welcome to You."

One of the most interesting of all the classes we visited was the training class for nurses, the first in all Greece. It was founded by Dr. Mabel E. Elliott. Armenian and Greek refugees were the pupils, those longer in training being dressed in blue uniforms. I noticed one of the newer pupils especially. Lips and chin and forehead bore marks in indelible blue ink—the work of her former captors. After Dr. Herbert K. England, of our party, had spoken to the nurses I went to the blackboard, on which were written "Turpentine Stupes" and wrote "America." The class recognized it and seemed pleased. Feeling that this was not enough, I added, "loves you." The interpreter (a refugee from Pontus in Asia Minor) gave the translation and every face was radiant. Dr. England learned from Mr. Jacquith, the director, that there are at present 10,000 orphans in Greece, 3,500 of whom have been connected up with relatives, and 3,000 of whom have been adopted in homes in Athens; and that 300 Armenian girls were just about to be sent to Egypt to be placed in good homes already secured for them in that land in which so many of their own people live. Many orphans have been placed on farms in Greece, the government furnishing the small, necessary loan. The Woodrow Wilson School, with emphasis on practical subjects, is located on the island of Syra, sixty miles off the coast of Greece. It enrolls 2,000 orphans, and the older boys of the

number are now erecting the solid stone buildings for the housing and work of an institution that most appropriately is being maintained by the gifts of the people of President Wilson's native state of Virginia.

Appealing Heroism

I have spoken already of the large camp of refugees near Athens, and I shall have more to say concerning the work of the Near East Relief in other lands we visited. But enough has been said, I trust, to indicate the great importance of this work in Greece. More than this, Greece should have our keenest sympathy in the burdens she is bearing in the present hour. Think of it! Into Greece, a land of only 5,000,000 souls, more than 1,300,000 refugees have been poured! The greater number, it is true, came in as the result of an exchange of populations, but, even so, the plight of these refugees and the settlement of them in a new land imposed tremendous burdens on an already overburdened people. The work of the Near East Relief in helping Greece in this trying hour has been, and is, beyond measure and beyond praise. Do not fail in your continued support of the Near East Relief.

Leaving Athens

We steamed out of Phaleron Bay in the middle of the afternoon. There were sail-boats in the harbor, a beautiful one, with orange-colored sails, returning to the shore. Seven row-boats, several of them

tandem, tied up to our last tender and got a free ride back to the dock. Athens, the beautiful Parthenon, the Acropolis, and then the high range of mountains to the east, and the shoulder of the ridge beyond which lay Salamis to the west, receded in the distance. Great mountains, almost bare of trees, sentinelled the shores near which we were passing. The pillars of the ruined temple of Poseidon stood on a high mountain to our left. We were soon passing between the islands just off the mainland of Greece. We threaded the waters in which Great Britain's hospital ship, "The Brittanic," was torpedoed and sunk in the World War. We passed a freighter headed north. The tops of sails could be sighted between the islands on the blue horizon. Then came a wonderful scene as behind a purple curtain the sun, not far from setting, shed down a golden flood of light on the distant Grecian mainland. Darkness found us steering between islands with mountains rising hundreds of feet into the sky. Far beyond them, beside more quiet waters, lay Constantinople, our next port of call.

CHAPTER V

CONSTANTINOPLE, THE GATEWAY OF THE NEAR EAST

ATHENS and beautiful Phaleron Bay, the Grecian coast and the Grecian islands, had become golden memories as we steamed on into the night. We passed the site of ancient Troy about 2:30 in the morning, which means that we left until our return any attempt to see any part of the historic plain; but some of us were up at 5:30 a. m., when we entered

The Dardanelles

We thought of Xerxes and his bridge of boats across which the Persians poured for the invasion of Greece; but we thought still more of the Gallipoli campaign in the early days of the World War. We passed the beach where British troops were landed for the capture of the peninsula. Somebody blundered, somebody failed to co-operate at the opportune time, brave men were sacrificed when it was too late and the chance to give Russia and her resources of men and materials a free passage to the Mediterranean was lost beyond recall. The success of the Dardanelles campaign might have shortened by two years the most frightful war of all time.

At Chanak, on the Asiatic side, where the British, after the war, doggedly stayed on and held their

own after the Turks, with superior numbers, had ordered all Allied forces to leave Asia Minor, we took on our pilot from a boat that flew the star and crescent, a reminder that we were indeed in Turkish waters.

The City of Constantine

We came in sight of Constantinople about three in the afternoon. This great city, numbering now about 1,000,000 souls, was founded as Byzantium about 700 B. C., and, when centuries had passed, became part of the Roman Empire. After Constantine the Great became Emperor he chose this city (in 324 A. D.) as his new capital, rebuilt it in great magnificence, fortified it and intended it to be known as New Rome. It took, instead, the name of its new founder. The city withstood the attacks of Goths, Germans and Mohammedans, was plundered during the Fourth Crusade and fell before the onslaught of Mohammed II, or "The Great," in the fateful year of 1453. Constantinople continued as capital of Turkey until within recent years, when Angora, in the heart of Asia Minor, succeeded to this distinction. Things political are moving rapidly in the Near East. Within a few years Egypt has become a kingdom, Turkey a republic and Greece a self-governing commonwealth. Sultan, Caliph, King George of Greece, all are gone, and King Fuad I enters as the newest among kings, and that in the age-old land of the Pharaohs!

Constantinople as seen from the deck of an incoming ship is beautiful. We noted its minarets and

mosques, its harbor dotted with row-boats, sail-boats, freighters and passenger ships from far and near, the water a beautiful deep blue. It is not surprising that the great nations of the world have coveted Constantinople, the gateway of two great continents and of the trade of countries to east and west.

We tarried at Constantinople only long enough to take on Turkish officials, who checked up our passports as we steamed

Up the Bosphorus

and back again. We passed the palace of the former Sultan, then the substantial buildings of the Constantinople Woman's College and then the buildings of Robert College, occupying a magnificent site on a promontory overlooking the Bosphorus and just above the walls and tower of the fortifications erected by Mohammed the Great for the siege of Constantinople. Although these fortifications were built in 1452—forty years before the discovery of America—they are in perfect preservation. As we were passing Robert College the students gathered on the campus and waved us a welcome, while two of them, on the roof of the main building, ran up the Stars and Stripes—a thrilling sight in a foreign land. Robert College was founded in 1863 by two Americans, Mr. C. R. Robert, a sugar merchant, and Dr. Cyrus Hamlin, a missionary; and Dr. Caleb F. Gates has been its president since 1903. For 1924-'25 the college had an enrollment of about 450, twenty

nationalities being represented. There were 140 Greeks in attendance, 214 Turks and 97 Armenians, and the utmost harmony prevails among them. The Constantinople Woman's College, owing its origin likewise to Americans, has developed from a high school for girls, which was founded in 1871. Miss Kathryn Newell Adams was inaugurated as its president in June, 1924. Here there is an enrollment of about 400 students comprising eighteen nationalities. These two colleges have meant and are meaning to all that part of the Near East far more than words can say. We came within sight of the Black Sea and on our return secured fine views of Constantinople, the great city in which we were to find so many points of interest.

In the Ottoman Museum

Favored by a clear, crisp February day we got an early start the next morning, made our way through lines of jabbering cab-drivers to our automobiles near the wharf and were soon in the famous Ottoman Museum. Objects of interest were everywhere, but we were centering on three out of the hundreds.

First, the so-called Sarcophagus of Alexander. Of white, Pentelic marble, elaborately and wonderfully carved and all but perfectly preserved, this sarcophagus ranks as certainly the most beautiful that has come down from ancient days. Its frieze is crowded with figures of hunting and battle scenes, men, horses, lions, dogs, in life-like action and struggle. While seemingly prepared for Alexander, it is said

to have been the sarcophagus of one of Alexander's generals. Why this general was buried at Sidon, where in the great necropolis this sarcophagus was found, is an unsolved mystery. But of the marvelous beauty of this work of art there can be no question. It is worth going hundreds of miles to see.

The second object we were intent on seeing was the famous Temple Tablet, found in the Temple area of Jerusalem, in 1871, by M. Ganneau. It was one of a number of tablets, affixed to the wall of the Court of the Gentiles, forbidding the Gentiles to pass further into the sacred enclosure on pain of death. Paul evidently refers to this when he speaks of Christ having broken down the middle wall of partition between Jew and Gentile and made of both one body by the Cross. Read Ephesians 2. The tablet is carefully kept in a glass case.

In a glass case in the same alcove we found the third object we were seeking; namely, the famous Siloam Inscription, carved into the side of the rock tunnel through which Hezekiah brought water from the Fountain of the Virgin to the Pool of Siloam in Jerusalem. The inscription tells of the completion of the tunnel. Some vandal chiseled out the part of the rock containing it and broke it in the process. I shall have more to say of the romantic finding of the inscription when I speak of our visit to Jerusalem.

St. Sophia

The Koran has displaced the Bible in the city of Constantine, and nearly four hundred mosques stand

Constantinople

"The Sarcophagus of Alexander," Constantinople

as reminders of the substituted faith. The most famous of all these mosques is St. Sophia, a Christian church for a thousand years and a Mohammedan mosque for the last five hundred. Constantine built it, or, rather, the first of its predecessors, in 326 A. D. The present St. Sophia, the third to occupy the site, was erected by the Emperor Justinian I, more famous, perhaps, as the ruler under whom the Justinian Code was compiled. St. Sophia was begun in 532 and was finished five years later. On the completion of the building Justinian is said to have exclaimed, 'I have surpassed thee, O Solomon!" The structure, it is claimed, cost $6,000,000. The strikingly beautiful dome, 186 feet in height, is supported by four great arches. Other great buildings contributed of their best to this, for of the 126 columns that adorn St. Sophia, eight came from the stately Temple of Diana at Ephesus—one of the seven wonders of the ancient world—and an equal number from the massive Temple of the Sun at Baalbek. Mohammed the Great is said to have ridden horseback through St. Sophia after his conquest of the city, and we were shown the print of his bloody hands (!) high up on one of the pillars of the structure.

The approach to this famous mosque is anything but attractive and the exterior needs a good coat of paint. We passed through a semi-court where men were lounging or smoking or selling their wares and others (men, women and children) were begging. We entered the mosque itself through bronze-plated doors that showed long service and found

ourselves in a long, wide vestibule. Getting into slippers, we were soon within the inner doors. We saw a great floor space, carpets covering most of it, and a few worshipers, singly or in groups, praying towards Mecca. On a later visit we saw quite a number of worshipers near the closed door facing Mecca and a group of black-robed women on an enclosed platform at the opposite end of the mosque.

A Contradiction

St. Sophia is a contradiction. Two religions as wide apart as the poles have held and used it. When Constantinople fell, the golden cross on its dome was replaced by the crescent. Four minarets, added by the conqueror, advertise the fact that the building is a Mohammedan mosque and not a Christian church, and yet the mosque, like the great cathedrals of Europe, is in form a cross. The Christian mosaics that for so long adorned the walls of the vestibule have long ago been removed and the places roughly plastered over, and yet the mural portraits of the Christian Emperor Constantine and his queen show dimly through. You enter the mosque proper, and Arabic inscriptions stare you in the face, and yet look closely and on the great arches that uphold the dome you will see the cherubim of Isaiah's vision—with wings covering face and feet and outstretched to fly —and on ceiling after ceiling you will note the crosses similarly untouched. Tradition has it that Mohammed the Great struck down one of his own soldiers engaged in destroying these Christian

symbols and voiced his own thoughts in the words: "Let these things be; who knows but in another age they can serve another religion than that of Islam?" The tradition may be merely a pretty story; but "another religion than that of Islam" will certainly reconquer this territory for Christ and bring in a better day.

The Hippodrome

is not far from St. Sophia. Here we saw the Serpent Column made of bronze captured by the Greeks from Xerxes after the battle of Platea, 479 B. C., set up at Delphi and removed to Constantinople by Constantine. Its three heads, so the story goes, were severed by the sword of Mohammed the Great. Within the serpentine folds are the names of the thirty-one Greek cities that together won the day for Greece in that memorable Fifth Century B. C. Near the Serpent Column is the obelisk of Thothmes III. The Emperor Theodosius brought it from Heliopolis in the Fourth Century of our era and the long inscription on the pedestal gives an account of the removal and the joy of the people over the achievement.

Among the Refugees

From the Hippodrome we drove to the warehouses and the industrial department of the Near East Relief and then to one of the refugee camps conducted by that organization and located on one of the higher hills of Constantinople. We entered the crowded

street and stopped before an old, narrow building. As we climbed the steps we felt that the building might at any moment tumble down around us; yet there were 1,700 refugees crowded into the building, an average of twenty-five to a room! It was the best that the Near East Relief could get with the slender resources at its command. It can do no more than help these distressed people to keep soul and body together, secure wherever possible some work for the men to do and provide for removal to other lands when permission is extended. We saw an old woman stirring a fire of coals in a can in the middle of the floor; a mother and her little child in one part of a room; two tubercular patients in the improvised "hospital;" a group of half grown children in another room. They looked defeated, dispirited, as who would not with the past a tragedy, the present a bare existence, the future all uncertain? And yet there is hope in their hearts, for America will not altogether fail them. The street was filled with other refugees, mainly men, for it was the Moslem Sabbath and the new regime had just clamped down the lid the week before we reached there. Women were filling water-cans at the fountain nearby. A young girl, with sad, lustrous eyes, watched us as we got into our automobiles. It was hard for us to keep back the tears as we drove away from this scene. We were silent. We wished that the people at home could see what we had seen. One of the members of our party, as we bade Secretary Mills good-bye, said, with deep emotion, "Well, this trip this morning converted me to the Near East Relief."

St. Sophia, Constantinople

Interior of St. Sophia, Constantinople

Other Points of Interest

may be mentioned only. We saw two buffaloes drawing a large wagon loaded down with household goods; a veiled woman and a woman unveiled walking together; the great Basilica Cistern, seemingly acres of water underground; the famous Galata Bridge, from the old to the new part of Constantinople, the broad highway of the races; the Galata Tower, whence fine views may be secured; the walls above the Golden Horn; and the Church of Holy Peace, built by Constantine and now used as a Museum of Ancient Arms!

Through the Aegean

We left Constantinople in the night and passed not far from the Plain of Troy about seven o'clock in the morning. We steamed close to the islands of Mitylene and Chios, remembered that we were on the track of the Great Apostle when returning from his Third Missionary Campaign and read with new interest what Luke said of Paul and this part of the journey: "And when he met us at Assos, we took him in and came to Mitylene. And sailing from thence we came the following day over against Chios; and the next day we touched at Samos; and the day after we came to Miletus." (Acts 20:14, 15).

It is interesting to recall that the first camp of refugees from the stricken city of Smyrna was established on Mitylene by Dr. Mabel E. Elliott, author of that thrilling book, "Beginning Again at Ararat" and founder of the first training school for nurses in Greece, already mentioned when speaking of the Near East work at Athens.

We passed within ten miles of Patmos, but it was dark. The wind was whipping the deck awnings, the spray was dashing over the bow of our ship and the sea was high. We thought that the Apostle John in exile on Patmos must often have looked out upon seas as rough as this. Our course brought us out into the Mediterranean once more, "that great and wide sea" that formed for the Hebrews their restless and inexorable boundary on the west. Great, indeed, it is: 2,300 miles in length, 1,200 in greatest width, though narrowing to thirteen miles at Gibraltar; two and three-quarter miles in greatest depth and covering about a million square miles, or one-third the size of continental United States. Four hundred species of fish roam its depths and shallows. Trade-winds from the northeast blow over it in summer and winds from the west in winter. Strong currents from the Black Sea and the Atlantic save it from becoming a huge Dead Sea, for evaporation carries off three times as much water as its four great rivers (the Nile, the Rhone, the Po and the Ebro) pour in from year to year. It bathes three continents, finds place within its ample reaches for great islands, — Cyprus, Crete, Sicily, Sardinia, Corsica, — and many others of lesser size and yet of storied interest and for time out of mind has furnished harborage, life, romance, for a dozen countries that have helped so mightily to mold the history of the world.

Finally Cyprus lay to our north, and ahead of us lay Palestine, where privileges beyond our dreams awaited us.

CHAPTER VI

UP THE PHOENICIAN COAST

WE steamed into the harbor of Haifa, just north of Mt. Carmel, at six o'clock in the morning. I am sure I shall never forget the thrill I experienced as I looked out of a port-hole of the dining-saloon (we were at breakfast) and saw the great shoulder of Carmel not more than a mile or two away. We were about to enter the land that once was our Saviour's and set foot on territory less than twenty-five miles distant from Nazareth where He lived as child and lad and man. The scene that spread itself before us suggested as well certain features of the land of Palestine: The smallness of the land, its clear-cut topography, its lack of harbors and the amazing variety of its scenery and products.

A Little Land

Palestine as occupied by the Twelve Tribes—both east and west of the Jordan—is slightly smaller than Holland and almost exactly the size of the State of Maryland. This means that the historic spots of the most historic land in all the world are not far apart and that some of them are very close together. The extreme length of the land—from Dan to Beer-sheba—is only about 150 miles. It is about half that distance from Nazareth to Jerusalem; only ten miles from Bethel to Jerusalem; less than twenty miles from Hebron to Jerusalem; only six miles

ST. IGNATIUS HOUSE OF STUDIES LIBRARY MANHASSET

from Bethlehem to Jerusalem. And the splendid roads, and the really excellent railway service, both in part the result of the necessities of the World War, reduce very measurably the time between some of the more distant parts of the land.

The second feature of Palestine, suggested by our first view of it and confirmed by later travel, is

Its Clear-cut Topography

The geographical divisions from west to east are usually stated as: The Maritime Plain, the Mountain Region, the Jordan Valley, and the Eastern Table-land. We saw two of these divisions at Haifa. The Maritime Plain stretched to the north and to the south of us and drove a great fertile wedge across the land as far as the Sea of Galilee; while in return for such intrusion the mountain region flung out the range of Carmel almost as far as the Western Sea. Some days later on we were to cross the great Eastern Table-land and spend a while in the Jordan Valley.

Our first view of Palestine brought vividly to mind the third of its physical features, namely,

Its Even Coast

Palestine was never intended for a seafaring land. Italy was. Greece was. Asia Minor was. Each was blessed, and is blessed today, with fine, sheltered harbors, but not Palestine. Look at her even coast. Jaffa in ancient times and down to recent days was the port of Palestine, but even its best friends would

MAP of RAILWAYS
IN
SINAI, PALESTINE and SYRIA
FROM KANTARA EAST TO
By Palestine Railways Dining and Sleeping Cars on Express Trains
GAZA - - in 5 Hours
JAFFA - - " 8 "
JERUSALEM " 9 "
HAIFA - - " 10 "
By Motor Cars from Haifa in Connection with P. R. Train Services
NAZARETH " 11 "
GALILEE - " 13 "
BEIRUT - " 15 "
DAMASCUS " 20 "
MEDITERRANEAN
SEA
SINAI
PALESTINE
SYRIA
TRANSJORDANIA
ANTIOCH
LADIKIYA
TRIPOLIS
BEIRUT
BAALBEK
SIDON
TYRE
DAMASCUS
ACRE
HAIFA
SEA OF GALILEE
TIBERIAS
DERA
JAFFA
NABLUS (SHECHEM)
LYDD
JERICHO
JERUSALEM
BETHLEHEM
HEBRON
DEAD SEA
AMMAN
GAZA
RAFA
BEERSHEBA
PORT SAID
KANTARA E.
ISMAILIA
SUEZ
MAKHL
AKABA
MAAN

Around the Shoulder of Carmel

hardly claim that it ever rivaled Hampton Roads. The port is an artificial one, and winds from the west make it often most difficult and sometimes dangerous to land passengers and cargo. A friend of mine, a gallant veteran of the American Civil War, once lost both crutches in the sea at Jaffa in the process of landing there. So it has come to pass that Haifa, sixty miles to the north, and just north of Carmel, has recently attained first place—though Jaffa disputes the statement. But even Haifa cannot be called a first-class harbor. We landed, in tenders, in a calm sea and were not due to make the boat our home again until we should have finished our tour of Palestine and Egypt; but others who were booked for a shorter time in Palestine and the run from Haifa to Alexandria by boat were not so fortunate, for returning to Haifa they found the sea too rough to board the ship and so a special train was chartered to transport the party overland by railroad from Haifa down the coast and across the Delta to Alexandria, where they could meet the boat and dress up for Cairo, and in general change to thinner apparel for the hot land of Egypt.

Still another feature of the land of Palestine was observable soon after leaving the ship at Haifa, namely,

Its Variety of Scenery and Products

even after long centuries of oppression and neglect. We left the main party at Haifa so that we might see Phoenicia, cross the Lebanons, visit Baalbek and

then rejoin some friends at age-old Damascus. On a journey of ninety miles between Haifa and Beirut we saw the palm and the pine close together, though Kipling makes them stand for separate zones in his stirring "Recessional;" cedars and almond trees, bananas, figs, apricots, groves of oranges and lemons and olives, and fields of wheat and alfalfa. Later, on the ranges of Lebanon and almost at an elevation of 4,600 feet where we crossed it, great vineyards dotted the slopes, and later still we were to see a profusion of wild flowers of every hue while descending the steeps of the Hauran to the Jordan Valley and ascending the mountain just outside Tiberias. While climbing that mountain side, and wishing we had left coat and vest at the hotel, we could look across the Lake of Galilee, seven hundred feet below sea level, and look upon majestic Hermon crowned with snow—and only forty-five miles away. Mr. John D. Whiting, of the American Colony in Jerusalem, told us that Mrs. Whiting and himself were picnicking somewhere in Palestine late one spring, and together gathered, without even rising from the ground, sixty varieties of the flowers of Palestine! All this suggests, what is actually true, that Palestine has all belts of climate, with vegetable products corresponding. The animal world, too, is widely represented. We saw camels, donkeys, horses, oxen, flocks of sheep on the Plain of Dothan, goats and cattle, dogs and chickens, birds of many a wing, salt-water fish from the Mediterranean and fresh-water fish from the Sea of Galilee. In a word, Palestine is a world in miniature. No

other land on the globe has within so small a compass so great a variety of scenery, climate and products. God provided a universal land as the home of a universal religion and a universal Book.

On Mt. Carmel

It was by a stroke of rare good fortune that we were able to make the trip through Phoenicia and across the Lebanons. We had given out the trip when we were told at Constantinople that the Lebanons were blocked with heavy snow, but learning at Haifa that the road had been open—five days—we lost no time in securing an automobile with an English-speaking driver, though his name, Mikhail Simaan, was anything but English. Mikhail we found to be a native of Sidon, a Presbyterian and a former student of the American University at Beirut. Look him up if you ever want to take a pleasant trip up the coast. Before starting northward we visited the Carmelite Monastery, located at the Mediterranean end of the Carmel range, had a fine view, from the flat-top of the monastery, to west and south and north, and were shown the traditional cave of Elijah over which the monastery is built.

Across Esdraelon

We came back to Haifa and made ready to leave. It took seven people to get us started—or, at least, all seven thought they were needed. All you have to do to get a crowd in the East is just to stop still. The people will do the rest. Beyond a grove of

palm trees just out of Haifa we crossed the Kishon, the little stream that figured in the victory of Deborah. The ancients, not knowing the Missouri or the Mississippi, called it a river, but most Americans would call it a creek. Then we traveled on the wet sand for a while, and occasionally the waves would sweep under our car as we sped along. A few miles and we were speeding over the good road under construction, first by the British and then by the French, along this ancient coast. We saw several camel trains, usually led by two or three donkeys and all heavily loaded down, and met or passed many cars of varied makes.

Ancient Phoenicia

We were about to enter another historic plain, the land of Phoenicia. Sidon, its oldest city, goes back to the time when the memory of man runneth not to the contrary. Moses gave it place in the "Table of the Nations," of Genesis 10. Homer sang of the skill of its artisans. Eth-Baal, the father of Jezebel, was once its king, and out from the city Baalism sent its strongest for the overthrow of pure religion, first in Israel and then in Judah—and all but won. Tyre was the younger city, and yet its history goes back to about 2750 B. C. Hiram, king of Tyre, was the staunch friend of both David and Solomon. Nebuchadnezzar, five centuries later on, besieged Tyre for thirteen years—and for his pains agreed to treat with its king, Ithobaal III! Alexander the Great did not have that much time to

spare. He took the island city in seven months and founded Alexandria in Egypt, for the purpose, it is said, of wresting the trade of the Mediterranean permanently from Phoenician hands. Other centuries passed, and Phoenicians came in crowds to hear the Saviour. To escape other crowds He came quietly to this territory—and healed the Syro-phoenician girl. The early evangelists planted Christian churches all up this coast. The ship that brought Paul and his friends back from the Third Missionary Tour landed first at Tyre, then at Ptolemais, then at Caesarea. This gave them the opportunity of spending a week with the disciples at Tyre and when the ship was ready to sail, these Christians, with their wives and children, went down to say good-bye and held a most earnest service of prayer on the seashore. The next port of call was Ptolemais, and here Paul spent a day with the disciples, as later, on his way to Rome, his ship touched at Sidon, where the generous-hearted centurion who had him in charge gave him liberty to visit some of his old friends. Ptolemais (itself a very ancient city) is none other than the Acre which was held by the Knights of St. John in the Middle Ages; the Acre, too, that resisted all attacks of Napoleon in 1799, and in consequence turned the tide against the Invincible and made necessary his withdrawal from Syria.

The Phoenicia of Today

I wonder if you have been thinking that Tyre and Sidon, like Chorazin and Bethsaida, are mere mem-

ories out of the past? You will recall Kipling's lines,

"Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre."

The glory of Tyre and Sidon is, indeed, gone. Phoenician ships no longer dominate the Mediterranean. Beirut to the north and in a measure Haifa to the south are today the ports of call for the commerce of this region. But this does not mean that these ancient cities have ceased to be. Tyre today claims about 5,000 souls and Sidon about 10,000, and small craft still find shelter and business in their harbors. Phoenicia is a busy coast, and a very beautiful one. The waves were pounding against the great sea-wall of Acre as we passed, and an old, picturesque stone aqueduct was bringing water into the town. We passed fields of flaming red poppies; houses with flat-top roofs and stairs on the outside; Bedouins, some on camels, others in or near their black tents; shepherds with their sheep; goat-herds with their separated flocks. The rolling plain is rocky, and yet the soil, where it can assert itself at all, is rich. We were impressed by the numbers of people at work, in the fields and on the roads, yet there were no small farm houses such as we see in America. The people live in villages, as in Greece, for protection and for social advantages. Some of the villages were walled and the few detached homes were like forts. We saw one home with a wall around it and with bars at the windows. They have learned to take no chances.

Tyre, Sarepta, Sidon

Near Tyre we saw a tractor in the field and later another, each with an audience following; and beyond Tyre, a steam roller. We tried to get into Tyre, but ran into a sand drift blown from the nearby dune across the road. All of us got out and pushed, made the solid higher ground, got a fine view of the harbor, with small ships lying at anchor in it, and deemed it the better part of valor to turn back again and strike the clear road, on past the ruins of Sarepta, where Elijah once tarried in bold faith, to Sidon, which we found to be a city of much more than ordinary interest. Mikhail took us at once to the "Beirut Restaurant," where the bread (like elongated Vienna rolls) and baked beans (right from America) tasted good, but the meat was too strong. The walls of the restaurant were covered with calendars in Arabic and posters in English, one of the latter reading: "The Texas Company, U. S. A., Petroleum Products."

The Sea Castle at Sidon

Lunch over, we made our way across the old stone bridge by dodging more or less successfully the waves that dashed against it and sometimes over it, and entered the ruins of the old sea castle erected in the Thirteenth Century A. D. The castle, like the great temples at Baalbek, has served as a fort more than once in its long history. The ruins are hauntingly picturesque. Old cannon, stripped of their

carriages, were lying to one side. Columns, dragged in and then built in to make the castle a fortress, and some of them thrown down and lying in great fragments, were everywhere to be seen. One broken column was of marble, about four and a half feet in diameter, while the Corinthian capital of another was not far away. Boxes from distant Texas were stacked up in one of the rooms. There were arches, shafts—and beautiful pansies growing out of the ancient ruins! Three-masted ships were inside the bar and a lighthouse stood on the big rock still further out.

THE STREETS OF SIDON,

lined with many stores and bazaars, are narrow, sometimes over-arched and altogether picturesque. Strolling through one of the crowded streets, whom should we met but Mikhail's friend and former pastor, Rev. Ibrahim Dagir! The Presbyterian church he serves in Sidon has forty-five members. Both Mikhail and Mr. Dagir wore red fezes, a badge of nationality and not of religion in the Near East. Why do the Easterners wear fezes? Now, much is to be said for the flowing robe as an article of dress. It is overcoat, raincoat and blanket all in one, in countries where there are extremes of temperature even in twenty-four hours. But why men wear fezes instead of wide-brimmed hats beneath the blazing suns of Syria and Egypt I find it impossible to fathom. But custom will have its way, something we find true even in changing America. We spent

Crossing the Plain of Esdraelon

Sidon's Picturesque Castle by the Sea

half an hour most pleasantly with Mr. Dagir and wished we could have accepted his invitation to go with him to the Necropolis, where "the Sarcophagus of Alexander" was found and where many other treasures are being brought to the light of day. We saw the Near East Orphanage, to the right, as we left Sidon. An hour and a half, with much to interest us all the way, and we were nearing Beirut, passing through an olive grove seven miles long and a mile wide on the average (the second largest in all Syria) just before reaching that ancient yet modern city.

Beirut

Here is a city with a long and varied history. Alexander the Great took it from the Phoenicians and brought it to commercial importance. The Romans captured it. Herod the Great adorned it with great buildings. The Moslems captured it in the fateful Seventh Century. The Crusaders captured and held it for sixty years. Today it is a city of 100,000, with a beautiful harbor, with great snow mountains in the distance and, it is claimed, with the best and purest water supply in the Near East. The Presbyterian Church, U. S. A., began its great work in Beirut in 1821—more than a century ago. The Syrian Protestant College, founded in 1866, has grown into the present American University of Beirut, Christian but undenominational. Dr. Bayard Dodge was inaugurated its president in June, 1923. The University is co-educational, and in 1924-25 en-

rolled 1,120 students, representing twenty-five nationalities, in its Preparatory School and its Schools of Pharmacy, Nursing, Dentistry, Commerce, Medicine, and Arts and Sciences. The buildings of the university occupy a commanding site overlooking beautiful St. George's Bay. We were especially interested in the University Y. M. C. A. building, which rivals in its appointments many of the facilities we offer our college boys in America, but we were even more interested in the fine group of boys whom we saw playing hockey as we drove through the grounds. Following our visit to the University we spent a delightful hour at the home of Rev. James H. Nicol, classmate and close friend of Dr. Herbert K. England of our party and for a number of years past the efficient Secretary of the Syria Mission of the Presbyterian Church. We voted that the best figs we ever tasted were on our table at the Metropole Hotel that night. Dr. England spent the night with his chum.

The Mission School and Press

Early the following morning Dr. Nicol took us to see the Mission School and the Mission Press. He pointed out, in the older school building, the room in which Dr. Cornelius Van Dyck translated the Bible into Arabic and the room on the floor below in which Dr. William M. Thomson wrote "The Land and the Book." The Mission Press is housed in a building of steel and concrete and prints nearly all the missionary literature for the

Arabic world. A copy of the Gospel of Luke, in Arabic, was given to each of us and we saw "A Commentary on the Gospel of John" and also "Ben Hur" on the presses. The Easterners have not lost their love for a stirring romance. We were also shown an Arabic Bible printed and bound in the building. It was one of the handsomest volumes I have ever seen, and was made to sell for the price of $9 in our money.

CHAPTER VII

BAALBEK AND DAMASCUS

WE left Beirut with genuine reluctance and yet with high anticipation. The drive over the splendid and splendidly graded road

Across the Lebanons

gave us extensive views of villages nestled among the mountains, of great series of terraces and then of Beirut and its fine harbor in the distance. For much of the way we were close to the narrow-gauge railroad running from Beirut to Damascus, a cog-and-pinion road for the steepest grades. A furious hail-storm struck us not far from the top, which we crossed at an elevation of 4,600 feet, and (while more snow was falling) we ran through snow drifts more than once and skidded a few times for variety. We had no chains on our wheels. Mickhail said he could handle his car better without them. With skillful driving he soon brought us into the fertile valley of Coele-Syria and by early afternoon we had reached

Baalbek

Easterners never express distance in miles. "How far is it from Haifa to Beirut?" we asked. "Five hours." "How far is it from Rayak to Baalbek?" "Three-quarters of an hour"—in each case by automobile.

Ruins of the Temple of Jupiter, Baalbek

Looking Into Straight Street, Damascus

The origins of Baalbek are wrapped in obscurity, but Baalbek had certainly been in existence long before Solomon, whom Arab writers claim as its founder. But whenever founded it stood for centuries as the center of Baalism for all this territory. About 5,000 people now live in Baalbek, but the time was when many thousands came from far and near to pay homage to the sun-god. As the centuries passed on, Jupiter, Mercury and Venus were also worshiped here, and Bacchus too. Temples built for these divinities in the early centuries of the Christian era were damaged by earthquakes, and the Great Temple itself was destroyed by Emperor Theodosius the Great not far from the close of the Fourth Century. In the Seventh Century the Arabs converted the great acropolis into a fortress. In 1260 the Mongols sacked Baalbek, and in the year 1400 the dreaded Tamerlane completed the work of destruction.

Viewing the Ruins

We had been directed by a friend to Dr. Michael M. Alouf, who has lived in Baalbek all his life and has been curator of the Baalbek ruins for the past thirty-four years. He and his brother had just opened a hotel in the town and we got there, at the price of a dollar, one of the best meals of our whole trip. Following lunch Dr. Alouf took us to see the ruins of the ancient city and headquarters of the Baal-worship. Such ruins! Such huge structures! Such facilities for caring for the details of worship

and the crowds who gathered there! The great Temple of Baal, with its remaining six columns seventy-five feet high—then Roman temples—then a Christian church — then fortifications — one sees the ruins of all! We stepped off one of the polished pillars, prone and unbroken, in the Great Court of the Great Temple. It is a single stone which we could hardly reach around, measures about twenty-five feet in length, is of Syene granite (which means that it came from Assuan in Upper Egypt!) and, judged by other stones, weighs several hundred tons. And this was one of the smaller columns! How could men transport for hundreds of miles, carve and set in place such huge pillars? And such substructures! Everything is on a stupendous scale. There is, too, a striking variety in the architecture. There are plain and fluted columns, friezes of different patterns, architraves, cornices, capitals, niches for statues, sunken places for altars, great gateways. We were impressed as well by the grace of it, many a design and much of the carving being most delicately wrought. As we were finishing our tour of the ruins we passed through one of the immense subterranean halls where once the waiting sacrifices were kept and the horses of the pilgrims were stalled, and noted nearby some of the rooms in which these pilgrim-worshipers lodged.

The Great Stone of Baalbek

Just at the edge of the town and half a mile from the temple ruins we saw the Great Stone of Baalbek,

the largest stone, it is claimed, ever quarried by the hands of man. It is still in the quarry, seventy feet long, fourteen feet high and thirteen feet wide, and its estimated weight is a thousand tons! It was evidently hewn for a place in the substructure of one of the walls half a mile away, for in the enclosing wall of the Baalbek ruins are three stones from this quarry sixty-three to sixty-four feet long, thirteen feet high and ten thick. I have said that the Great Stone holds the reputation of being the largest stone ever quarried. That is probably true as far as linear measurements are concerned; but near Thebes in Upper Egypt we saw the colossal statue of Rameses the Great, overturned and broken into huge fragments. Men estimate its original weight at more than a thousand tons! Verily there were giant builders in those days.

Returning to Rayak, we were soon speeding over Anti-Lebanon and just before sunset reached

Damascus

with splendid appetites for dinner. We were in one of the most ancient of the cities of the world. Through its streets Abraham probably passed and secured in Eliezer the steward of his extensive household. The city was for a while a garrison of King David. Ahab, of evil eminence, established bazaars in Damascus. Naaman, high captain, yet a leper, lived here. The successive world powers from Assyria to Rome coveted and conquered Damascus. Near Damascus Paul was converted, in its syna-

gogues he preached, from its wall he escaped. It was captured by the Arabs, plundered by the Tartars, conquered by the Turks and held by them for four hundred years until it fell to the Allies in the World War. It is today, as it has been for centuries out of mind, the city of first distinction in Syria, of which the French now hold the mandate. The Emperor Julian was, of course, quite too fulsome in his praise of Damascus when he spoke of it as "the true city of Jupiter, the eye of the whole East, pre-eminent in everything—in the elegance of her sacred rites, the happy temperature of her climate, the beauty of her fountains, the number of her rivers and the fertility of her soil." Damascus, however, is beautifully situated on an elevated plateau, about 2,200 feet above sea level, is watered by the Abana, which flows right through the city, the Pharphar and its tributaries draining and watering the outlying plain. It has three trade routes, east to Bagdad, south to Mecca, and west and southwest to Beirut and Egypt, and it boasts a population of about 200,000. The cutting of the Suez Canal robbed it of much of its commercial importance, but Damascus is too favorably situated for trade ever to fall wholly into decay.

New and Old

There are many things in Damascus that speak to us of modern days. The railroad, the telegraph and telephone, electric lights, newspapers, automobiles and street cars form part of the present-day

life of Damascus. But Damascus is old. An old wall, pierced by ancient gates, surrounds the city. Straight Street divides it. The ancient Abana flows through it. The life of the past animates it. Indeed, of all the cities we visited, Damascus seemed to be the least modern. And (what makes the city doubly interesting) the past and the present mingle and jostle in its streets. We saw camel trains and limousines side by side. Arab sheiks, in flowing robes and on horses gaily caparisoned, swept past French soldiers on splendid mounts. Signs were in Arabic and French. Long-tubed Turkish pipes and the latest in French cigarettes were strange street-fellows. A boy wearing a red fez passed through the east gate into Straight Street riding a bicycle of modern make. A drug-store bore the sign: "Pharmacie Khalil Elzeki." Modern drygoods, electric fixtures and grafanolas were offered for sale in Straight Street. We passed a woman veiled in black, but otherwise dressed in the latest fashion. We saw a donkey loaded down with six telegraph poles. But both men and beasts carry heavy burdens in this part of the world. We saw a corrugated sheet-iron wall being built not so far from the old wall that encloses the city. We saw men washing two cars (one of them a Ford) in the Abana River! As we were leaving Damascus we noticed near our track boxes labeled "Vacuum Oil Company."

Straight Street

Straight Street we found most interesting. It is a long street and of varying width. At its widest only two vehicles may comfortably pass; at its narrowest, only a vehicle and a wary pedestrian. The street is lined on either side with stores and "factories" about six by eight. Here are made and offered for sale shoes and articles of brass and tin, and here are sold in noisy fashion bread, oranges, drygoods. A boy passed carrying a tray of bread in the shape of doughnuts, spilled them, picked them up again and was ready for his customers. The main part of Straight Street is vaulted and balconies extend from not a few of the homes. At the end of a short lane leading off from Straight Street we entered the so-called home of Ananias, now an underground Roman Catholic chapel. Here, if tradition is to be believed, Paul was welcomed and baptized.

Outside the Wall

Passing out of Straight Street through the old Roman gate, we visited the factory where rugs, embroidery and articles of brass and wood are made. Not only men and women, but children as young as five or six were busy at their tasks, their little wooden sandals kicked under the tables. Nearby (and still outside the wall) we saw the so-called home of Naaman the Leper and several of the lepers quartered there—pitiable objects, but fortunate in

having this home. Following the wall, we came to the place where, according to tradition, Paul was let down by a basket, thence making his way back to Jerusalem. A little further on we entered the Moslem Cemetery, where all graves are concreted in mound-like shape. Our guide led us to a mausoleum in which we could see the tomb of Fatima, the daughter of Mohammed. On our way from the cemetery we passed a Moslem funeral procession. It was led by a priest chanting parts of the Koran. The covered coffin was carried on the shoulders of sturdy men and the mourners followed, all on foot.

The Great Mosque

Before visiting the Great Mosque we drove to the hills overlooking Damascus. Mohammed is said to have stood on the spot from which we viewed the city and to have declined to enter it because, he said, he wanted to enter Paradise only once. The city proper has little claim to beauty (though it must be said that we did not visit it at its most beautiful season), but in contrast with the desert so near at hand anything would be beautiful. We drove back between the mud-walled gardens of the well-to-do, occasionally getting glimpses of the gardens themselves, and soon entered the greatest of the nearly three hundred mosques of the city. This mosque is great indeed—in size, in pillars, in mosaics, in the richness of the carpets that adorn its floors. It is said that numbers of Greeks, aided by twelve hundred skilled artisans from Constantinople, were en-

gaged in its construction. Its pillars are of rarest marbles and from its ceilings once hung six hundred golden lamps. Its central dome is a great and noble one. As we entered we saw about fifty Moslems—men and women—sitting in a circle under the dome, listening to their priest chanting the Koran and responding as he led in prayer. Many left, but some remained to hear a blind boy of fifteen, a candidate for the priesthood, continue the chanting of the Koran, and a few passed money to him as they passed out. We were shown the "tomb of the head of John the Baptist" in the mosque—a fine piece of work. The head of the Baptist is said to have been brought in a casket to Damascus and the Christian Church of John the Baptist built over it, the Great Mosque (using parts of the old structure) being erected on the same site. And so the Moslems claim that they have the head of the man who foretold the coming of—Mohammed! But the most striking object in this Great Mosque is the inscription over the central entrance of this ancient Christian church. It is in Greek and reads thus: "Thy Kingdom, O Christ, is an everlasting Kingdom, and Thy dominion endureth throughout all generations," an echo of Psalm 145 and a prophecy of the final Christian conquest of the Moslem world.

Leaving the mosque, we inspected the tomb of Saladin, one of the great warriors to whom Islam has cause to be most grateful, and then the Museum, containing as its most interesting object the great canopy in which the leading sheik rides in state when heading the pilgrimage to Mecca.

TOP—*Straight Street, Damascus*
BOTTOM—*Moslem Train-Hand at Prayer*

Through Ancient Bashan

We left Damascus at the early hour of six, and two or three miles out we passed the refugee camp—tents and the poorest of houses. Our train accommodations were good. When the train was ready to start from a station, the station bell was rung, a horn was tooted, and the cry of "All aboard!" was sounded. Once or twice on our trip a Moslem trainhand got off at a station and bowed to the ground, towards Mecca, and we saw a like incident as later in the day we waited for our tender to start from the wharf at the lower end of Galilee. Ten miles out of Damascus we emerged into a wide, rich plain. The sunrise over the headwaters of the Pharphar was beautiful and impressive; and majestic, snow-crowned Hermon was from now on visible for all but a few miles of our long journey to the south. We passed mud villages, shepherds leading their sheep to pasture, fields cleared of rocks that were laid in long rows to one side, quarries that told where rock was gotten for the substantial stone railway buildings. We traveled long distances without seeing a single tree on plain or mountain, and it was not until we approached the Plain of the Jordan that anything like clumps of trees were seen. Sheep-folds came into view, some of them low rock walls; others higher and stronger. We saw a few herds of cattle. Ancient Bashan, famous for its great cattle, should again come into its own, for the soil is rich enough, and, at least in extensive parts of it, there is plenty of water. We crossed the Yar-

muk that waters all this territory, and some time later began our descent to the Jordan Valley, from about 1,500 feet above sea level to 700 feet below. One who has never made the trip can hardly realize how steep it is. I was reminded of Western North Carolina as our train swept round the hair-pin curves. Boulders, canons, tunnels, cascades, a series of Gibraltars, mountains gashed with ravines, gentler slopes—the panorama swiftly changed. Brilliant anemones flecked the slopes as we went further down. We saw people living in caves and Bedouins in their oblong black tents. Over a stout bridge we again crossed the Yarmuk at the meeting point of the French and British mandates. We saw the ruins of another bridge tangled in the river bed down stream. A few minutes more and we were entering the fertile Jordan Valley and nearing the Sea of Galilee, the most famous and most sacred sheet of water on the globe.

CHAPTER VIII

AROUND THE SEA OF GALILEE

I SPOKE of our view of Carmel. I am sure I shall never forget our first view of the Sea of Galilee. We had come by railroad over the rolling plains of the Hauran and down through great ravines to the wide and fertile Plain of the Jordan. We were making good time, and soon the lake came in sight, a beautiful sheet of water of the deepest blue. As we swept to the lower part of the lake we looked to the northeast and saw far beyond the blue waters great snow-crowned Hermon, while to the north rose the snowy range of Lebanon, visible through the gap through which the River Jordan descends to this tiny inland sea. We took lunch in the cars at the station (Semakh) and then got into steam launches for

Our Trip Across the Lake

Earlier in the day our guide had said, "If the Sea of Galilee is too rough, we will not go," adding, by way of explanation, that last year a boat nearly capsized in a sudden storm, and they were taking no chances. We thought of the days of our Lord when the sudden storms "came down" upon the lake. No wonder. The Sea of Galilee is 682 feet below the level of the Mediterranean and air from

cooler heights rushing down the mountain slopes or through the great gaps that separate them can churn the sea into storm with little warning. We were to breast a storm of this kind the next day; but for our immediate trip no finer weather could be desired. We started from the little pier and the burning sun that beat down upon us made us grateful for the shade afforded by the tender. After we started we were fanned by a breeze, and as the afternoon wore on the heat became less severe, and we freely took our chances beneath its rays. The exit of the Jordan was pointed out. At that point and later we could see almost the whole of the little pear-shaped lake, thirteen miles long and six and one-fourth miles wide at the widest point. The eastern side of the lake slopes almost to the water's edge, but the western shore, with its farms and pasture lands, except in places, is much more open, and a fine but dusty motor road, over which motor trucks and automobiles were passing rapidly, could be plainly seen, linking ruined Capernaum with all the shore towns along the west. We saw quite a herd of cattle on the hillside. Tiberias, our objective, lay just beyond a mountain that almost pushes itself out into the sea. Indeed, the sea is rimmed with mountains, lowering at the northern and especially at the southern ends, with Hermon magnificently dominating the landscape.

Ancient Tiberias

Ancient Tiberias, which stood half a mile south of the present city of the same name, was founded by Herod Antipas, the man who murdered John the Baptist and on the morning of the crucifixion mocked our Saviour and sent Him back to Pilate in borrowed and ragged purple. Herod named the city in honor of his imperial master, Tiberius Caesar, made it his capital and built on the mountain just back of the town his famous Golden Palace. Herod had another palace, inherited from his father, Herod the Great, at Machaerus, high up on the slope of a great mountain east of the Dead Sea. Each was near hot springs, favorite bathing places of the Romans and of their appointees, the Herods. Josephus, the great Jewish historian of the First Century, says that John the Baptist was imprisoned and put to death at Machaerus. While generally trustworthy, Josephus has been found to be at times in error. Certain recent scholars are convinced that the imprisonment and death of John the Baptist took place at the Golden Palace at Tiberias, and several weighty considerations, which I have not space to give, seem to favor this view.

The Ruins of the Golden Palace

The second afternoon we spent at Tiberias a party of three of us climbed the mountainside, reached the top and inspected the ruins of Herod's palace. We saw the traces of a serpentine roadway leading up

from the shore road, part of a retaining wall, a well six feet deep even now, two concreted cellars (or prisons), and lines of most extensive foundations. From the ruins one could see the whole of the Sea of Galilee, with Hermon beyond and the great hills of Gilead stretching off into the mountains of Moab far to the south. At the foot of the mountain lay ancient Tiberias, Herod's Roman creation, and the hot baths, in use to this day.

The Literary Capital of Judaism

In the building of Tiberias a cemetery was disturbed, and as this to the Jews would mean ceremonial defilement, Herod was able to persuade but few Jews to live there. It is nowhere said in Scripture that Christ ever visited Tiberias and very probably He never did. It seems, therefore, quite singular that Tiberias, some time after the fall of Jerusalem in 70 A. D., should have come to be the religious and intellectual center of Judaism. Here the Sanhedrin was finally brought. Here great schools were established that existed for hundreds of years. Here the rabbi lived from whom Jerome learned his Hebrew as he was translating the Scriptures into Latin in his cell at Bethlehem about 400 A. D. Here the "traditions" of the Jews took written shape in the Jerusalem Talmud, completed, it would seem, about the same time. Here the Massoretic scholars, about 500 or 600 A. D., invented the most wonderful system of vowel-signs to be

found in all the world, and in doing so preserved for us the proper reading of the Hebrew Scriptures.

As our tender drew up to the little pier at Tiberias there was no lack of welcome at the wharf, for we were at once beset by would-be guides. We passed up the busy street and soon found ourselves in the Hotel Tiberias.

A Sunset Service

At sunset quite a number of us gathered for a simple service on the wharf. I called attention to the principal points in the history of Tiberias before leading in the responsive reading of Mark 1:14-34, which tells of the Call of the Four and the Healing in Capernaum, a city the ruins of which were only a few miles away; "Sweet Galilee" was sung, and prayer was offered by Dr. Herbert K. England, of Roselle, New Jersey. All seemed so sweet and peaceful. A hush fell upon the natives who were standing by, and several British soldiers who were near joined us in the service. All of our company, I am sure, were filled with strange emotions. We were standing beside the most historic body of water in all the world, a sea on which and near which Christ spoke and wrought in wondrous fashion. Within sight of Tiberias, with its boats and fishermen, He called men to leave their nets and become fishers of men. Seated in a fishing-boat, He spoke marvelous parables to multitudes pressing to the water's edge and beyond. On a mountainside near this lake He broke the loaves and fishes and fed the thousands who were faint and hungry. In

towns or countryside so near at hand He gave sight to the blind, hearing to the deaf, speech to the dumb, restoration to the demoniacs, cleansing to the lepers, and over there in Capernaum as the sun was setting one Sabbath day friends brought a throng of the sick and the suffering to Him and He healed them all.

A Row on the Lake

Following our service several of us took a row on the lake. A man and a boy were at the oars and a self-appointed guide sat in the stern. I knew that this part of the Lake of Galilee (if the guide-books were correct) was a hundred and eighty-seven feet deep at the deepest, but to test the knowledge of the guide I asked him how deep it was. "Thirty-five miles," he said. "You mean thirty-five fathoms, do you not?" I asked. "Thirty-five miles," he replied with all gravity—a sample of the misinformation against which the traveler through these lands has constantly to be on his guard. We were back at the hotel in time for dinner, and only once in my life have I tasted fish as good as we ate that evening. They were fresh from the lake and were delicious. The stars shone out clear and beautiful as we retired for the night.

Tiberias Before Breakfast

I woke the boys of our party at 6 o'clock to enjoy with me the golden glow just before sunrise, a glow made more beautiful by the purple of the moun-

Mending the Nets on Galilee

Tiberias by the Lake of Galilee

tains on the east side of the lake and the green of the fields near Tiberias, for the wheat was up, the recent rains had helped the pastures, and the gardens were coming into their own. Then I watched the panorama outside our window, which opened on the busy street of the town. A man was on his way to work, a mattock slung over his shoulder and a small water-jar in his other hand. Another man, barefooted and turbaned, passed along. Four men passed slowly, bearing bags of greens to market. Cows with their calves were being driven out to pasture. Donkeys, too, went by. The language of men and women was strange to western ears, but that of animals made one feel at home. As in our own land the cows moo, the sheep bleat, the chickens crow, the horses whinny and neigh. Two pigeons were surveying the wall opposite our window and birds were singing nearby. The muezzin's voice rang out clear and strong in the morning air, calling the faithful to prayer. I went to the wharf to see the catch come in. As the boats were tied up to the wharf the auctioneer would enter them in order and sell the catch to the highest bidder. Only a part of the bottom of each boat was covered with fish and good prices were reported. A few yards away I saw parts of two columns, one of polished marble and the other rough-hewn, and the broken capital of a pillar served as a nearby seat. I was impressed by the fact, observable in so many parts of the East, that a few of the towns we visited could easily stock a museum. When I came back

from the wharf I saw a woman, dressed in black and fully veiled, coming from the mosque, a stone's throw from our hotel.

A Visit to Capernaum

Breakfast over, we steamed, tandem fashion, up the lake to Capernaum. The sea was rough, and once or twice the spray dashed over the bow of our boat, which was bringing up the rear. Capernaum reached, we stepped ashore, to face a crowd of dirty Bedouin children, all begging. One girl, hardly old enough to walk or talk, was holding out her hand and saying, "Backsheesh" ("gift"), the financial pass-word in all the East. A short walk brought us to the ruins of the synagogue, and a Franciscan monk, with kindly face and gentle bearing, explained (in French) the structure and the special features of it, one of our guides interpreting. The synagogue was destroyed by an earthquake in 666 A. D. and was a mound until about forty years ago, when excavations were begun and parts of a most interesting structure were uncovered. The pavements are well preserved, the doorways are plainly visible, and at least two long stone benches for the worshipers are in fine condition. As for the rest, the place is a jungle of ruins; arches, columns (some broken, some entire), capitals, carvings. One capital bears the figures of the seven-branched candlestick and pomegranates; another, of a Grecian or Roman temple with its graceful pillars; still another, of two eagles, with, hard by, in the opinion of some, two

lambs. In other words, Jewish and Roman symbolism. All this fits like hand in glove into the narrative of Luke 7, which tells us of the healing by Christ of the servant of the Roman captain who loved the Jewish nation and built for them, here in Capernaum, a synagogue. The Jews of Galilee were less strict than those of Judea, and would probably enter no protest against the carving of a Roman temple or the Roman eagles on parts of the handsome structure. Many who scorn a multitude of traditions connected with this place or that in Palestine are firmly convinced that these are the ruins of the very synagogue which our Saviour consecrated by so many of His words and miracles of grace when He made Capernaum His earthly home and the headquarters of His work.

The Return to Tiberias

As we steamed away from Capernaum—and only about two hundred yards away—we saw three men in a fishing-boat, one rowing and the other two drawing in the net, which was empty, and we thought of the time when the disciples said to the Master, near this place, "Master, we have toiled all night and have taken nothing; nevertheless, at Thy word we will let down the net"—and the net was drawn in filled and breaking with the catch. We passed the traditional site of Chorazin and later that of Bethsaida, where nets were drying between the trees; then beyond a bluff we caught sight of the fertile Plain of Gennesaret, a herd of the best

cattle we saw in all Palestine grazing there. Here the main road leaves the shore and takes its long way to Damascus. A little further on the plain pushes up into a gorge through which Christ and His disciples must often have gone, for through it led the direct road of the time between Capernaum and the hill towns of Cana and Nazareth. Soon we were back in Tiberias once more, visiting the hospital conducted by the United Free Church of Scotland, getting views of the breached walls of this city by the sea and climbing the mountainside to see the ruins of Herod's Golden House, already mentioned. As we made this climb we passed along the edge of a wheat field and saw thorn-bushes, evidently annuals, pushing out their sprays of green and harshly denying the farmer's wheat a chance to grow, and we thought and spoke of the Parable of the Sower. We noted another thing, that in Tiberias, a city of 10,000 people, we could count only nine gable roofs, all of which, probably, were on foreign houses. All the others were flat. Here again the people are sensible, for in a land where dry weather is the rule the flat roof adds another story without expense. The views of lake and city and peaceful fields as evening was drawing on, and of the curious crowds that gathered about us in the open space in front of our hotel after night had fallen, I shall not attempt to describe. It had been indeed an eventful day, but others even more thrilling lay ahead.

Ruins of the Synagogue in Capernaum (Note Eagles in Upper Picture)

On the Rear Seat of the Synagogue in Capernaum

CHAPTER IX

THROUGH THE HEART OF PALESTINE

WE left Tiberias for Cana and Nazareth at 8:30 in the morning, and for our ascent of the long, winding road to the crest of the mountain range we reaped our reward in extensive views of the city we had left and of the Sea of Galilee, upon and near whose waters so much of the earthly ministry of our Saviour was once spent. We passed a Jewish colony and did not fail to note the substantial houses and the well-cultivated farm. We were not surprised to learn that the colonists and natives have very little to do with each other. We saw clearly the Horns of Hattin, so called from its double crest, the traditional place of the Sermon on the Mount. On its slopes Saladin (whose tomb we had seen in Damascus) defeated the Crusaders in 1187 and in doing so conquered all Palestine. The uplands here and elsewhere are rocky, but the level places and the slopes are wonderfully fertile. An Arab sheik, in full regalia and on a good mount, galloped by. We passed fields of wheat and grass, olive groves and cactus hedges, and finally Cana came in sight, the Cana where Nathanael lived, the Israelite in whom was no guile, the Cana where our Lord turned the water into wine. We hurried out of our automobiles only to be surrounded by women and girls urging us to buy embroidered doilies and little clay water-jars

as souvenirs. They were persistent salesladies, but we found them matched by the boys at Nazareth and the boys and girls at Bethany. Remains of old houses were everywhere. We entered the Roman Catholic Church, the second successor of the one built on the spot, the traditional place of the turning of the water into wine, and were shown one of the jars which tradition says was one of the six used in the miracle. The Greek Catholic Church, near at hand, makes a like claim, but we were much more interested in seeing the bold fountain on the outskirts of the village, one of the finest fountains we saw in Palestine, with enclosing walls about twenty feet by twelve, and in observing that the water was near at hand for filling the six great water-jars for this first miracle of our Lord. Women and girls were at the fountain drawing water from the four sluices that empty it into the spacious enclosure and balancing the filled water-jars on their heads as easily as our colored mammies of the South balance the baskets containing the week's wash. Near this fountain we saw "two women grinding at the mill." Four miles through a rolling country brought us to

NAZARETH,

for thirty years the home of our Lord and still a place of 7,500 people, largely Christian. As we drove in we faced the sign, "Speed limit through Nazareth 10 miles per hour," in the three official languages of Palestine — English, Arabic and Hebrew. "Galilee Garage, Pho 17" and "Nazareth Garage" were nearby. Old and new mingle in Naz-

areth as in other places throughout the land and the transformation is rapid, though certain customs will long persist. Take your trip to Palestine as soon as you can.

We stopped at the Hotel Galilee, formerly the Hotel Germania, F. & R. Heselschwert, proprietors. The hotel, a good one, has electric lights and other modern conveniences, but in addition we found a candle on our bedroom table and a water-jar nearby. Realizing in a measure that we were actually in Nazareth, one of the most historic places in the world, we lost no time in starting on our trip to its many points of interest and were soon in the so-called home of Mary, a cave under the Roman Catholic Church of the Annunciation. The original church was built about 350 A. D. and was destroyed by the Arabs in 636. The church was rebuilt by the Crusaders in 1100 and was again rebuilt a long time ago. We were shown the mosaic floor of the ancient church and not a little of the Crusader architecture. We went next to "Joseph's home and work-shop," above which stands the handsome Roman Catholic Church of St. Joseph, and thence to the Greek Catholic Church of the Annunciation, where we heard men chanting alternate sections from the Greek and the Arabic Bibles. The source of

"Mary's Well"

is in the north end of this Greek Catholic Church, and here the Greek pilgrims come to bathe their tired eyes and foreheads. From this spring the water flows through a conduit to the "well" itself, one of the

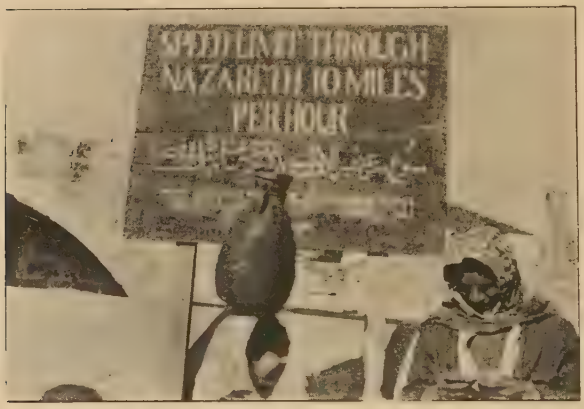
few spots quite certainly associated with the noble mother of our Lord. In the presence of so much that is mere unsupported tradition at Bethlehem, Nazareth and Jerusalem, this bold fountain at Nazareth, which must have been the center of Nazareth's life when our Saviour was living there, as it is today, stands out as a landmark. Women and girls were coming and going, filling their water-jars (or water-cans) and carrying them away, but not before we had secured good pictures of them.

On the Heights

We passed through the very narrow streets of the older part of Nazareth and noted the little shops with all kinds of goods on display. We saw many bright faces among the natives and thought of the wonders a vigorous type of Christianity could work among such people. Beset for much of the way by a group of self-constituted guides, we walked to "the brow of the hill on which the city was built," five hundred feet higher than the lowest part of the city. A long, steady climb brought us to the Roman Catholic orphanage, a strikingly handsome building of grey stone, the bequest, we learned, of a Frenchman who had been kindly treated in a Roman Catholic hospital. The finishing touches were just being put upon this large building, from the grounds of which we secured fine views westward, eastward and southward before entering the beautiful chapel where, supported by the great organ and by a number of choristers, an elaborate service was in prog-

"Grinding at the Mill" in Cana

The Fountain at Cana



A Modern Touch in Ancient Nazareth

ress. Mt. Tabor was in plain view. On clear days, we were told, Mt. Carmel and majestic Hermon may be seen. What a panorama our Saviour looked upon from these heights of Nazareth! We caught glimpses of the Near East Orphanage located on the opposite hill, a work that lies close to the heart of the One who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me."

A Carpenter Shop

We visited while in Nazareth the Near East carpenter shop, just across the street from the traditional shop of Joseph, and more than once, going to and from our hotel, we passed another shop where plows were being made, such plows, doubtless, as men in the East have used from the earliest days down to these. We examined the plows of Nazareth. They were crude, but evidently serviceable. Only one of the several we inspected had an iron share, and all had one handle, like the handle of a lawnmower turned half way around. Except in the few places where modern methods of farming have been introduced, this one-handled plow we saw in use everywhere we traveled, through Phoenicia, through the Hauran, through the heart of Palestine and up and down the Nile, the farmer guiding the plow with one hand and holding the ox-goad with the other. Without pressing the difference between the singular and the plural too far, I wonder if our Saviour did not mean that we should take very literally His saying that "No man, having put his

hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the Kingdom of God." (Luke 9:62.)

Across Esdraelon

We got an early start from Nazareth, climbed the mountain by a finely graded road, caught sight again of Mt. Tabor, where Deborah rallied the tribes of the north for the conquest of the Canaanitish allies, and soon swept into the rich and beautiful plain of Esdraelon, across which have marched so often the armies of world powers. For the first time in Palestine we saw modern plows, for we were passing flourishing Zionist settlements. Telegraph poles were of iron, as in many parts of Palestine, for wood is scarce and high. As we sped on we saw great clouds resting above the great Gilboa range on which King Saul and the princely Jonathan went down to death, the hopes of Israel with them. We saw road machines, steam-rollers, herds of cattle peacefully grazing. Jezreel on its rocky eminence came into view. Ahab made it one of his two capitals, and Naboth's vineyard was there. Looking out across the plain, the kings of Israel and Judah saw the swift chariot of Jehu and knew that vengeance was furiously approaching. From the palace window at Jezreel the haughty Jezebel was roughly thrown to be trodden under horses' hoofs and eaten by dogs.

Samaria

We entered the country once known as Samaria. Cattle were grazing and sheep were in charge of

their Bedouin shepherds on the Plain of Dothan, where Joseph once wandered while hunting for his brothers. Winding around the great mountains, we came in view of the ruins of Samaria, the capital of the kingdom of Israel, rebuilt by Herod the Great, and the place of Philip's preaching in New Testament days. The city occupied a splendid site, at the head of a valley unusually rich. We passed the remains of a number of aqueducts, one with a series of almost perfect Roman arches, relics of the days when Palestine was part of the wide and powerful Roman Empire and, still well within the lines of the Province of Samaria, were soon

In Ancient Shechem,

a city associated with Abraham, Jacob, Joseph, Joshua, Jeroboam I and the Northern Kingdom, and with the Samaritans of both ancient and modern days. Jerusalem is thirty miles away to the south. The streets of the older part of Shechem are narrow, sometimes arched over, and dirty. The newer part of the city is largely given over to the making of soap from olive oil. Its present name is Nablus and its population about 16,000, nearly all of whom are Moslems. The city occupies the pass between two towering mountains, Mt. Ebal to the north and Mt. Gerizim to the south. Between these two mounts the people were gathered to hear the reading of the law, even before Joshua made full conquest of the land. After a good lunch at the hotel a small party of us tried to scale Mt. Gerizim, but a rain overtook

us about one-third of the way up and we took refuge in a quarry and then made our way down in time to go with the others to the Samaritan synagogue.

The Samaritans

The very name lifts history into the light. Were the Samaritans the descendants of the colonists sent to Samaria (by the Assyrian king) and the poorer Jews left in the land, or were they, as Montgomery and others believe, descendants of these poor Jews and therefore of pure Jewish stock? Whatever their racial origin, the time came when they offered to help rebuild the Temple in Jerusalem and delayed the work fifteen years when their offer was declined. Seventy-five years later on they opposed Nehemiah in the work of rebuilding the walls of Jerusalem and a few years afterwards set up on Mt. Gerizim their own temple, which the Maccabees destroyed in the Second Century before Christ. The Samaritans hold the Pentateuch as their Bible and observe the great feasts of the Law, the Passover especially, and with great ceremony. The one hundred and sixty-three Samaritans who are still left in Shechem go in procession to the top of Gerizim, where their temple once stood, and, leaving all leaven behind, camp in tents, read the Passover account in Exodus, kill the lambs at twilight, sprinkle blood on every tent, roast and eat the flesh at midnight, burn what is left, spend a week on the mount and close the Passover with another feast on the seventh day. The Samaritans, with whom the Jews would have nothing to do, are

"Mary's Well" in Nazareth

Unfinished Greek Church Over Jacob's Well

the only people on earth who observe the Passover according to the directions laid down in Exodus! A narrow, winding, slippery alley, mostly over-arched, led us to the Samaritan synagogue, which is said to be seven hundred years old. It is a bare and most unattractive building. A Samaritan Pentateuch was shown to us, though I doubt whether it was the famous manuscript which the Samaritans jealously guard and which they claim was copied out by hand by Abishua, the grandson of Aaron! This precious manuscript, which, of course, has no such early or romantic origin, is nevertheless thought to be a thousand years old and is, besides, a witness to the existence and general trustworthiness of the Hebrew Pentateuch, from which our translations are made, for Jews have had no dealings with Samaritans certainly since the days of Nehemiah, and for these two rival sects to have today in all essentials the same Pentateuch is proof that they had it before hostilities began, now nearly twenty-five hundred years ago. But even though we did not (with certainty) see this priceless manuscript, a little party of us had the privilege of meeting the Samaritan High Priest, whose very name, Isaac son of Aaron, took us back some thousands of years. He was sitting, when we met him, in the little ante-room of the synagogue, dressed in a black robe and wearing a red turban bound round a purple one. He had a long, full beard and told us, through our guide, a native of Shechem, that he is 96 years old. He looks it. He was turning the pages of an Arabic Pentateuch as

we entered, his Samaritan Bible lying close at hand. In answer to my request he recited the first verse of Genesis. It corresponded exactly with the Hebrew. Then he wrote his name for us, in the ancient Samaritan characters, on the back of the card that bore his picture. When we left I felt as if we had been saying good-bye to one of the patriarchs.

Jacob's Well

A short drive from Shechem brought us within a hundred yards of Jacob's well, one of the few spots in Palestine unquestionably associated with the ministry of our Lord. We were in the Vale of Shechem. Mt. Gerizim, Mt. Ebal, the remains of the little town of Sychar and the traditional tomb of Joseph were all in plain view as we stepped from our automobile and made our way to the unfinished Greek Catholic church the chapel of which encloses and shelters the most famous well on earth, and one of the best, for we filled our drinking-cups and found the water good and sweet. On the way to the well and standing beside it we were thinking of the time (John 4) when Christ preached here to an audience of one. Here the Samaritan woman came for water and found the water of everlasting life. She said the well was deep. It is today by actual measurement seventy-nine feet deep and some years ago was cleared out to a depth of one hundred and five feet, and the workmen had not touched bottom. It is believed to be a hundred and twenty-five feet deep. The woman pointed to Gerizim and said, "Our

fathers worshiped in this mountain and ye say that in Jerusalem is the place where men ought to worship." And Jesus made significant reply:

"Woman, believe me, the hour cometh when ye shall neither in this mountain, nor yet at Jerusalem, worship the Father. Ye worship ye know not what. We know what we worship, for salvation is of the Jews. But the hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshipers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth: for the Father seeketh such to worship Him."

She had found the Messiah—the first of a great number in Samaria to own Him as Saviour and King.

On to Jerusalem

A long climb over an excellent road brought us near the location of ancient Shiloh, where the Tabernacle was pitched, and beside the valley in which the virgins danced and the Benjamites caught their brides (read Judges 21). We then passed through a desolate country made up of ravines and barren, uninviting mountainsides. I did not know that there were so many rocks in all the world.

Bethel

We passed near ancient Bethel. Near this spot Abraham pitched his tent when he first came to Canaan. Here Jacob saw his vision of angels as he was fleeing from the land and here built an altar on his return, a score of years later on. Here Samuel

judged Israel and here established one of the Schools of the Prophets. Here the first Jeroboam set up one of his two centers of calf-worship and here Amos, from the Southern kingdom, thundered against it. Beitin is the present name of the place, the ruins of the city being scattered on the summit and slope of the high mountain range, eleven miles north of Jerusalem. A few miles further on we passed "The Robber's Cave" and did not wonder that the spot was selected for such a purpose. We motored near Ramah, the home of Samuel and not improbably that of Joseph of Arimathea, a secret disciple of our Lord; near Gibeah, the capital of King Saul, and near Anathoth, the early home of Jeremiah. We crossed the crest of Mt. Scopus, where Titus the Roman, it is said, first saw the city he was soon to desolate, and caught our first glimpse of Jerusalem in the glow of a golden sunset. We had come at last to the City of the Great King!

CHAPTER X

JERUSALEM, THE CITY OF THE GREAT KING

IF any man on earth needs to curb his pen it is the traveler who begins to tell of Jerusalem, the city of Melchizedek and Abraham, the city of David and Solomon and a score of their kingly descendants, the city of successive Temples and of forty generations of priests, the city of the regal Isaiah and his prophetic successors, the city of Ezra and Nehemiah, and, most of all, the city of our Saviour and His Apostles and His Church. David wrested the possession of Jerusalem from the arrogant Jebusites and made it his capital. Nebuchadnezzar, five centuries later, breached its walls, destroyed its wonderful Temple and made of streets and walls and homes a desolation. Nehemiah, a hundred and fifty years further on, rebuilt the city. Herod, miscalled the Great, beautified it with great buildings on the eve of the advent of our Saviour. Titus, the Roman general and the future Roman Emperor, in the year 70 of our era leveled the city with the ground. Constantine, the first Christian Emperor, and Helena, his mother, in the Fourth Century, made the city once more a shrine. The Moslems took the city in the Seventh Century and held it for nearly five hundred years. The Crusaders captured it in 1099 and made it the capital of a Christian kingdom. Saladin, the Moslem warrior, captured it in 1187. Sieges

and changing governments followed in succeeeding centuries until in 1517 the Ottoman Turks came into control of it, holding the city as their own until, exactly four centuries later, on the epochal day of December 11, 1917, General Allenby entered the Jaffa Gate on foot and proclaimed formal possession of Jerusalem as a prize of war. So it is that days of glory, and days as well of siege and battle, of capture and deportation, of desolation and restoration, have all been hers, and yet through the changes and vicissitudes of thousands of years, except for brief periods when no voice was heard in her streets, the life of Jerusalem has persisted. Why has Jerusalem continued to be? It is not, like Alexandria, a port to command the commerce of great reaches of the Mediterranean. It is not, like Damascus, a center where long lines of trade converge. It is not, like Milan, a capital of a host of industries. It is not, like Nice, the haunt of pleasure-seekers or, like Geneva or Luzerne, an emporium of health amid sparkling lakes and towering mountains. Sir George Adam Smith, recognized as the foremost authority on Jerusalem and the Holy Land, after noting that Jerusalem has none of the physical conditions of a great city—"neither river nor trunk road nor convenient market for the surrounding peoples"—suggests the reason of its continued existence in the words: "Jerusalem, though a tolerable fortress, is not a natural but a spiritual creation."

Facts and Figures

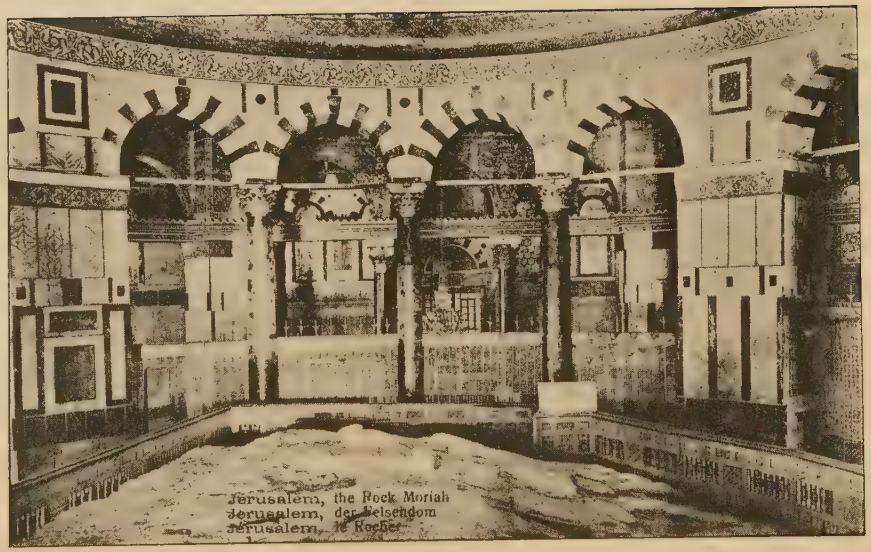
The line of latitude on which Jerusalem stands if extended to our own land would pass not many miles south of Savannah, Ga. The city rises about 2,500 feet above sea-level, and while not beautiful, is "beautiful for situation," itself elevated and yet rimmed by high mountains, several summits of the Mount of Olives to the east reaching an elevation of nearly 3,000 feet. Rome is built on seven hills; Jerusalem on four, though the valleys that once separated them more or less sharply have been in places filled up by the shock of war and the debris of more peaceful times. A wall thirty-five feet high, buttressed by thirty-five towers and pierced by eight gates, one of them walled up, surrounds the ancient city but does not comprise all that we know as modern Jerusalem, for the city has outgrown its bounds and the suggestion has been made (perish the thought!) that certain sections of the walls should be leveled for the convenience of this outlying population. Jerusalem within the walls is today, as in ancient days, "a city that is compact together." The traveler accustomed to large areas must expect to find in Jerusalem one of the smallest of cities. If you cared to set yourself the task, you could easily walk around its irregular walls in less than an hour, for they are only a fraction more than two miles in circumference—and enclose not more than three hundred and fifty acres. The streets of Jerusalem, narrow and flanked by shops and bazaars, are full of life and color. David Street, starting from the Jaffa

Gate on the west, and Damascus Street, from the beautiful Damascus Gate on the north, run at right angles and divide the city into the Moslem, Jewish, Armenian and Christian Quarters. The official census published January 19, 1923, gives the population of Jerusalem as 33,971 Jews, 14,699 Christians, 13,413 Mohammedans, or 62,083 in all. This counts, however, only the subjects of the Palestinian State. When all other residents are included the numbers are estimated to reach 92,000 people. The city has an annual average rain-fall of 26 inches, which is not far from the minimum (20 inches) for the eastern part of the United States, and a mean temperature of 62 degrees. This looks attractive, and, in fact, the city is quite healthy, but as the thermometer rarely goes below 25 and sometimes mounts to 112, one's second thought will dismiss Jerusalem from the category of all-the-year-round resorts. The antiquated and inadequate water-system of Jerusalem has given place to another brought in as the result of Allied occupation, and an abundance of pure water comes in through the long pipe-lines from near Hebron, about 500 feet higher and nearly twenty miles away. Not far from the Jaffa Gate is the station of the railroad running to Lydda, Jaffa, Egypt.

The Place of the Temple

Starting from our hotel near the Jaffa Gate, a small party of us turned into David Street and made our way through the Mohammedan Quarter to the

The Dome of the Rock, Jerusalem



The Rock Beneath the Dome, Jerusalem

Temple Area. The enclosure covers thirty-six acres, or about one-tenth of the area of Jerusalem within the walls. We ascended the steps worn by the feet of many pilgrims and entered, through a gateway, the spacious level on which, possibly, Abraham was offering Isaac when God's voice stayed his hand and made known the presence of the substitute; on which, certainly, stood the small but exquisite Temple of Solomon, destroyed by the soldiery of Nebuchadnezzar, and later the inferior Temple of Zerubbabel, and later still the stately Temple of Herod, within whose courts our Saviour as a lad amazed the doctors of the law by His understanding and His answers, and as a man worshiped, and taught the will of God, the Temple whose veil was rent asunder from top to bottom when the Final Sacrifice—Himself—had been offered and the way into the Holiest had been made open and free to all the sons of men; the Temple which, according to His prediction, passed away within a generation when a soldier of Titus gave it to the flames, though Titus, it is said, had ordered it to be spared both as a trophy of war and as a work of art. The so-called Mosque of Omar occupies almost certainly part of the outer court of the successive Temples. The name reminds one of what Napoleon is reported to have said about the Holy Roman Empire—that it was neither Holy nor Roman nor Empire, for the Mosque of Omar is not a mosque and Omar (of the Seventh Century) did not build it, though he cleared away the site and made it a place of prayer. The

real builder of the first structure was another Moslem fifty years beyond Omar, and the present structure dates from the Sixteenth Century. The proper name of the building is

THE DOME OF THE ROCK

The Dome is an octagonal building, quite impressive without and really beautiful within, with its variety of designs, its wonderful mosaics and inscriptions, its graceful pillars, its many-colored tiles and marbles and its strikingly rich rugs on the marble floors. The Great Rock that gives the Dome its name is most impressive. It is fifty-eight feet long, forty-four feet wide and, I should hazard, thirty or forty feet thick, though this dimension is quite irregular. The Rock is thought by many to have been the base of the Altar of Burnt Offering, "and traces of a channel for carrying off the blood have been discovered in the rock." Nature tilted the rock, though the Mohammedans claim that it started to follow Mohammed to Heaven when the angel Gabriel pushed it back and left it suspended in mid air, and as proof point out the impression left by Gabriel's strong hand! The Rock is fenced in to a height of five feet. We descended the fifteen steps into a grotto about thirty-six feet in diameter and saw and touched the Rock from beneath, a solid roof above our heads, albeit quite a rugged one. Here we were shown the print of Mohammed's head in the rock when he rose too suddenly from prayer! The real (and the fanciful) connection of Moham-

med with the Temple Area has made the spot almost as sacred to Mohammedans as Mecca itself. Even Christians were forbidden the place up to about fifty years ago; and as the Temple enclosure is entirely surrounded by a wall, there was little trouble in enforcing the prohibition. Orthodox Jews, for fear of treading on some part of the ancient Holy of Holies of the Temple, do not enter this enclosure. We noted, on the northwestern corner of the area, the site of the Tower of Antonia, from the steps of which Paul made his famous address of Acts 22.

A great part of the Temple Area is paved, but not a little of the lower level eastward is in grass, with here and there an olive tree. From the eastern wall—which is also the city wall—we looked far down to the bed of the Brook Kidron and across to the great trees of the Garden of Gethsemane and to Absalom's Pillar. We passed the Golden Gate, through which Christ is said to have made His triumphal entry into Jerusalem and through which, in far later days, the Crusaders on Palm Sunday passed in procession from the Mount of Olives. The Mohammedans closed this gate a great while ago and strangely enough have for centuries declared that it will remain sealed until it is opened by a Christian prince!

The Via Dolorosa

St. Stephen's Gate, through which, if tradition be correct, the first martyr was hurried out of the city to his stoning, is just outside the Temple Area. A

short walk brought us down to the entrance to the Pool of Bethesda, the probable scene of Christ's healing of the impotent man (John 5). Through a great archway and by steep, winding steps we descended to this splendid pool, fifty-five feet long by twelve feet wide. Then we visited the Church of St. Anne, whom the Roman Catholics revere as the mother of the Virgin Mary, and soon came in sight of the "Ecce Homo" arch of Pilate's judgment hall, part of the arch spanning the narrow street, the remainder being inside the building of the Sisters of Zion. Here a beautiful chapel enshrines the pillar on which Pilate is said to have stood when he passed judgment on Christ; and not a few think the identification correct. We were now in the so-called Via Dolorosa, but its only value to me lay in the picture it presented of the kind of street (not the street itself) through which our Saviour slowly went, bearing the sins of men. On the way we saw a man carrying two heavy sacks of grain, the rope that held them passed around his forehead, as is usual in the East, and we thought of the many burdens the children of men are bearing, the physical, though heavy, being the lightest of all.

THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE

we found most disappointing. This church, built in 1810, is the latest in the line of descent from the original church erected on the spot by Constantine the Great in 336 A. D. The exterior is weather-beaten, the interior tawdry. Within the walls of

this church of three hundred and fifty by two hundred and eighty feet one will have pointed out to him, as confidently as if they were all there, all the spots associated with the crucifixion, burial and resurrection of our Lord; the places of His crowning with thorns, His scourging and His nailing to the cross, and even the place where the cross stood, the stone on which His body was prepared for burial and the sepulchre in which He lay and from which in triumph He rose. Six Christian sects guard one or another of these "holy places" (Roman Catholics, Greek Catholics, Armenians, Syrians, Copts and Abyssinians). Personally the quiet "Garden Tomb" and "Gordon's Calvary" nearby seem to satisfy much better the statements of Scripture. But why worship a place at all? It is enough to know that "He died for us and rose again."

The Wailing Place of the Jews

we reached through a narrow and tortuous street, if street it may be called. Beggars lined the way on either side of us as we came in sight of the Wall of Wailing, a hundred and fifty-six feet long by fifty-nine feet high, part of the ancient wall of the Temple Area and within the Jewish Quarter of the city. We found there a throng of Jews, who had come from near and far to lament the loss of their Temple and their city. Some of them were wailing, some were praying, some were reading aloud their Hebrew Bibles, others were kissing the very stones on which were chiseled verses from their sacred Scriptures.

And yet He has come whom their Scriptures glowingly promised! Leaving this pathetic scene, we walked on and climbed to the top of the city wall, where we secured a good view of the southern part of Jerusalem and of the country to the south.

The Pool of Siloam

Descending by a steep and rough road, and then by well-worn steps, we came to the Pool of Siloam, to which Christ sent the man blind from birth and from which he returned seeing (John 9). The pool is a spacious one, fifty-two feet long and nineteen feet wide. Three girls were washing vegetables in it as we approached. That was in 1924. We thought of the stirring and tragic Eighth Century B. C. and of King Hezekiah's conduit leading to this pool. What was then Gihon spring and is now the Fountain of the Virgin was outside the city walls, all ready to furnish water to the enemy in time of siege. To prevent this, and to provide additional water for his own people in such an emergency, Hezekiah drove a tunnel one-third of a mile long from this intermittent fountain to the Pool of Siloam, which was then within the city walls, turned in the water and then filled in the fountain without the walls, in this way adding to his own not too abundant water supply. Read the interesting accounts of this achievement in II Kings 20 and II Chronicles 32. The tunnel, as recent discoveries show, is winding, varies in height from about two feet to fourteen, and is

just wide enough at the narrowest to admit the passage of one person at a time.

Young Explorers

Living in Jerusalem in 1880 were half a dozen boys who knew something about this tunnel but wanted to know more, so they decided to investigate. They arranged small floats, which they tied around their necks and to which they affixed candles to light their way through the darkness. The boys divided into two parties, one party starting from the Fountain and the other from the Pool. Their candles went out, their matches (tied around their necks) got wet, and they had to make their way as best they could through the water and the darkness of the narrow, winding tunnel. One of the boys tells today of having to crawl through the lowest part of the tunnel with his head bumping the rock roof and the water barely escaping going into his mouth. Finally, when about fifteen feet from the Pool one of the boys in grasping the wall felt on the smoothed face of the rock an inscription of some kind. When they told the story of their trip, and especially this part of it, further investigation was made, "squeezes" were taken and what is known as

The Siloam Inscription

was published to the world. It proved to be a six-line inscription in the ancient Hebrew characters in which the Samaritan Pentateuch was written and

probably was chiseled into the rock by one of Hezekiah's workmen to celebrate the successful completion of a hard piece of work by excavators working from both ends and meeting at last near the middle of the tunnel. Here is Professor Sayce's translation of it:

(1) Behold the excavation! Now this (is) the history of the tunnel; while the excavators were still lifting up

(2) The pick toward each other, and while there were yet three cubits (to be broken through) . . . the voice of the one called

(3) To his neighbor, for there was an excess (?) in the rock on the right. They rose up . . . they struck on the west of the

(4) Excavation; the excavators struck, each to meet the other, pick to pick. And there flowed

(5) The waters from their outlet to the pool for a thousand, two hundred cubits; and

(6) Of a cubit (?) was the height of the rock over the head of the excavators. . . .

Mr. John D. Whiting, who has lived more than thirty years in Jerusalem as a member of the American Colony and to whom I am indebted for many interesting facts concerning this and other discoveries in Jerusalem and Palestine, writes me: "I have been through the tunnel myself and have seen where the workmen made a slight error, diverting from the true course for several feet, when they came back and hit the straight course. It is near this that one sees where the tunnel was finally joined after dig-

The Wailing Place of the Jews, Jerusalem

The Garden of Gethsemane

ging from both ends. Not only did it not join exactly perfectly, but on the walls one can see the stroke of the pick and where they met. This mistake in diverting from the course is recorded, as you have noted, in the inscription found in the tunnel."

One at least of those boys of 1880 is still living. He is Mr. Jacob E. Spafford, of the same interesting American Colony of Jerusalem. We spent a most delightful evening at the Colony and had the privilege of hearing Mr. Spafford's own thrilling account of his adventure of forty-five years ago.

A Literary Theft

This valued inscription is no longer to be found in Jerusalem. Some vandal entered the tunnel, chiseled it out and, of course, broke it in the process. But the fragments were pieced together and the stone may be seen, as we saw it, in the Ottoman Museum at Constantinople. It reminds one of the fate of the famous Moabite Stone, a Declaration of Independence set up by Mesha King of Moab, who resolved that he would be no longer the vassal of the King of Israel (II Kings 3). The Stone was found in Moabite territory in 1868 by Rev. Mr. Klein, a German missionary. While Germans and French were bidding for possession of it, the Arabs built a fire under it and distributed the fragments as charms. Two-thirds of the fragments were finally recovered and pieced together into the stone which we saw in the Louvre in Paris. It is a thousand pities that the stone was not given or sold without competition to

the Berlin Museum. This done, the 1100-letter inscription would have been preserved unbroken and complete and Biblical history enriched thereby.

Armenian Orphan Boys

We saw them in Jerusalem, and in a most satisfactory way. We had just visited the very interesting St. James Church, the Armenian church attended by most of the orphans, who are quartered in the Armenian convent nearby. There we saw 386 orphans, 254 of whom (the smaller boys) were in the orphanage school, the remainder, 132, being the older boys who worked in stores and shops in Jerusalem. It was interesting to learn that one-half of the support of the orphanage comes from the Near East Relief and the other half from the Armenian Benevolent Union, of Cairo. We were introduced to several groups of bright-faced boys by one of the teachers, Mr. Haig Sartanian, spoke to them and heard them sing, most lustily, the Armenian National Song. Mr. Edward W. Blatchford, the Director for Palestine of the Near East Relief, joined us and showed us the different departments of the work. The dormitory contained long rows of beds, plain but spotlessly white, laid on the clean, stone floor. Later in the day I saw the working boys come in, and spoke to them through the interpreter. The supper bell rang, and I went with Mr. Blatchford to see the younger boys at their evening meal. They were seated, 250 of them, at plain tables. The few electric bulbs furnished barely light enough for

the long dining-room. The supper consisted of brown bread, spinach, lemon-juice and water—their regular diet. Yet all seemed to be healthy. Work, self-reliance, thrift, love of America, the boys are taught from the youngest to the oldest. Mr. Blatchford we found to be a host in himself. The Near East is to be congratulated on the personnel who represent it—and us—in this significant work.

It may be of interest to add that the working boys of whom I have spoken are now in Soviet Armenia and that the band of the orphanage, consisting of forty boys, is now the band of the Crown Prince of Abyssinia—this in a recent letter from Mr. Blatchford.

An Audience With the Armenian Patriarch

The courteous invitation and good offices of Mr. Blatchford brought us one of the rare privileges of our tour in an audience with His Beatitude, the Armenian Patriarch of Jerusalem, one of the four Patriarchs of the Gregorian, or Armenian, Church. The Patriarchate is located hard by St. James church and the convent in which the boys' orphanage is housed; and the Patriarch and Mr. Blatchford are fast friends. The audience was arranged through Father Gurekh Israelian, who acted as interpreter and whose exquisite English was learned in long service as a missionary in India. Led by Father Gurekh we were ushered into the large audience-room, fifty feet long and thirty wide, I should say, the walls of which were lined with sofas and covered

with portraits, the gifts of kings, princes and ecclesiastics. The Patriarch soon came in, nearing 80 years of age and wearing a pointed black cowl and a long black robe. He is a large man and must have stood more than six feet in his prime. His long beard was very dark. His eyes, lustrous and almost black, revealed something of the agony which he has shared with his persecuted people. His face was kindly and his reception of us, while marked with dignity, was yet most gracious. After shaking hands with us, the Patriarch took the middle seat at the end of the audience-room, while I was ushered to the seat at his right and my son to that at his left, Mr. Blatchford standing to introduce us as friends of the Armenian work in America, and Father Gurekh interpreting the Patriarch's Armenian and our English as the audience proceeded. After light refreshments had been served and we had risen and said good-bye, the Patriarch said that since I was engaged in work in a theological seminary he wanted me to see his library. He led the way into his study and there, ranged around the wall, were about a thousand volumes, his own books. The convent library, Father Gurekh told us, contains about three thousand volumes. We said good-bye again, and the aged Patriarch turned and walked slowly into his study. We learned later that he ranks as one of the outstanding scholars of the Gregorian Church.

Observations

Jerusalem has been captured a score of times. It has been destroyed over and over again, and again and again rebuilt. The physical levels of the city, in consequence, have risen, so that the ancient streets in many places were far below the streets now in use. This means that many of the places pointed out as having association with Christ or His mother or His Apostles could have had no association with them, for the real places are far underground. The Pool of Bethesda and the pillar on which, as many think, Pilate stood when he pronounced sentence on Christ form no exception, for both are below the surrounding levels. There are, of course, other historic points in and near Jerusalem unchanged, or changed but little, since early days. The mountains are still round about Jerusalem as they were ages ago. The Pool of Siloam has undoubtedly suffered but little change except in the loss of certain architectural surroundings. The Great Rock on Moriah remains unshaken and the Temple Area in general is unquestionably much as it was in the days long gone. But when the Via Dolorosa is confidently traced and even the fourteen stations in Christ's journey to the cross plainly marked in Latin, you have grown skeptical. And when you see rival Christian sects pointing out the exact scene of Christ's crucifixion and resurrection, and ready to fight for it, too, you have grown weary. This leads me to say that the Latins and the Greeks have covered with handsome churches or monasteries

nearly every spot that by the remotest tradition has any connection with Jesus or His mother. The Garden of Gethsemane will not long be a garden at all, for both Churches are covering it with buildings. What costly structures reared on unsubstantial traditions! And what worship of place instead of Person! The only remedy for one's feeling of resentment is to stand (as we did) on the Mount of Olives, apart from all this tinsel and noise, and think of the great men who have been part of the history of the city, the events that have made it famous and particularly the contacts of our Lord, as infant, as boy of twelve, as man and Saviour, with the most sacred of all the cities of earth. Here He came quite often in the days of His ministry. Here He wrought miracles and taught the people. Here, after illegal trials, He was led out to shameful death beyond the city walls. Here He was buried and rose from the dead. And here, from the slopes of Olivet, He ascended to Heaven, our exalted King and Saviour. This is enough to make any city stand out supreme. This will invest any city with a glory that cannot fade.

CHAPTER XI

THE JERICHO PLAIN AND THE DEAD SEA

NO one who visits Jerusalem will willingly miss seeing Jericho, the Jordan and the Dead Sea. Passing out of the Damascus Gate we stopped within half a mile to inspect the Tombs of the Kings. Tombs within tombs they are, all cut out of the solid rock, a groove extending in front of the door of the outer tomb and along the wall beside it and a great round stone, which is said to weigh three tons, standing in this groove, ready to be rolled back and forth when required to open or shut the tomb. It will be recalled that the rich Joseph of Arimathea had a "very great" stone prepared for closing the tomb in which our Saviour was laid. We crossed the Mount of Olives and from its crest secured fine views of Jerusalem from the east, passed the British Cemetery with its forest of white crosses, and then over a road of fine grades and of solid construction, rebuilt, we understood, for the former Kaiser's famous visit to Palestine, started on the descent

TOWARDS JERICHO AND THE DEAD SEA,

rapidly passing Bethany, which we were to visit on our return. In the Parable of the Good Samaritan (Luke 10) our Saviour spoke of a certain man who went *down* from Jerusalem to Jericho. This is

strikingly true of the topography of this region, for the road descends nearly 4,000 feet in twenty miles! The older road, abandoned in places for one of better grade but still used by travelers riding on camels or donkeys instead of in comfortable Buicks or Dodges, is much steeper and the old camel train, occasionally to be seen, is steeper still. On this trip we passed cultivated fields, pastures where sheep were grazing, occasional ravines and Bedouin herdsmen almost as dark as the goats they guarded. We tarried a few minutes at the "Apostles' Spring," a point on the ancient boundary line between the tribes of Judah and Benjamin and the only fountain on the twenty-mile journey from Jerusalem to Jericho. Several children were drinking water from the spring as we drove up, but we preferred to wait another hour or two and slake our thirst with the juicy oranges for which Jericho is justly famous.

The Parable of the Good Samaritan

Half way from Jerusalem we reached the Good Samaritan Inn, located in a desolate stretch of country, the very country, tradition says, in which the man who figured in the parable was stripped, robbed and left more dead than alive. Tradition aside, the country fits the parable and we thought of it several miles further on when we passed five mounted soldiers, fully armed and doubtless patrolling the road for the protection of shepherds, farmers and sight-seers, all on errands of peace. The Good Samaritan Inn did a flourishing business in the times

"The Apostles' Spring," on the Jericho Road

An Ancient Ford of the Jordan

when travelers had to give two or three days to the round trip from Jericho to Jerusalem, and it is even hinted that it could part the traveler from his money almost as quickly and effectively as certain knights of the road of ancient days used to do. But the British blew the top off of it and breached its walls in artillery engagements with the Turks in the World War, and the injury has not been repaired. It is not likely to be. The carriage days that brought the patronage have yielded to the automobile days that spell Jerusalem or Jericho half an hour away, and less than that if you or your driver should chance to be in a hurry.

Some miles further down, on our right, the Mohammedan burial-place of Moses was pointed out to us. The Moslems claim that Moses, not wishing to die in Moab, came to the western side of the Dead Sea and there fell asleep, the angels burying him at a point further west, near the Jericho road, and so, on one of the Fridays of April of every year, they come down in procession from Jerusalem to do honor to this distinguished leader of the days of old. On reaching the Plain of the Jordan, a dozen miles wide at this point, we detoured to

The Dead Sea

The great brown mountains of Judah rose to our right, and across the Jordan and the Dead Sea stood in majesty the purple mountains of Moab, highest towards the south. The part of the plain through which we passed was a desolate waste, the occasional

patches of grass and bushes being the only visible support of the largest herd of camels we saw in all our travels. We soon reached the shimmering Dead Sea, called in the Bible "The Salt Sea," called by the Greeks and Romans "The Sea of Asphalt" and called by the Arabs down to this day "The Lake of Lot." It is a small sea, forty-seven miles long and about ten miles wide. It lies 1,292 feet below sea-level, or more than 800 feet lower than Death Valley, California. This makes it the deepest depression on the globe. By far the greatest tributary of the Dead Sea is the River Jordan, which pours into it on the average about six million tons of water every twenty-four hours. To maintain its level, the Dead Sea must throw off this huge contribution of water by evaporation, which Nature has enabled it with all ease to do. The water holds in solution about twenty-five per cent of mineral salts. This means that the Dead Sea is five times as salt as the ocean, and just about as salt as the Great Salt Lake of Utah. Three children were bathing in the Sea while we were there, but there was little danger, for with some knowledge of the water, you can lie on your back in the Dead Sea and read your letters from home; though not with perfect comfort, for your feet will perversely come to the surface and your head will have a tendency to go down; and not with entire satisfaction, for you will need a good, fresh-water bath as soon as you come out, something you can get in the Jordan not far away. The Dead Sea water is very bitter (we tasted it), and

it is oily too. It took us an hour to get it off our hands. But the Sea, with its gentle surf and its waters changing from blue to green, is a beautiful sight. Beyond it to the east rise Nebo, where Moses died, and near that famous mount the great slope on which stood Herod's palace and fortress of Machaerus, where, Josephus says, John the Baptist was imprisoned and murdered. In the immediate foreground, a hundred yards from shore, half a dozen small boats were idling the time away, while two old boats, which were spending their last days well up upon the beach, gave the final touch to a scene that was rarely picturesque. For all that, a brief visit to the Dead Sea is quite enough.

The River Jordan

Leaving the Dead Sea we traveled north through a desolation even more chaotic and dreary than that through which we had come. It looked as if the Jordan at its flood had contributed a thousand sand-banks to the scene and had scattered them in utmost confusion through this part of the Plain. But finally we came to the Jordan itself, unique among the rivers of the world and really the one river of Palestine. Rising in the Hermons at an elevation of 1,700 feet above sea-level, it feeds and drains two lakes and finally loses itself in a sea that is dead 1,300 feet below the level of the open sea not so far away to the south. No wonder Jordan means "Descender!" We saw it in its normal flow, but it descends as a mighty flood when the spring suns

melt the snows of Hermon and send the river over all its banks. The place where John baptized the multitudes, and Christ, is confidently shown at several points along the Jordan. We came to the ford where probably Israel crossed over into Canaan —one of the few natural fords along the Jordan and lying in the direct path of the host. Here on the banks of the quiet stream, lined with trees in the foliage of spring, we held a brief service and read or heard once more the account of Joshua's crossing and that of Elijah centuries down the history. Not far from the place we were standing countless pilgrims come from far and near to bathe in the waters of a river they call holy.

Ancient Jericho

We left the Jordan most reluctantly, saw the mound that is said to contain the ruins of Gilgal, Joshua's military headquarters in his seven years' conquest of the land, and soon came in sight of ancient Jericho, the first city of the land to fall into his hands, and that without a human blow. The city was rebuilt in later days, and in Elijah's day was the location of one of the Schools of the Prophets, a system of theological seminaries founded by Samuel to aid in the great Reformation of his day. Elisha, who lived in the Jordan Valley, seems to have been head of this school at Jericho, and by request of the city fathers healed the brackish spring that provided Jericho with water. This "City of Palms," as it was once called, is today little more

than a great oblong mound three hundred yards in length. But about fifteen years ago the excavators got to work, uncovered certain of the massive walls, cleared out the narrow streets and even the ancient homes and revealed in Jericho what one writer from the strength of its defenses has described as an ancient day Gibraltar. Just outside the walls of Jericho is the "Fountain of Elisha," the copious stream of which gathers in a pool thirty-nine by twenty-two feet and flows out of it to make a garden spot of this portion of the Plain, an indication of the agricultural possibilities of the Jordan Valley under an adequate system of irrigation. In the face of the cliffs to the west, the traditional "Mount of Temptation" of our Lord, are caves in which hermits used to live.

The Jericho of Herod

Ancient Jericho with its environs was given by Antony to Cleopatra, and she in turn sold it to Herod the Great, who built a new city a short distance to the south and made it his winter residence. Here he constructed a hippodrome, an amphitheater, and a palace with extensive gardens and aqueducts, the remains of his palace and his great pool having been brought to light in recent years. Herod's slaughter of the children of Bethlehem was simply one among many of his atrocities. He had made his handsome brother-in-law Aristobulus High Priest at Jerusalem, but he became too popular, so Herod invited him to pay him a visit at Jericho and take a bath in his fish-pond. By Herod's order he was held

under the water, as if in sport, and choked to death. With other victims of his jealousy or suspicion Herod was at times more direct, and cooly ordered their execution. And yet men call him Herod the Great! Herod died at Jericho, but by his own orders was buried in the Herodium south of Bethlehem.

The presence of two Jerichos in the time of our Lord explains an apparent discrepancy in the accounts of the healing of the blind men, one of whom was Bartimaeus. Matthew and Mark say that the miracle was performed as Jesus came out of Jericho, but Luke, "as He drew nigh unto Jericho" (Matthew 20; Mark 10; Luke 18). All three accounts say that the blind men were "sitting by the wayside." Evidently the miracle took place *between* the two towns. Leaving ancient Jericho, Jesus and the great throng would soon be "drawing nigh" to Herod's Jericho, less than two miles away, where Zacchaeus lived, the receiver of taxes for the rich Jericho district and the "chief publican" to whom our Saviour brought salvation.

Modern Jericho

There is still another Jericho, the Jericho one knows today, a place of about a thousand people and somewhat more than a mile away from either of the others that bear the same name. Here we had lunch. It was early March, but the flies were as thick as mosquitoes on the Jersey coast in summer time. But we remembered that in this depression,

820 feet below sea-level here at Jericho, we were virtually in the tropics. We did not tarry long after lunch. In fact, we came back in a hurry, our driver making more than forty miles an hour as we sped down the plain and took the curves of the hills leading back to Jerusalem. We called him down, but the only effective check on his speed was engine trouble. The occupants of the front car, which was said to be traveling at forty-five miles an hour, and that around sharp curves, managed to get the chauffeur's attention and had him stop, got out and held an indignation meeting and refused to go further at this speed. He saw they meant business, and slowed down. We soon reached

BETHANY,

which is robbed of all precious associations by a persistent army of beggars and of youngsters selling "David's Slings." We stood in the ruins of the so-called home of Martha and went down the twenty-five steps into the so-called tomb of Lazarus, originally a cave and containing tombs hewn out of the limestone rock. Traditions we found everywhere, and yet as we came away we thought that somewhere near at hand once stood the home where Jesus loved to stay and the tomb (whether this or another) from which He called His friend and gave him back to life.

Gethsemane

It was not far from sun-down when we reached Gethsemane and engaged in a most helpful service led by Dr. J. R. Mackay, of New York City. We saw the few gnarled olive trees (perhaps a thousand years old) that are still standing in the Garden and were shown the very rock (?) where the three disciples slept when they were supposed to be guarding their Master. In front of the rock a splendid Roman Catholic church is under construction, and not so far away stands the Pater Noster Chapel on the walls of which the Lord's Prayer is inscribed in thirty-two languages. We again passed near the entrance to Solomon's Quarry where, it is thought, the stone for the Temple was secured, and again passed through the beautiful Damascus Gate into Jerusalem in good time for the good dinner awaiting us at our hotel.

In the Jordan Valley

The Pool of "Elisha's Fountain" at Jericho

CHAPTER XII

HEBRON AND BETHLEHEM

WITHIN easy reach of Jerusalem are two places that every visitor to Palestine will wish to include in his itinerary: Bethlehem, the birth-place of our Saviour, and Hebron, the residence of His earlier ancestors according to the flesh.

Southward to Hebron

We motored to Hebron, five hundred feet higher than Jerusalem and twenty miles to the south, past shepherds with their sheep and sheep-folds all ready for the close of day; past caravans of camels and donkeys; and past the "Pools of Solomon," which we inspected on our return—three great reservoirs (the largest and lowest of which is 582 feet long, 147 feet wide, and 48 feet deep), used as part of Jerusalem's excellent water system of today. We saw women with water-jars balanced on their heads, a man with a filled goat-skin water-bottle slung over his shoulder and, on reaching Hebron, a hotel bearing the sign, "Hotel Eshel Abraham," an instance of the Biblical names one sees and hears everywhere in Palestine.

An Age-Old City

The Hebron we had entered is one of the oldest of the cities of the world, antedating by seven years ancient Zoan in Egypt's Delta land and being hoary

with age when Abraham came and pitched his tent nearby. Because of the association of this patriarch with the city, the Arabs call it El Khalil, "The Friend," sometimes adding, "of the Merciful One." Here Abraham bought the double Cave of Machpelah as a burial place for Sarah. The years passed and he too was buried in this cave, as were also Isaac and Rebekah and Jacob and Leah, all having lived for longer or shorter periods in or near this ancient city. It was from Hebron that Joseph was sent far to the north on a journey that ended in his heartless sale at the hands of his brothers and by strange providences brought him to high service to Egypt and the border lands and to a position second only to royalty itself in a land he had entered as a slave. It was from Hebron that Jacob started on his migration to Egypt and to it that his embalmed body was brought to be placed away, with rites befitting high station, in the Cave of Machpelah. In the Wilderness days, when Moses was preparing to make conquest of Canaan from the south, two of the spies came to Hebron and carried back with them a great cluster of grapes from the Valley of Eschol nearby. This territory has always been famous for its grapes, and the best vineyards we saw in Palestine proper we saw on the way to Hebron. A race of giants held Hebron in the days of Joshua's invasion of the land. Caleb, to whom it had been promised, had reached the ripe age of eighty-five, but he claimed the privilege of expelling these giants, did so and made the mountain city his home.

Hebron had further distinction in ranking as one of the six Cities of Refuge, whither a homicide might flee for a fair trial and for protection if acquitted. It was David's capital for seven years and a half when he ruled the southern part of the land. Inside the gate of Hebron Joab, David's commander-in-chief, murdered Abner, who had held the same high position under King Saul. By the waters of the immense pool of Hebron, forty-four yards square, David hung up the hands and feet of the murderers of Saul's son, Ishbosheth. Within the walls of Hebron the ambitious Absalom raised the standard of revolt—against his own father.

In later times the city fell to Edom and later still was recaptured by the great Jewish warrior, Judas the Maccabee, in the Second Century before Christ. It was destroyed by the Romans in the First Century of our era, but after centuries had passed, it became again a flourishing town under the Moslems. As the last resting place of Abraham, the ancestor through Ishmael of that part of the Mohammedan world, Hebron has been for much more than a thousand years one of Islam's sacred cities. On December 8, 1917, British forces entered the town as victors. According to the most recent figures Hebron has a population of 16,577, nearly all of whom are Moslems.

Over the Cave of Machpelah

We were making this trip to Hebron under the finest of auspices, a little party of us being piloted

by Mr. John D. Whiting, of the American Colony of Jerusalem and a resident of Palestine who knows it from end to end. Mr. Whiting returned from America on the ship that bore us to Mediterranean lands, and his friendship with the Moslem religious dignitaries in charge secured the coveted permission for two personal guests and our small group of four to visit the mosque that stands above the Cave of Machpelah and guards it from intrusion. Up to very recent years the non-Moslems who had been permitted to enter this mosque were few indeed. It is said that when the Prince of Wales, the future King Edward VII, visited it in 1862, the chief official previously offered to Abraham the prayer, "O friend of God, forgive this intrusion!" Even today permission to enter this sacred place is extremely difficult to secure. We, therefore, counted ourselves the most fortunate of travelers. This so far as the mosque is concerned.

It is said that only one known European since Crusader days has ever seen the Cave under the mosque. He was an Italian architect by the name of Pieroti, in the service of the Sultan back in the sixties of the last century. Pieroti was inspecting the mosque but wanted to see the actual Cave, so watching his chance he pressed close behind the chief official when he had occasion to visit the Cave, saw that it was double, descended to the lower cave, caught sight of several sarcophagi of white stone, which are believed to be the actual tombs of the patriarchs, managed to escape with his life, though

Ancient Hebron and Its Mosque

"The Little Town of Bethlehem"

blows from angry Moslem fists rained down upon him at every stage of his adventurous journey, and wrote an account of his daring exploit in his book "Machpela." The mosque, which was originally a Christian church of the Twelfth Century and occupies, it is thought, the site of another Christian church of the Sixth Century, contains as its chief treasure the cenotaphs of the patriarchs buried in the Cave below and, it is claimed, exactly beneath them, and is set within an enclosure about two hundred feet long by a hundred and ten feet wide. The massive wall that surrounds this enclosure (and three sides of the mosque itself) has an average height of thirty-nine feet above the level of the nearby road, is eight to nine feet thick, is built of great squared stones, some of which exceed twenty-two feet in length and five feet in breadth, and is flanked by two minarets, though the Mohammedans in taking it over added four.

The whole place, which looks like a fortress, is admirably fitted for its task of guarding these patriarchal sepulchers from alien hands. All are aliens who do not hold Mohammed as prophet, and these, without special permits, may ascend only six steps towards the main entrance. Beside the fifth step there is a small hole in the wall (which is also said to lead into the Cave) which the Jews have worn smooth by pushing in notes to the patriarchs. It seems the irony of fate that no Jew is allowed to enter this building, although all the patriarchs buried in Machpelah were ancestors of Jews, and only one

of them (and that one through a disinherited son) was the ancestor of the Mohammedans who hold and guard it with suspicious zeal. True, Mr. Morgenthau entered it in 1914, but as the American Ambassador at Constantinople and not as a Jew.

Inside the Mosque

As we approached the mosque through a veritable tunnel of a street, we faced a sign, in English, reading: "Bounds for all Troops,"—one of the relics of the World War and the military occupation that followed it. As the sign seemed to have no personal application, we proceeded, Mr. Whiting leading the way. We were looked over from head to foot as we ascended the steps and our credentials were inspected here, and later on, with the minutest care. Inside the vestibule we removed our shoes, and since no slippers were available we were forced to make our tour of the building, lasting fully half an hour, in stocking feet. It was March, too, but no member of our party caught cold. Passing into the sacred interior we saw the cenotaphs of Abraham and Sarah, of Isaac and Rebekah, of Jacob and Leah, each cenotaph covered with a great cloth richly embroidered in green and gold for the patriarchs and in crimson and gold for their wives, the star and crescent on each. The actual entrance to the Cave has been walled down for very many years and strong iron clamps secure the heavy flag-stones, but our Moslem guide lifted a circular iron door, on hinges, about fifteen feet away, and by the aid of

the lamps, kept continually burning there, we were able to see down to the bottom of the Cave, about twenty feet below. But the mosque itself was interesting enough with its mosaics and a multitude of Arabic inscriptions adorning the walls of the building, a pulpit elaborately carved and said to be nine hundred years old, and two great candle-sticks that Mr. Whiting said would bring a fabulous price in any antique store in the world. As we were coming out we observed a woman with two children, one in arms, standing with her face pressed against the grating in front of the cenotaph of Abraham, and before the grating on the other side a young Moslem bowing to the ground in prayer.

Around the Town

Just after leaving the mosque we saw a public oven. One child was taking a pan of dough in to be baked and another was bringing out hot loaves. We were told that the bakers work on monthly contracts with the families, a convenient arrangement in a land where fuel is scarce and high. Then we passed through the market and saw weights and balances in use, one dealer using donkey-shoes for the purpose. Immense cauliflower, the finest I ever saw, were being offered at fifteen cents a head; and a shoe with a shoe-latchet spoke of other days. At another place we were interested in seeing a man measuring out wheat. He piled it up and pressed and shook it down thoroughly before putting it into the bag, all the while reminding one of the saying

of our Saviour: "Give, and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over, shall men give into your bosom" (Luke 6:38).

We came upon another reminder of ancient days when at a distance of a block or so we saw what looked like stuffed pigs lying serenely on their backs. They were goat skins being tanned for water bottles, one of the chief industries of Hebron, we learned; quite to be expected, too, when one considers how well watered this whole region is. Skins of the male goat are used. They are tanned with oak bark, but no vats are required, the tanning material and water being put into the raw skins, which are thus tanned from the inside. No wonder they looked like well fed pigs! We visited a building where glass rings were being made, but the main thing in interest next to the mosque was a small pottery where a skillful potter, turning the wheel with his foot, molded the clay into shape and turned out for us little jars and small peasant lamps said to be like the lamps mentioned in the Parable of the Virgins. Mr. Whiting, as we left, handed the potter a few coins and received for us all the blessing: "Depart with God's peace! You have given us pleasure." We found that Hebron is not unlike other towns of Palestine in transporting one back into Bible times.

A Carriage Drive

from Jerusalem to Bethlehem is an event long to be remembered. We passed out of the Jaffa Gate,

The Church of the Nativity in Bethlehem

Near the Jaffa Gate, Jerusalem

passed the railway station and noticed beyond it a sign bearing the words, "Vacuum Oil Co.," evidently a favorite firm in this part of the Near East, for we had seen it more than once before. We skirted the fertile Plain of Rephaim, where David twice defeated the Philistines (II Samuel 5), and four miles from Jerusalem saw the traditional Tomb of Rachel, of Moslem architecture yet not improbably covering the original grave. Then rocks, rocks, rocks, cleared from fields and built into homes, fences and retaining walls for the terraces that were everywhere to be seen. The cleared land is fertile and we saw a number of olive and fig trees, though many olive trees, we learned, had been cut down by the Turks and used for fuel in the Great War. Six miles from Jerusalem, and just over the brow of a hill, we entered

"The Little Town of Bethlehem,"

where cluster priceless memories. In nearby fields Ruth gleaned among the sheaves and further away, in later days, David kept the flock and defended them with his own right arm, winning through these years of shepherd life experiences that as the Sweet Psalmist of Israel he wove into the most beautiful and most precious of all the Psalms. Here, too, this ruddy youth was anointed by Samuel as the future king of Israel. It is to his credit that the tender memories of his home town remained with him when high honors and heavy cares of state had come. In the thick of warfare with the Philistines,

whose garrison held Bethlehem, David expressed the longing "that one would give him drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem, which is by the gate;" and three of his valiant soldiers broke through and brought it to their chief, who, in recognition of such peril of life, poured it out before the Lord (II Sam. 23). David's romantic association with this town would seem to be distinction enough, but glory crowned it forevermore when David's Greater Son was born in Bethlehem and angel choirs filled the nearer heavens with the song of "Peace on earth and good will to men." It is no marvel that the Magi, drawn by the star, should come from a far land to offer their gifts to the new-born Saviour-King, or that Baldwin, the Crusader, should wish to be crowned here on a later Christmas night (1101 A. D.).

We found Bethlehem a place of narrow streets and solid houses in the main, with many small shops where articles of olive-wood and mother-of-pearl on sale were most attractive in quality and variety and most reasonable in price. Begging and persistent salesmanship were conspicuous by their absence, for all of which we were profoundly grateful. The census of 1923 gives Bethlehem a population of 6,658, nearly all of whom are Christians.

The Church of the Nativity,

the center of interest in Bethlehem, is of great age, dating, in its general lines at least, for there have been several restorations, from Constantine the

Great, about 330 A. D. This would make it the oldest of all the Christian churches of the world, even though one does not forget the claims of certain others. The tradition that the church covers the birthplace of our Lord, while ancient, has not been established with certainty. One enters the church through the very small door (made so many years since as a measure of protection against the Moslems) into an interior characterized by simplicity of structure, adorned with some ancient and quite interesting mosaics and marred by much that is gaudy. Three Christian sects hold possession of different parts of the building (Greek Catholics, Roman Catholics and Armenians), the gilded throne on which the Greek Patriarch sits at Christmas time—when pilgrims throng Bethlehem and the Church of the Nativity—being a conspicuous feature of that part of the church which is owned by the Greeks.

The Crypt

The representatives of all three sects have access to the crypt that holds the traditional place of the birth of Christ—if in visiting it they will hew strictly to the line and not step on another's territory! We passed along a walk bordered by the straight edge of a carpet and were told that no Roman Catholic priest could step on that carpet. Bearing lighted candles and led by a monk we descended to the crypt. It is a place forty-two feet by twelve and about ten feet high and is lighted by fifty-three lamps, owned and cared for by the three sects in

control of the building, but woe to him who so much as touches a lamp belonging to a rival Church! The central attraction of the crypt is a silver star set into the marble floor and surrounded by a Latin inscription reading: "Here Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary." Fifteen lamps burn night and day around the star, six of them belonging to the Greeks, five to the Armenians and four to the Latins. The traditional place of the manger in which the infant Jesus was laid is pointed out in the Chapel of the Manger near at hand.

A Translator's Work Shop

On we went through winding passages beneath the church until we reached the chapel, originally hewn from the rock, in which the great Jerome is said to have translated the Scriptures into Latin about the year 400 of our era. This epochal translation, the work of twenty long years, raised a storm which Jerome's hot temper did nothing to abate, but after Jerome had been dead a thousand years and more his translation, the Latin Vulgate, was made the official Bible of the Roman Catholic Church, and so continueth to be to this good hour. All of which would seem to show that time may bring vindication, though a thousand years after one is dead is a long time to wait for it. Jerome died and was buried in Bethlehem and his tomb is shown only a few feet away from the traditional place of his work. Retracing our steps we came out again into the sunlight and looked once more across the

of Ruth and David and the angels. A few miles to the south we could see the rounded top of Frank Mountain containing the tomb of the Herod who to make way with a supposed rival slaughtered the male children two years old and under in Bethlehem and her borders. Fourteen miles away lay the waters of the Dead Sea, but hid from view in its deep depression 3,800 feet below us. Beyond it, twenty-five miles from us in an air-line, we saw the light striking the mountains of Moab, great ranges that were bathed in glory as we made our way out of Bethlehem and drove slowly back to Jerusalem. We shall never cease to be grateful for our visit to Bethlehem, the gleam of whose Star has traveled to every land of the globe and the devotion to whose Child has inspired some of the noblest hymns ever penned by man.

CHAPTER XIII

THE PALESTINE OF ALLENBY AND THE BRITISH MANDATE

A FULL day's travel by railway from Jerusalem brought us to the Suez Canal—and Egypt. On this long journey we passed gorges, rock tombs, terraced hills, broad fields and trees not a few. Palestine has little wood. Usually the hills are bare, and brush, grass and roots are used for fuel. Even the coal used on the railroads is in bricks imported from Cardiff, Wales. We found in

LYDDA,

where Peter healed Aeneas, an important junction, with the busiest railroad platform we had seen in all Palestine. Olive and orange groves, clumps of palms and beautiful, fertile fields surround this city of 8,000 people. A dozen miles to the northwest is Jaffa, the Joppa where Peter raised Dorcas to life and had the vision of a church in which should be no distinction between Jew and Gentile; and a mile to the south is a British aviation field, still in use. It seemed strange to be reading in our time-table (price five cents) such names as "Lydda," "Bir Yacob," "Rehoboth," "Ashdod" and "Gaza," and stranger still to be passing through these places. At Rehoboth the school children, in charge of a teacher

who looked like an American, gathered beside the track to see our train go by. We stopped at Ashdod, a place, of several thousand people, and passed near the ruins of Ashkelon, where a huge image of Herod the Great has been found along with statues of Apollo, Venus and Victory. Charming company! On this way down the coast we passed fields of growing wheat; cactus hedges; herds of cattle and flocks of sheep; camel and donkey trains. No wonder the Philistines fought to hold this rich territory! Finally we reached

GAZA,

the southernmost of the league of five Philistine cities (Gaza, Ashkelon, Ashdod, Gath and Ekron) so formidable in the time of the Judges. We recalled the strange irony by which this ancient enemy of Israel gave the name Palestine to the land; and of course, approaching Gaza, we thought of Samson and his exploits, when he tied foxes tail to tail, with a burning torch between them, and sent them scampering through the ripening wheat fields of his enemies and when at midnight he pulled up and carried away the gate of Gaza, bar and all, to the astonishment and discomfiture of his enemies. We thought of him, too, as forgetting his covenant with God, becoming the slave of passion, fettered, blinded and grinding grain in his prison here at Gaza. But we could also think of him as coming out again to repentance and using his great strength for God as he pulled down the temple of Dagon in

this same Philistine city. Gaza was virtually destroyed (by the retreating Turks) in the recent war, but it is coming again into its own as "the vestibule of Syria and the port and market of the Arabs of the Southern desert." Not only is Gaza an important point on the railway line from north to south. It is on the great coastal highway from Egypt to Palestine and Phoenicia, with connections on to Jerusalem and with a direct road to Beersheba, thirty miles to the southeast. The middle of the afternoon found us crossing the Wady El-Arish, "the River of Egypt" and the southernmost boundary of the Land of Promise, a place, too, that eight years ago figured conspicuously in the World War.

How Allenby Conquered the Desert

The conquest of Palestine by General Sir Edmund H. H. Allenby, gallant veteran of wars in Africa (including that with Oom Paul), brilliant cavalry leader on the western front at the outbreak of the World War and cited more than once for skill and bravery in action, will go down in history as an epic in the greatest of all wars. In the early days of the World War the Turkish forces, officered by Germans, were striking for the Suez Canal, in the effort to cut Great Britain's line of communication with her possessions in the East, menace her hold on Egypt itself, make necessary the employment of large British forces away from the western front and ally the Moslem world on the side of the Central Powers—an ambitious program and one that in cer-

The Star and Crescent on the Jaffa Gate, Jerusalem

The Mount of Olives

tain items came perilously near to realization. "It was a bit expensive," remarked an English officer, "that excursion of the Turks across the desert. It cost them 45,000 camels; but it came near costing us Suez." General Allenby took command in June, 1917. Much had been already done by General Murray. Thorough investigation and preparation for the coming campaign filled the scorching months of summer. Great stores of guns and ammunition were accumulated. Troops were assembled and trained into a mobile army. Water was provided and a railway was laid for the transportation of supplies. Mr. John D. Whiting, of Jerusalem, told us on shipboard of the great losses of the Turks (60,000 men in building roads and 45,000 camels, of sand cholera, in one attempt to cross the desert) and of the way General Allenby faced and conquered the all but insuperable obstacles that blocked his path; how he would lay his railroad and cover it with sand by night and then have his engines scrape off the sand and push forward when he was ready to advance; how, when trucks were mired in the sand, Allenby's engineers stretched chicken-wire on the roads and got them across; and, most interesting of all,

How Allenby Brought Water to Jerusalem

For a long time the Arabs have had a saying that Jerusalem would never be taken by the Christians until they should bring water to it from the Nile; which meant, in plain terms, never. But that

is just what General Allenby did. He laid down his great pipe line from the Nile, extended it with the advance of his troops and pumped water for their use from the great river up to within sight of Jerusalem itself. Any one who has passed through the lower part of this territory knows how strikingly Major-General F. B. Maurice, chief director of military operations at the British War Office, put the matter when, just after General Allenby's capture of Jerusalem, he said to an Associated Press correspondent:

"In the campaign as a whole the greater accomplishment has been not the defeat of the Turks but the conquest of the Sinai desert. The troops who fought at Gaza drank water from Egypt pumped through an American pipe line and were supplied over a broad-gauge railroad laid clear across the 150 miles of the Sinai desert, which has defeated almost everybody that tried to conquer Egypt for centuries. Every ounce of material for the pipe line, the railroad and the other works came either from Great Britain or the United States."

Jerusalem is Taken

Resting by day and marching and fighting by night, General Allenby pushed up this coastal plain, seizing town after town that lay between him and his goal. His troops surprised Beersheba on a moonlight night and captured it the next day (October 31). In another week his great tanks (aided by warships in the harbor) had smashed through

the strong fortifications of Gaza. Ashkelon, Lydda, Jaffa were taken by November 17. Then up through the Beth-horon Pass (northwest of Jerusalem)—the Beth-horon where Joshua defeated his foes in one of the really decisive battles of the centuries—Allenby's army forced its way to encircle Jerusalem. The winter rains had set in, but the fighting continued on. The heights of Mizpeh, four miles northwest of Jerusalem, the traditional place of Samuel's defeat of the Philistines, were captured after weeks of desperate engagements. Hebron, to the south of Jerusalem, fell, and Allenby's armies, victorious everywhere, pressed in, from north, south, east, and fought the decisive battle on the Mount of Olives, where the British who died lie buried now. The city, indeed, could have been taken earlier but for General Allenby's purpose to preserve its sacred spots intact and its walls unbreached by a shot from his big guns, some of which, of great range, were drawn by twenty-four horses through the desert. So it was that Jerusalem, unscathed by war, had passed into British hands after an even four centuries of Turkish rule, and at mid-day of December 11, 1917, General Allenby with a few of his staff, the commanders of the French and Italian detachments, the heads of the political missions and the military attaches of France, England and America, passed through the Jaffa Gate, all on foot, and, amid flowers and the handclapping of an overjoyed people, took formal possession of the city, in striking contrast with the pompous entrance of the Kaiser in 1898,

but in line with the picture of General Allenby drawn for us by Dr. John H. Finley, in Palestine for a while as Commissioner of the American Red Cross. "An evening that I shall longest remember," says Dr. Finley, "was one that I spent with him at G. H. Q. over the Bible and George Adam Smith's Geography of the Holy Land. Here was a powerful, blunt-spoken, demanding warrior, with the mind of a statesman and with a smile that would bring the children of the world in a crusade behind him."

Fooling the Turks

But the Turks still held North Palestine. Allenby planned to move against them at the earliest time and crush them at a blow, but he had to send division after division to the western front in the darkest days of the Great War, that dreadful summer of 1918. This meant changed plans and the creation of a new army. He determined to fool the Turks and did so by staging in the Jordan Valley the finest piece of camouflage on record. He had captured Jericho in February, 1918. In September of that year the camouflage began. He brought camel hospitals to the Jordan Valley. He set up a multitude of discarded tents on the wide plain near Jericho. He took 10,000 horse blankets and threw them over poles and bushes to look like cavalry. He crowded the road from Jerusalem to Jericho with troops ostensibly assembling in great numbers in the Jericho Plain but actually going back to Jerusalem each night

On the Jericho Plain

Near Gaza, the Mediterranean in the Background

to be ready for the same trip down the next day. He kept his old guns (captured from the Turks) busy firing charges at the Moab mountains. He threw five pontoon bridges across the Jordan for the transportation of his "great" army to the eastern side! And he allowed the enemy observation planes to witness all these manoeuvers and report their findings to the proper authorities. "Since the Greeks captured Troy with the famous wooden horse," says Lowell Thomas writing in "Asia" a graphic account of this campaign, "such a remarkable bit of camouflage has never been put over on a credulous enemy."

In all this work, and in the whole campaign, General Allenby had the co-operation of the skillful and intrepid Lawrence, Oxford graduate, archaeologist, comrade of the tribesmen of the desert, who, chafing under the routine and red tape of an inactive army in Cairo asked "for a fortnight's vacation and has been on that leave ever since"; in the disguise of a poor Arab woman made his way to the north as far as Damascus and back again, rallying the Arab tribes on the way, advanced northward on the east of the Jordan as the other small force was advancing on the west and kept the Turks busy guessing where he was going to strike. The two co-operating movements brought the expected results. Not alone was the Turkish line of communication with Damascus cut. While Allenby's main force was marching northward from above Jaffa, the Turks sent all their reserves into the Jordan Valley and were captured by the score of thousands in the Valley of Esdraelon.

Two thousand prisoners were taken in the streets of Nazareth alone, the papers of General Liman von Sanders, the German general, and some of the members of his staff were captured at Nazareth, and the General himself escaped by the narrowest of margins. Acre, Beirut, Damascus, far Aleppo even, fell before the swift advance of the British armies and their allies. In the first three weeks of this remarkable campaign the British and Arabs had advanced 175 miles, scattered three Turkish armies and taken more than 80,000 prisoners and 350 guns, and October closed with Palestine and all Syria forever liberated from Turkish rule.

Allenby's Proclamation

We were so busy with our own part in the Great War that possibly few of us have read General Allenby's proclamation made just after his formal entrance into Jerusalem. It was printed in seven languages (Arabic, Hebrew, English, French, Italian, Greek and Russian). We saw a copy of it at the American Colony in Jerusalem, and thus it reads:

"Lest any of you be alarmed by reason of your experience at the hands of the enemy who has retired, I hereby inform you that it is my desire that every person should pursue his lawful business without fear of interruption. Furthermore, since your city is regarded with affection by the adherents of three of the great religions of mankind and its soil has been consecrated by the prayers and pilgrimages of devout people of these religions for many cen-

turies, therefore I make it known to you that every sacred building, monument, holy spot, shrine, traditional site, endowment, pious bequest or customary place of prayer of whatsoever form of the three religions will be maintained according to the existing customs and beliefs of those to whose faith they are sacred.

"Guardians have been established at Bethlehem and at Rachel's Tomb. The tomb at Hebron has been placed under exclusive Moslem control. The hereditary custodians at the gates of the Holy Sepulchre have been requested to take up their accustomed duties in remembrance of the magnanimous act of the Caliph Omar who protected that church."

Moslems, who could scarcely believe their ears, rushed from the mass meeting back to their homes to carry the glad news of civil and religious freedom throughout the land.

Palestine Under British Mandate

Palestine, as we have seen, fell to Great Britain in 1917 by the law of conquest. On April 25, 1920, the Supreme Council of the Allied Powers gave to Great Britain the mandate of Palestine, an action that was reaffirmed by the Council of the League of Nations July 24, 1924. The British Military Administration yielded place to the Civil Administration July 1, 1921, and the new constitution was promulgated September 1, 1922. This provided, among other items, that there should be no dis-

crimination between the inhabitants of Palestine on the ground of race, religion or language.

The Palestine under British mandate comprises about 9,000 square miles, a territory somewhat larger than New Jersey, and, by the census of October 23, 1922, a population of 757,182, made up of 590,890 Moslems, 83,794 Jews, 73,024 Christians, 163 Samaritans, the remainder being of other faiths. English, Arabic and Hebrew are the official languages of the country. The Christian schools maintained by the several religious bodies working in Palestine number 163 and enroll about 13,500 children. The Jewish schools (two-thirds of which are Zionist) number 175 and enroll 18,000 children. A supreme Moslem Council takes charge, under the Government, of all Moslem religious matters. Palestine is essentially agricultural and pastoral. In 1922-23 it raised 79,798 tons of wheat, 32,079 tons of barley, 14,000 tons of olives, and 3,908 tons of lentils, and at the same period was supporting 262,000 sheep, 483,000 goats, 19,000 camels, and 1,200 buffaloes. The number of vineyards and almond groves is increasing, as is the acreage under cultivation in tobacco. From Jaffa alone 2,000,000 boxes of oranges are exported every year to Egypt and Europe. There are about 350 miles of railway in Palestine (or three times the mileage of pre-war days) and 523 miles of public highways, 350 miles of the amount being macadam; and there are four ports: Haifa and Jaffa, Acre and Gaza, none of which are good. Gasoline is high (55 cents a gal-

lon) and postage too. The stamps that carried our postcards from Jerusalem cost twice as much as they did in Damascus, under French mandate. But the costs of efficient administration are heavy and probably years will have to pass before the revenues of the land balance its expenses. The day will come, no doubt, when Britain will surrender the mandate of Palestine. When it comes she will see to it that no hostile hands will hold it, if for no other reason than the necessary guardianship of the Suez Canal, her hundred mile gate-way to her possessions in the Far East.

Britain Keeps Her Promises

What has been said already will indicate that the assurances General Allenby gave that historic day in Jerusalem, as well as all other promises Great Britain has made touching Palestine, have all been scrupulously observed. The British High Commissioner for the past four years, the Rt. Hon. Sir Herbert L. Samuel, is a model of fairness and efficiency. Life and property and morals are safeguarded. Religions are protected. A system of graded courts guarantees equality before the law and an excellent system of schools supplements the many schools of the several religions in offering educational advantages to the poorest boy and girl in all Palestine. Sanitation is provided for. Road-building is going forward. Reforestration has begun and the reclamation of the rich soil that underlies the mounting sand dunes along the Philistine coast is on

the program. In a word, the economic life of the country is being fostered and every wise measure promoted that will bring the country to contentment and self-support. With characteristic thoroughness the British rule of the land goes forward—and with a wisdom born of experience in dealing with heterogeneous peoples. We saw evidences of the wisdom of the British rule all through Palestine, but in Jerusalem a very striking illustration of it: The star and crescent still on the Jaffa Gate! What but possible friction would be gained by painting them over?

The Zionists

Great Britain made another promise in what is known as the Balfour Declaration, of November 2, 1917, to the effect that "His Majesty's Government view with favour the establishment in Palestine of a national home for the Jewish people, and will use their best endeavours to facilitate the achievement of that object, it being clearly understood that nothing shall be done which may prejudice the civil and religious rights of existing non-Jewish communities in Palestine or the rights and political status enjoyed by Jews in any other country."

Much might be said, if there were space, about these Zionist Colonies in Palestine, which now number 74 (20 in Judea, 17 in Samaria, 27 in Lower Galilee, and 10 in Upper Galilee), comprise a membership of about 18,000, own about 165,000 acres of land, and are using modern methods of agriculture

in the cultivation of it. Each colony has one or more schools, a synagogue, a public library, a town hall, a hospital, a pharmacy and public baths. Hebrew is the language taught in the schools and in every-day use. In the four years ending with 1923 the Zionists in Palestine showed a net gain of 3,000, though some give figures as high as 8,000. Later figures show a much larger but by no means a spectacular increase in the number of Jews who are making Palestine their new home. As there are seven times as many Moslems as Jews in Palestine it will be admitted that the goal of Zionism seems to be a long way in the future. Some who favor the movement call attention to the words of the Declaration, that Palestine is to be "*a* national home" and not "*the* national home for the Jewish people."

"The Fifth Gospel"

I wish there were space to tell of the very striking confirmation of Scripture witnessed everywhere in Palestine, though I do not like to speak of the Bible being confirmed. It reminds one too much of the way in which our colored friends "recommend" you, or perhaps fail to do so. But there seems no good substitute for the term. All through Palestine one is brought into touch with the Bible. Not alone does the Bible accord with the history of the times of which it treats—a fact admitted by careful and candid students; it accords with the land, the customs and the institutions of Palestine, fortunately pre-

served in their essential features down to the present day. You find the country true to the multitude of geographical references contained in the books of Scripture. You find Bible names borne by people you meet, and so many Bible names of places you visit or pass that the index to Baedeker or Meistermann reads like a Bible dictionary. You find the dress of the people practically unchanged. You find their homes and their home life, and their occupations, and the way in which they are carried on, what they were in Bible times. One who expects to find Palestine a Utopia will be disappointed in a visit to the land; but one who travels through it Bible in hand will find testimony everywhere to the truthfulness of the Book.

Reminders of War

we saw all over Palestine. The highways over which we sped were rebuilt for military purposes and the railroads over which we traveled were almost wholly the gift of war. At the American Colony in Jerusalem we inspected many relics gathered from nearby battlefields, though Jerusalem itself, unlike the towns in the war zone of Belgium or France, escaped mutilation. I have spoken already of the damaged Good Samaritan Inn on the way from Jerusalem to Jericho and of olive trees cut down and used for fuel by the Turks. About two miles out from Jerusalem and on the way to Bethlehem we saw tangled heaps of barbed-wire, a British camp surrounded and protected by several fences of it, very much like the

section of "No Man's Land," we saw later near Rheims in France, and in one corner of the camp, near the road and commanding it, a sentry's box, the stacked bags of sand being left as they had been placed in the days of war. Then from early morning on our trip from Jerusalem to Egypt we were passing through one long battlefield. We saw barbed-wire entanglements rolled up in the fields near the British aviation camp below Lydda and in other places still standing, and at numberless points along the railroad we saw the pipes General Allenby used in his famous pipe line from the Nile, some sticking out of the sand, others piled up beside the track all ready for shipment when desired.

We Enter Egypt

For miles before we reached El-Arish, with its stately palms, our railroad rested on ridges of sand, but now we ran between them, not more than fifty yards from the Mediterranean. Then speeding on, we were soon in the desert, a waste of sand in all directions, with herds of camels and an oasis here and there. Late in the afternoon we reached the Suez Canal, one hundred and forty-eight feet wide and thirty deep at this point, and ferried across. A large boat soon passed slowly through the canal, her prow toward the Mediterranean, a beautiful sight and one full worthy of the brush of an artist. It disappeared in the distance as we turned to the very prosaic but very important work of declaring

our valuables at the customs house near at hand. This done and our passports found in order and returned, we started in the deepening twilight on our three hours' journey to Cairo in the heart of Egypt.

CHAPTER XIV

THE LAND OF THE PHARAOHS

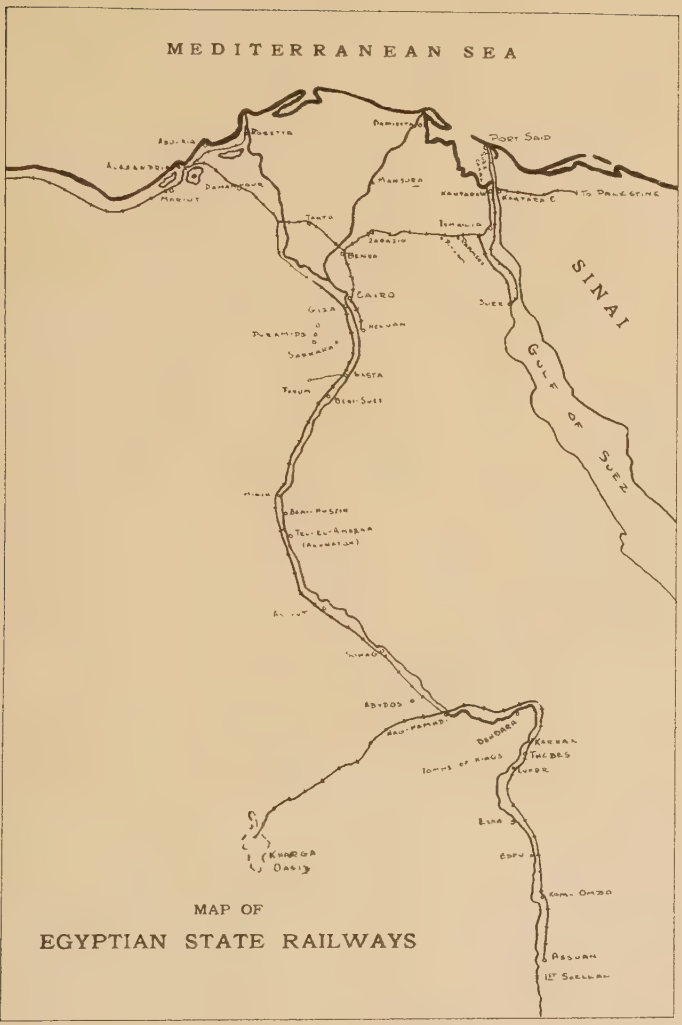
VERY probably we shall be very far from agreeing with Napoleon that "Egypt is the most important country in the world," and yet be quite ready to admit that the land of Egypt yields to few in point of age, or past importance, or manifold romance. Here before the beginnings of any history recorded outside the Bible a civilization had risen and flourished to leave behind it imperishable memorials. A small land is Egypt, so small that you could stow away twenty-five countries of its size in the state of Texas; but like Palestine and Greece, and Switzerland and Holland, and England and Scotland, we should find it a mighty force in history. In shape the land is a ribbon 550 miles long with a mean breadth of twenty-three miles, with the exception of Chile "the longest country in the world in proportion to its width" and reminding one of a certain town in old Virginia that was said to be "a mile long and eighteen inches wide." Down through the center of the land flows

THE LORDLY NILE,

the most interesting natural feature of the country, and by far the most important. Fed by the seasonal rains and even melting snows of Central Africa, the

river though traversing a desert needs no tributary for the last fifteen hundred miles of its long journey to the sea, unites its two streams, the Blue and the White Nile, at Khartoum, where Kitchener won his early fame, tumbles through the brown granite ledge at Assuan where in 1902 Great Britain completed her stupendous dam for irrigation control, and though making fruitful all the way a land that would otherwise be barren continues to pour a mighty stream into the Mediterranean formerly through seven mouths and now mainly through two. The three months' annual overflow, now regulated by the Assuan Dam, made possible in the days of Julius Caesar the support of a population of 7,500,000, and makes possible today the support of a population estimated at 13,550,000 souls, distributed in forty-three cities of 10,000 or more and in 3,580 towns and villages below that figure. Subtract the deserts, which are uninhabitable, of course, and Egypt proper has about 1,000 people to the square mile. Among all our states Rhode Island, with 566 to the square mile, is most densely populated. A glance at the figures will show that Egypt in density far exceeds it, as it does even Belgium among the European States.

The climate of the Egypt of old was probably that of today. The winters are delightful and even in summer, while the days are blistering, the nights are cool, the dryness of the air helping one to live through the 122 degrees that the thermometer has been known to register. The rainfall at Cairo is



MAP OF

EGYPTIAN STATE RAILWAYS

about an inch a year, and even at Alexandria it is only about eight to ten inches. In Upper Egypt there is scarcely any rain at all.

The Two Egypts

There were and are two Egypts, recognized not alone in literature but in the double crown worn by the Pharaohs: The Valley, sinuous and narrow, from two to ten miles wide between barren hills that break the drift of stretching deserts, and the Delta, of wider sweep, the garden spot and granary of the ancient world. Some one has quite happily compared Egypt to a lily, the calyx and petals forming the broad Delta, and the stem, the Valley of the Nile. Some one else has described the land as "a mere slip of alluvial deposit." Such it is; and that deposit, a dark, rich loam, makes Egypt what Herodotus long ago declared it to be, "the gift of the Nile." From Assuan to the Mediterranean is Egypt proper; or, rather, from the Mediterranean to Assuan, for, as Miss Edwards reminds us, "the history of ancient Egypt goes against the stream" . . . and in that order "the vast and august procession of dynasties swept across the stage of history."

Egypt is a land of monuments and ruins—monuments the most imposing and ruins the most magnificent ever reared by the hand of man. The Nile Valley is sentineled by wonders of architecture that tower above and have outlasted any that others eager to be held in remembrance can boast as theirs.

The People of Ancient Egypt

were of the stock of Ham, as indeed many of them are today. They were swarthy, lithe, patriotic, yet preferring almost always the paths of peace. They had no love of war for war's sake or of conquest for the sake of possession, though their history did not lack its periods of military glory, and some of their Pharaohs have written their names high among the war-lords of the world.

Something has been said already of their art. Of the graceful lines of the Greeks they knew little so far as their architecture was concerned. It was the massive, the towering, that called out their titanic energies and furnished the memorials upon which travelers look with amazement down to this day. And yet their craftsmanship could know a delicacy of touch that many of far later days might envy, as witness their exquisite vases, the jewelry and furniture recovered from the tombs of their mighty dead, and the myriad figures, untouched by time, that cover and adorn room after room in their rock-hewn mausoleums. The government of ancient Egypt was organized and administered on the most elaborate scale, with everything put to record in circumstantial detail and with what to practical Westerners would have proved irritating prolixity.

The Religion of Egypt

was Nature-worship on the most stupendous and extensive scale, the sun and the Nile, chief sources of

their life, being the centers of this worship. The manifold forces, forms and productions of nature were deified and often were symbolized in grotesque forms. "And thus," says Whedon, "in their pantheistic idolatry they worshiped not only the sun, moon and earth, but bulls, crocodiles, cats, hawks, asps, scorpions and beetles. The rich Nile land teemed with gods and was the mother country of the idolatries that centuries afterwards covered the Mediterranean islands and peninsulas and filled the classic literature with such manifold forms of beauty." A cardinal tenet of their religion was life after death. They boasted an elaborate ritual, a numerous and powerful priesthood and the skillful practice of magic arts.

It is significant that what Egypt is revealing to the explorer's pick and spade today is pre-eminently her religion.

Age-long Vistas of History

This is not the place to outline a history that stretches back thousands of years before Christ, and so I shall merely touch upon some of its more important and interesting periods. We have evidence that the great pyramids were built in the early ages of this history; that conquerors from Asia (the Hyksos kings) were on the throne almost certainly when Abraham was welcomed and Joseph was exalted to high position in the land; and that with the expulsion of this foreign rule things became intensely Egyptian and a spirit of militarism pos-

sessed the Pharaohs. Figures, some of them forceful and others merely of curious interest, arose. The most famous woman of Egyptian history,

"The Queen Elizabeth of Egypt,"

appeared about 1500 B. C. in the person of Hatasu, daughter of Thothmes I, sister and wife of his successor, Thothmes II, (whose mummy is in the Public Library of Louisville, Ky.), and regent in the minority of her younger brother (or nephew) Thothmes III. Not a few who adopt the earlier date of the exodus regard Hatasu as the princess who found Moses and gave him the amplest education to be had in the world of his day. She built a great temple near Thebes that is now being unearthed. She appears on the monuments in male attire and sometimes with a beard! Two obelisks at Karnak—one prostrate, the other standing—bear witness to her rule. On the prostrate obelisk is deeply cut the figure of Hatasu kneeling—but as Queen—to receive the blessing of her god. She ruled—but there came a time when Thothmes III grew tired of it all, asserted his independence and even boxed up Hatasu's name or tried to erase it on certain of her monuments.

In Thothmes III we have one of the two greatest of the warriors and builders of Egypt. He conquered a large part of western Asia in a series of brilliant campaigns and posted up on the walls of the Temple of Amon at Karnak a list of the 355 cities that had fallen to him, Joppa, Heshbon and

The Pyramids of Gizeh *Luxor*

Section of the Luxor Temple

Statue of Rameses the Great, Memphis

Megiddo among them. He ruled for fifty-five years. A hundred years pass and Tut-ankh-Amen is on the scene, then less than half a century and

The Great Self-Advertiser

fares forth in the warrior-builder, Rameses the Second, or the Great, the Seostris of the Greeks, co-ruler with his father for twenty-seven years and sole ruler for forty more, commonly believed to have been the Pharaoh of the Oppression of the Israelites and deserving well the title. Rameses was certainly the most famous of all the Pharaohs, partly, as some one has suggested, because he was the most industrious in recording his own glory. True, none of the monarchs of this or of any other dynasty of Egypt seem to have been afflicted with an excess of modesty in this regard, but this Pharaoh went a bow-shot beyond them all when without any sort of scruple he appropriated the work of others and put his name on statues or buildings they had erected. Even so he takes rank as one of the two greatest of the warriors of Egypt (Thothmes III being the other) and as its greatest builder. He regained the territorial lines of Thothmes III in western Asia; renewed the war his father had been waging with the powerful Hittites of Asia Minor; cut his way out of a seemingly hopeless situation in his last battle with them and was glad to come to terms with them in the most remarkable peace treaty that has come down to us from early days; sealed the compact by marrying a Hittite princess and was pleased when

his prowess was celebrated in song in the famous Poem of Pentaur, his poet-laureate. As a builder Rameses takes rank with Nebuchadnezzar, whose hanging gardens in Babylon, built to give his Median wife the flavor of her native hills, were counted one of the seven wonders of the ancient world and whose other structures are now being uncovered to show what glory he gathered to himself in his works of building; and with Augustus Caesar, first emperor of Rome, whose proud boast it was that he had found Rome of brick and left it of marble.

Rameses built a wall from Pelusium, east of the present Suez Canal, to Heliopolis, near modern Cairo. He constructed a system of canals from Memphis to the Mediterranean. He completed the great halls at Karnak and the massive temple at Luxor nearby, both included in the lines of ancient Thebes. He placed before this temple at Luxor two sitting colossi of himself and four others of them before the temple of Ra in Nubia. He erected huge colossi of himself, two of which lie prostrate, in Memphis, in Lower Egypt. Note these sentences from three authorities: "It is almost impossible to find in Egypt a ruin or an ancient mound without reading his name." "He . . . covered Egypt and lower Nubia with vast structures that could only have been produced by slave labor on the largest scale." "Of the thirty-two obelisks in Egypt he is said to have erected in whole or in part twenty-one; of the eight ruined temples in Thebes, seven." His family was an extensive one, 162 children being men-

tioned by name on the monuments, and his successor, Manepthah II, considered to be the Pharaoh of the Exodus, inferior to his father in mental gifts and executive parts but rivaling him in pride of will, being his thirteenth or his fourteenth son.

The Great Pyramid

The Pyramids of Gizeh, a few miles out from Cairo and reached by motor cars in fifteen to twenty minutes' time, are among the most striking of the architectural wonders of the land of the Nile, the Pyramid of Cheops, or Khufu, being the greatest of the group of three, and by that token the greatest in all Egypt. To rear this huge structure 100,000 men were required, says Herodotus, working in relays of three months and for twenty years. The pyramid is 451 feet high, and was thirty feet higher before the polished casing was stripped off to help to build Cairo. It covers thirteen acres of ground and its 3,000,000 cubic yards of masonry weigh nearly 7,000,000 tons. The stones in this vast pile average two and one-half tons, and not a few of them weigh forty to fifty tons each. It was near the shadow of these structures that Napoleon bade his troops remember that forty centuries looked down upon them, a sentence in striking contrast, one has said, with Nelson's more effective words at Trafalgar, "England expects every man to do his duty." Quite a number of us made the trip

Inside the Great Pyramid

Passing in through the low entrance dug out for visitors, lighted by an occasional electric bulb, led by guides whose solicitude for our safe conduct was in exact proportion to the tips they hoped to receive when they should have brought us back to earth again, stooping for much of the time, we made our way through the winding or straight passages up the steep inclines or the steeper steps until we entered the Great Hall, a hundred and fifty-five feet long, twenty-eight feet high, varying from more than three to more than six feet in width and lined by great courses of limestone so skillfully joined that an Arab writer says that not a needle or a hair can be gotten between the massive, highly polished blocks, some of which seemed to be twenty to twenty-five feet in length. From this Great Hall we entered a low, narrow passage, twenty-two feet long and less than four feet high, leading into the King's Chamber, which we entered next. We were now a hundred and forty feet above the ground. The Chamber we had entered is seventeen by thirty-five feet and nineteen feet high, and lined with granite, the ceiling being constructed of nine great granite slabs each eighteen and one-half feet long. Above the ceiling are five smaller chambers, one above the other, built to prevent the great weight of masonry from crushing in this sepulcher of the king, while two air-shafts, six by eight inches, but wider at the outside end, one of them 233 feet long and the other 174, lead out to two sides of the great pyramid. In

Majestic Columns of the Luxor Temple

Rameses the Great in Stone, Luxor

the ante-chamber four granite trap-doors, one of which is still there, had been placed to prevent the invasion of robbers; but a way had been forced through the softer limestone.

Over to one side of the chamber stands an empty granite sarcophagus, the lid gone and the edges broken. It is the sarcophagus that once held the mummy of the great Cheops. Our guide lit a calcium light and the weirdness of it all came over us. Here we were, people of another race and of the modern world, looking into the mutilated tomb in which the mummy of one of the world's great builders had once reposed and from which, with all secrecy, it had been removed, and observing the massive masonry that millenniums ago had hemmed in the dead builder and the great treasure that had been buried with him. On our descent to the Queen's Chamber (smaller but alike massive) we were again impressed with the wonders of the Great Hall; but we were glad, nevertheless, to come out again into the sunlight and fresh air, view the Second Pyramid, built by Cephren, and only less wonderful than that of Cheops, his father or elder brother, and stand in wonder before the Great Sphinx, majestic symbol of silence and the unsolved riddles of the universe. We saw the great Pyramids at a later time, when the setting sun bathed them in a flood of mellow light, and later still from afar on our journey out to

Memphis,

twelve miles south of Cairo. This city, founded by Menes, the first Pharaoh in the line, was the sole capital of Egypt for twice a thousand years and then a capital equal with Thebes for a thousand more. Here was the great temple of Ptah, with its two colossi of Rameses the Great at the temple doors. Here lived in more than regal splendor the Sacred Bull. Here was the great artificial lake and here the gently flowing Nile, one of Egypt's chief gods. Even as late as Roman times, when its fame had gone into partial eclipse, Memphis was still a populous city eight miles long and four miles wide. It was—and is today—the center of a vast necropolis, for groups of pyramids are on either side and rock-hewn tombs of more than passing note are here and there. It was biting irony for the children of Israel to say to Moses at the Red Sea: "Because there were no graves in Egypt, hast thou taken us away to die in the wilderness?" (Exodus 14:11), for if there was one thing Egypt had in abundance it was graves.

Colossi of Rameses the Great

We saw many objects of interest on our early morning drive from Cairo. There were sail-boats on the Nile, almost hidden by the mist. Men, women and children were at work in the rich fields, while others were washing their vegetables in the irrigation ditches before packing them into hampers for the donkeys to carry in to market. The ruins

of the once populous city of Memphis are scattered over the wide plain. In a grove of palm trees, we came upon the statue of Rameses the Great, once standing before the entrance to the great temple, but now prostrate and resting upon rude timbers several feet above the ground. The colossus is of Syene granite, carved out of a single block twenty-six feet long, and weighs 600 tons. The crown, detached and standing at the head of the statue, is six and one-half feet long. The ear, by my measurement, is sixteen inches long. The king's name is found on breast, girdle, shoulder and bracelet. The face is highly polished; the hands grasp a scroll; one leg is broken off. A short distance away, and covered by a hut, is another statue of Rameses forty-two feet in length and cut from a solid block of limestone. Both legs are broken. The scroll grasped in each hand is ten inches in diameter. The cobra crown—for the serpent was the symbol of royalty—is in this case part of the statue itself.

Between these two statues we passed the alabaster sphinx, twenty-six feet long, fourteen feet high and weighing eighty tons—the largest sphinx, it is said, that has ever been transported.

Tombs of the Bulls

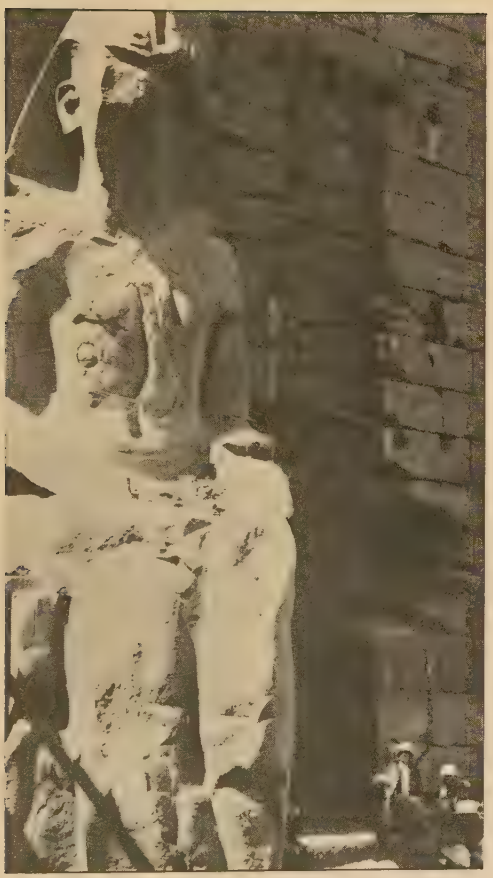
On the death of the Sacred Bull his body was embalmed and laid away in a sarcophagus as magnificent as that which held royalty. We visited the tombs at Memphis where these Sacred Bulls were interred. The galleries and chambers leading off

from them—all hewn from the solid rock—total 1,040 feet. Of these chambers twenty-four contain granite sarcophagi that average thirteen feet in length, seven in width and eleven in height, and sixty-five tons in weight! When the tombs were opened up in 1851 it was found that all the Sacred Bulls had been removed. We saw the skeletons of two of them in the Egyptian Museum in Cairo.

The other tombs we entered at Memphis, those of Ti, wealthy land-owner, and of Pthah-hoteph, Governor and proverb-writer, are notable for the multitude of figures in exquisite bas-relief that crowd their walls—pictures of the Egypt that saw the great pyramids under construction or just finished. We well may wonder at the genius that could rear the mighty pyramids and in the same period be able to give itself to the production of such exquisite specimens as these.

Up the Nile

Our trip up the Valley of the Nile, and along that historic river, was made by railway. We were glad our train was late, for the extra hour and a half gave us fine glimpses of a long stretch of the Upper Nile. Men, afoot or riding donkeys, were starting out to the day's tasks, and those who had not gathered in great numbers at the stations were in the fields at work. The fields were beautiful—in gold and green. The alfalfa harvest was on and barley was well advanced. The soil is very black and rich and irrigating ditches—large and small—led out in



Mutilated Statue of Rameses the Great, Luxor

Across the Nile—Towards the Valley of the Kings, Thebes

every direction, the needed water being pumped into them by water wheels run by buffalo, camel or cattle, and occasionally by the sweeping shaduf. We passed in sight of great brown cliffs not far to the east and longer mountain ranges to the west, the valley between being a veritable garden of the Lord. We saw many thatched houses; sail-boats, and even a scow on the Nile; and people, people everywhere, in striking contrast with the few we saw in the Hauran and in many parts of Palestine.

"Hundred-Gated Thebes,"

called in Scripture No-Amon ("The City of Amon") because of the magnificent worship here of its chief deity, was once upon a time another of the great capital cities of the world. It was built on both sides of the Nile, Luxor (the present town) and Karnak, on the east bank, as well as great stretches on the west, finding place within its ample lines. Nahum, thundering against Nineveh (3:8-10), whose dependence and danger were also in a river, speaks of the fall and desolation of Thebes, the outstanding event of the generation preceding his. Today the ruins of vast temples and of gigantic statues and the presence of splendid tombs driven deep through solid rock serve to remind the traveler of the stirring life and the busy messengers of death in this great city of the ancient days. Soon after reaching

Luxor

we proceeded with a guide to visit the great Temple of Amon, a few minutes' walk from our hotel. This temple is 852 feet long and 180 feet wide. Its massive walls and its great and graceful pillars are covered with inscriptions and sculptured figures. But the most striking objects of interest here are the huge statues of Rameses the Great, two of them sitting and each about forty-five feet in height. These statues are nearly all mutilated and great fragments of them lie scattered on the ground. The big toe of one colossus is ten inches long. At 3 o'clock in the afternoon we started on donkeys for

Karnak,

two miles to the north of Luxor. The extent of the ruins is amazing and the massiveness of wall, of tower, of pillar, of obelisk, is impressive beyond words. One is reminded of the sentence of Champollion: "The imagination sinks abashed at the foot of Karnak." Several objects stand out from this maze of mighty buildings. One thinks of the sacred lake; of the avenues of sphinxes; of the obelisk of Thothmes I, seventy-six feet high, and the pink granite obelisk of Hatasu, ninety-seven feet high, next to the highest obelisk in the world; of the great court containing 6,000 square yards of space; of the pillars beside it towering up to a height of eighty feet, and with the red, yellow and blue paint still visible upon them; of the paint on a nearby ceiling

that seems as fresh as when it was put up by the artists, dead these ages gone. We were interested too in a group of twenty-five or thirty boys, from about eight to fourteen years, who were helping in the excavations now going forward. All but one were carrying baskets of dirt on their heads and emptying them into the tram-cars that stood on the nearby track; and all were singing as they worked, led by the "cheer leader" who clapped his hands to mark time and keep the music going. After we had gotten back to our hotel, two miles away, the songs of these little excavators floated in upon the evening air. We were soon in the dining room being waited on by Numidians wearing white turbans and long white robes with red sashes, and ready at any time to answer to the name of Mohammed.

CHAPTER XV

OUTSTANDING DISCOVERIES IN THE LAND OF EGYPT

NEXT to Palestine itself (and in the spectacular element surpassing it) no land has yielded as much as Egypt to the explorer's pick and spade. Out of its tombs and its burning sands have been brought to the light of day treasures that have deciphered its inscriptions, lengthened immeasurably the world's vistas of history and furnished vivid setting for page after page of Biblical history or else in wondrous fashion confirmed them. I shall now attempt to sketch the more significant of these discoveries and to indicate their bearing on the trustworthiness of those parts of the Bible with which they have connection. To do this I shall at the beginning include within our survey the wider sweep of the Old Testament World.

Strange Writings

The history that fills the pages of the Old Testament was enacted on a part of earth about one-third the size of the United States, mainly along two great river valleys (the Euphrates and the Nile) and near a third that lies between them, the Jordan. Along the Euphrates men had seen for centuries great mounds, from which natives from time to time would bring out articles for sale, bits of sculpture and

The Central Hall of the Egyptian Museum, Cairo

Colossus of Memnon, Thebes

rounded bricks, like cakes of toilet soap, covered over with queer wedge-shaped writings, while along the Nile travelers through the long centuries had looked upon great temples and graceful obelisks bearing other strange inscriptions. The recovery of the keys that unlocked the treasure-houses of these languages has written two thrilling chapters of romance.

The Rosetta Stone

Some men unconsciously perform great service for the world. Napoleon did so in his famous Egyptian campaign as the Eighteenth Century was closing. A few miles east of Alexandria in Egypt is the Rosetta mouth of the Nile. Here Boussard, a French artillery officer and engineer, while excavating for fortifications dug up in 1799 a black granite stone three feet nine inches by two feet four and one-half inches, and eleven inches thick, containing three inscriptions. The first inscription (broken) was in the strange characters everywhere seen on the monuments; the next was in the vernacular; and the third was in the Greek. The Greek, of course, was easily read, the inscription showing that the stone had been set up in 195 B. C. by the priests of Memphis in honor of one of the Ptolemies who had graciously cancelled their unpaid tax-bills. It was the famous Rosetta Stone, which today holds honored place in the British Museum instead of in the Louvre because the British took Alexandria in 1801 and this stone passed into their possession along with the keys of the city.

But it was reserved for a Frenchman, nevertheless, to solve the puzzle of the other two writings, especially the first, when after a succession of scholars had taxed their ingenuity for twenty years Champollion succeeded in finding the combination and in opening to the view of the world the literary treasures of a civilization that stretches back to an almost fabulous antiquity.

A Companion-Piece in Persia

But the wedge-shaped writing of the Tigro-Euphrates valley still remained a riddle to the scholars of the world, and all the while the mounds were being unearthed and inscriptions were multiplying. To another army officer belongs the distinction of deciphering the characters that furnished the new-old key. Boussard found his treasure underground. Major Henry C. Rawlinson, an Englishman serving as an officer in the Persian army, in 1835, found his about three hundred feet above ground. To be exact it was a large bas-relief of king and captives and a series of inscriptions cut into the polished face of a towering limestone cliff in the Zagros mountains in western Persia. The space covered by the inscriptions was twenty-five feet high and fifty feet wide. Here again there were three languages, the old Persian, the Babylonian and the Median, all in the wedge-shaped characters. A narrow ledge, about fourteen inches wide, had enabled the long dead artists to put up the inscriptions. Rawlinson accepted the challenge, and from this ledge and by the

aid of swings copied what had been written, even though a chasm yawned below. It took him four years to get his copy, but finally it was secured. Six years more of patient work, and he had the combination. The inscriptions had been cut into the rock about 515 B. C. on the order of Darius the Great, the same Persian king who had put his hand to the decree of 521 B. C. allowing the Jews under Zerubbabel to go ahead and finish their Temple in Jerusalem after enemies had succeeded in stopping work on it for fifteen years, the same Persian king, too, whose forces were beaten by the Greeks at Marathon a generation later on. As the Rosetta Stone had opened the treasure-house of Egypt, so the Behistun Inscription, as it is called, unlocked the great treasures that lay hid within the valleys of the Tigris and Euphrates or else had been gathered into the museums and libraries of the world. We are now to see how this key unlocked treasures in Egypt as well.

The King Goes A-Wooing

I spoke in my last chapter of the forceful Queen Hatasu and also of Thothmes III, who led his armies victoriously far up into western Asia and is frequently called "the Alexander of the Nile." Two kings of mediocre talents succeeded him, but a man of different mold arose in Amenophis III, one of the really magnificent figures in Egyptian history. He came to the throne about 1450 B. C. and reigned for thirty-six years. He seems to have cared little for war, but his rank as a builder is high. He erected

a large temple in Nubia. He constructed the magnificent temple at Luxor. He reared at Thebes two giant colossi of himself to guard the entrance to his mortuary chapel, immense sitting figures fifty-two feet in height on pedestals thirteen feet high, one of them the so-called Vocal Memnon of classic days. He reminds one of Solomon, not only as temple-builder but as cementing political friendships by intermarriage. Solomon, the Asiatic, married an Egyptian. Amenophis, the Egyptian, married an Asiatic, or, more accurately, two of them, one the sister of the King of Mitani in northern Mesopotamia and the other, his principal wife, the famous Teye, the sister of the King of Babylon. One who enters the Central Hall of the Egyptian Museum at Cairo is at once attracted by the huge statue at the far end. It is the group (twenty-two feet high and thirteen wide, exclusive of the base) of Amenophis III and Teye, his Asiatic wife, and three of their daughters. We wonder what the Egyptians of the day thought of this marriage with a foreigner. Whatever their thought of it may have been, one result of it in the next generation was

A Religious Revolution

that finally wrecked the Eighteenth Dynasty. The son of this marriage succeeded his father with the seemingly appropriate name of Amenophis IV, but he, too, went wooing, and right in that part of the world in which his father got his wife. The tragic part of it all from the Egyptian point of view was

Hieroglyphs on the Luxor Temple

The Overturned Statue of Rameses the Great, Thebes

that in marrying his wife he had married her religion too, the worship of the solar disk. But Thebes was headquarters for the worship of Amon—and from Amon the name Amenophis was in part derived. The king cut the gordian knot by abandoning both name and city, changing his name from Amenophis to Khu-n-Aten, which means "The Disk of the Sun Rejoices," and moving his capital from Thebes to Amarna, down the Nile and about half way to modern Cairo. Here, on both sides of the river, as at Thebes, the half Asiatic king with the Asiatic wife built his royal city, Teye, the Queen Mother, going along and evidently approving the whole enterprise. Here were reared large temples for the conduct of the imported worship, extensive palaces for royalty and nobility, and stately, rock-hewn tombs, more than two dozen of them, for various court officials, the largest of them all for the high priest of the sun. This was bad enough, but the heretic king added insult to injury when he entered upon a systematic persecution of the gods of Thebes, defacing their images and inscriptions in the very temple his own father had built at Luxor and seeking in this and every other way to blot out the remembrance of them from Egyptian thought and life. Yet for all his pains his new religion did not survive his reign; and his mummy was torn to pieces and his city destroyed in the fury of the populace. Before long Tut-ankh-Amen comes to the throne, moves the capital back to Thebes and re-establishes the old religion, but the wound is mortal and the Eighteenth Dynasty soon comes to a shadowed close.

Letters From Asia

Now it was the most natural thing in all the world that these kings who had married Asiatics should keep in touch with people and movements up in Asia. They did so by exchanging letters, the letters received being filed away in the royal archives at Thebes. When Khu-n-Aten moved his capital from Thebes to Amarna he brought the royal archives of his father along with the royal treasure and added to them the letters addressed to himself from friends and officials in Western Asia.

How the Letters Were Found

Back in the fall of 1887 the natives of Amarna were following their long-time custom of digging in the mounds on the east side of the Nile, getting out bricks and pulverizing them for fertilizing their fields and gardens, thus making richer still the land that the Nile had so graciously blessed by its overflow. One of these natives, a poor woman, in digging among the bricks and debris found what looked like smaller bricks and others that were rounded off, all covered with queer wedge-shaped writings. She had found little bricks like these before and had ground them up for fertilizer for her little garden, but this time a local dealer in antiquities heard what she had in her basket, bought the contents for a trifle and took them to Dr. Chauncey Murch, one of the American missionaries at Luxor. Dr. Murch got into touch with the British Museum. Then the

Berlin Museum heard of the unusual find of tablets in this foreign language and of course the museum at Cairo as well. It was the story of the Moabite Stone all over again. The museums and the dealers in antiquities got feverishly into action, while the natives, suspicious of each other and knowing only that the tablets would bring money, broke in pieces a number of them and distributed the fragments in something like equal shares among themselves. However, about three hundred and twenty in all were secured and saved. Of that number eighty-one may be seen in the British Museum and a hundred and sixty in the Berlin Museum, while two small cases of them are in the Egyptian Museum in Cairo and others are in private hands. All but three of the letters were written in the cuneiform of Babylonia, a language that seems to have been to that part of the world what French was to our larger world up to a few years ago and what English will be to the world at large in a future relatively near—the recognized medium of communication between peoples of different tongues. The letters, it was found, were written from Babylon, from Assyria, from Mesopotamia, from Syria and Palestine. From Beirut, from Tyre, from Accho, from Ashkelon they came, and as many as six letters from Jerusalem. Sidon, Joppa, Lachish, Gezer, Gath are other cities mentioned in the collection, and Abimelech is the viceroy who writes from Tyre—how Biblical!

What the Writers Wrote About

The letters from Babylon touch, quite naturally, on the subject of intermarriages between the courts, and go so far as to ask how an Asiatic wife has fared in her Egyptian home and to hint how much dowry should be paid. Others of the letters deal with commercial matters, but by far the greater number of them—from Syria and Palestine—are from Egyptian officials and princes of vassal towns and territories and (especially in Khu-n-Aten's day) tell the same story of western Asia slipping away from all connection with Egypt—no very pleasant news to Khu-n-Aten, whose religious revolution had already lost him all but a very limited support within his own borders.

The letters are of large importance. They reveal the wide extent of Babylonian civilization thus early in the history of the world. They show us that Patriarchal days were far from being barbarous days in that part of the earth. They reveal names of places that are found in the Bible records of the same era. And, among other things, they indicate a high degree of culture in Egypt before or in the times of Moses. It used to be said that Moses could not write the Pentateuch because writing was unknown in his day! That position has long ago been abandoned because it broke upon the stern facts (of which this collection is an example) discovered in these Bible lands.

The Pharaoh of the Oppression

The exploits of Rameses the Great, commonly considered the Pharaoh of the Oppression, and the career of his son and successor, Manepthah II, believed to be the Pharaoh of the Exodus, give the setting for the next two premier discoveries in Egypt. I sketched in the last chapter some of the more signal achievements of the best known of all the Pharaohs, Rameses the Great, the man who led his armies in victory far to the south and even measured his might with the powerful Hittites of western Asia. But perhaps Rameses will be remembered longest as one of the world's great builders. From one end of Egypt to another one sees today the witnesses in stone of his passion for building. I have spoken already of the two colossi of him at Memphis and of others, mutilated or in fragments most of them, at Luxor. We saw still others of him on the west bank of Thebes when after a short ride from the Colossi of Amenophis III we came to the Rameseum, the mortuary temple built by this energetic Pharaoh. Headless statue after headless statue we saw among the ruins. This was not all. In front of the temple as we approached lay overturned and broken into huge fragments the largest colossus of him we had seen in Egypt. It was hewn from a single block of Syene granite, (from the quarries of Assuan, a hundred and thirty miles further up the Nile), stood when complete fifty-seven feet high and weighed more than a thousand tons! Even this was not the largest colossus this Pharaoh had carved

of himself. Dr. W. M. Flinders Petrie, the great Egyptologist, writing of the way in which Rameses adorned the temple in Zoan in Lower Egypt with granite obelisks and statues, speaks especially of one colossus of the king in red granite about ninety feet high! Nebuchadnezzar had royal precedent when he set up the great image on the Babylonian plain.

This, then, in all probability is the warrior-builder whose two measures of oppression, hard labor and infanticide, are sketched in words of fire in the first chapter of Exodus. He put the Hebrews to building, under the lash, his store-cities, Pithom and Raamses, and made their lives bitter with hard bondage, in mortar, and in brick and in all manner of service in the field, (Exodus 1:11-14), driving them, among other tasks, no doubt, to the deadly work of digging his far-famed canals.

The Store-City of Pithom

On entering Egypt we ran close to the Suez Canal, then, turning west, traveled on the southern edge of Goshen. About sixty-five miles from Cairo, but after nightfall, we passed Pithom, built by the Hebrews for the Pharaoh and yielding one of the most brilliant discoveries of the recent years. It was uncovered in 1883 by Edouard Naville, the Swiss archaeologist, in the edge of the land of Goshen in which the Hebrews had their residence and from which they later marched out to freedom. The city covered ten acres, with an enclosing wall

of large bricks twenty-two feet thick. The bricks used in the construction of the city were usually from four to eight inches square and from one and one-half to two inches thick. The inner chambers of the city, rectangular and of various sizes, have neither windows nor doors (communication therefore from above) and are separated from each other by brick partitions from eight to ten feet thick. This lack of windows and doors would make the city useless as a place of residence but ideal for purposes of storing grain and munitions of war. We are told in Exodus 5:6-14 that the Pharaoh who succeeded this one compelled the Hebrews to furnish the accustomed tale of bricks and yet gather their own straw—a practical impossibility; and that in consequence "the people were scattered abroad throughout all the land of Egypt to gather stubble for straw." In confirmation of this statement is the fact, as reported by Harper, that "the lower courses of these walls, and for some distance up, are of well-made bricks with chopped straw in them, but higher up the courses of bricks are not so good, the straw is long and scanty, and the last courses have no straw at all, but have sedges, rushes, and water plants in the mud." On some of the bricks may plainly be seen the inscription Pi Tum. Here was one of the veritable sweat-shops of ancient days. Here in the walls of Pithom we may look upon the evidence and results of the hard labor to which a subject people were driven with the dawning of each day. The very bricks cried out for justice that would not be for long delayed.

Finding the Long Dead Kings

"And it came to pass in the course of those many days that the king of Egypt died." (Exodus 2:23). It had literally been "many days," for counting his joint-rulership with his father, Rameses had been on the throne for sixty-seven years and to a people living their lives under the lash the years must have seemed centuries long. But death will have its toll, though at times it wait long for it, and the mighty of the earth go along with all the rest to that bourne from which no traveler returns. The great king was embalmed and with rites befitting a monarch the body was given royal sepulture at Thebes, but probably to escape the pillage of robbers the mummy found its further resting place in a mountain gorge nearby, where it was discovered in 1891, along with thirty-eight others, including those of the great Thothmes and his own grand-father and father—discoveries that set on edge the world of a generation ago.

On Exhibit

The chief objects of interest to us in the Egyptian Museum in Cairo were the mummy of this man and that of his son, Manepthah, found seven years later in another's tomb near Thebes. Rameses, we noticed, captured the major attention of the visitors on both our trips. He occupies a distinguished position in the group. He has long, tapering fingers, and the finger nails are plainly visible. Two teeth

on the right side show plainly. The neck is long and the face very thin. In some way the king's skinny hand is suspended several inches above his breast. The linen that once wrapped him is very faded. Manepthah's feet are both exposed, all the toes of his left foot have been broken off and the linen is much torn.

Rameses the *Great!* There in the Egyptian Museum at Cairo, exposed to the gaze of native and tourist, lie the shriveled remains of a man whose mere word once made millions tremble. Lifeless, powerless, withered, hideous, he occupies a glass-covered case in the great museum as a thrilling relic of a bygone past. So passes earthly glory. "There is nothing great but God," rang out the words of Massillon over the corpse of the Grand Monarque. "There is nothing great but God" may well be spoken over the mummy of this monarch upon whom the curious gaze today. He has gone the way of all flesh while the one whose kingdom he fought and whose people he enslaved and oppressed lives on and rules for evermore.

Other Bundles of Letters

I have spoken more than once of the granite quarries at Assuan, whence from ancient days the blocks were drawn for statues, columns and obelisks, and of the Assuan Dam, constructed by Great Britain for regulating the water-supply of Egypt. Below this dam, built of granite from these quarries and in its width of more than a mile pierced by a hundred and

eighty sluice-gates, lies the town of Assuan and just opposite, in the middle of the Nile, the Island of Elephantine, fringed with luxuriant palm trees. Here on this island stood as early as the Fifth Century B. C., and, as it would seem, two centuries before that time, a fortress manned by Jewish soldiers, and here in 1904 and 1907 were found bundles of papyri in such perfect condition that even the strings and seals were unbroken. They were all written in the Aramaic language, the language spoken by Laban with whom Jacob had dealings, the language of trade and diplomacy throughout the later Babylonian Empire, the language in which one-half of the book of Daniel and much of the book of Ezra were written, the language of the returning exiles and, more than all, the language of our Lord and His Apostles.

The papyri consisted of business papers and personal letters and were carefully dated. All were written in the Fifth Century B. C., some of them before the great work of Ezra and Nehemiah and others about twenty years after the work was finished. These later letters (dated in 411 and 408 B. C.) reveal that in this Jewish fortress in Egypt a Jewish temple of Jehovah stood from ancient days. It had stone pillars, five gateways hewn out of stone, doors with bronze hinges and a roof constructed entirely of cedar beams. Furniture it had, "and golden and silver vessels for sprinkling," and utensils, reads one of the letters; and here the Passover was observed, and the frankincense and the meal

offering (probably the burnt-offering also) were offered and the goat sacrificed, as the Law prescribed. The temple had been spared by the Persian conqueror, Cambyses, in 525 B. C., but was destroyed by the Egyptians about 411 B. C., and the chief priest at Elephantine, having appealed in vain at that time to Jehohanan, the High Priest at Jerusalem, now (in 408) appeals to Bagoas, the Persian Governor of Judah, for permission to rebuild this temple on Elephantine Island, and mentions the fact that he has made a like appeal in another letter to "the sons of Sanballat, the ruler of Samaria." The letters as a whole give many Bible names.

The Letters and the Critics

These letters have toppled over one after another of the theories of the destructive critics. It was claimed that the Aramaic sections of Daniel and Ezra could not have been written in the Sixth and Fifth Centuries B. C., but here are Aramaic letters of that very period. Josephus, while generally trustworthy, makes Sanballat, Nehemiah's enemy, contemporary with Alexander the Great, a hundred years after the administration of Nehemiah as Governor. The destructive critics eagerly accepted the later date, and some went so far as to deny that either Nehemiah or Sanballat ever lived at all. These letters speak of "the sons of Sanballat" in 408 B. C., which fits exactly into the historical situation sketched in the Bible. The destructive critics have asserted that the ritual system of the Penta-

teuch was shaped up by scribes in Babylon in the time of the Exile, was presented to the people by Ezra (in 458) as the work of Moses and was accepted as originating with that great though shadowy (!) figure in Bible history. These letters show that the great features of this system were in full force even in a secondary temple down in the land of Egypt before the time of Cambyses in 525 B. C., and long before that time, for the writer of 408 B. C., speaks of the temple on Elephantine as being in existence in "ancient days," and "ancient" in the East is far from a period of a few years. And so it is that a chance find upsets some of the most cherished speculations of the radical critics and assures us of the trustworthiness of an interesting section of the history of the Bible.

The Triumph of the Facts

Space will not permit even the mention of many another point in Biblical history confirmed and illuminated by the records of Egypt, of Palestine and of the lands of the Tigris and Euphrates. Could we follow the history we should see, clear down to the end of it, how fact after fact, written on papyrus, pressed into clay or hewn into imperishable stone, goes to show the fallacy of unbelieving criticism and the truth of the Word of God. It all reminds one very strikingly of an experience Senator Wm. P. Frye had with the renowned Agassiz. Senator Frye, it seems, had been telling the naturalist of some big trout caught in a stream near his home in Maine.

The naturalist said it was impossible because they never grew to that size. One day Senator Frye landed one even bigger than he had described, packed it in ice and expressed it to Agassiz; when back came a telegram, the like of which might well be sent in by some critics we know of, reading thus: "The science of a lifetime kicked to death by a fact." That is what Archaeology is doing for a good many of the critics, and some have sent in telegrams; men like Sayce and Hommel and others only less distinguished. It is tremendously significant that the men who are on the ground making the discoveries are almost to a man men whose faith in the Scriptures grows bolder every day. Study the subject and you will find that the Bible—Old Testament and New—has been confirmed, steadily, triumphantly, at every possible point of testing, and these are legion.

But what of the more recent discovery of the tomb of Tut-ankh-Amen? It is interesting and in a way important, but by no means of first rank. In the chapter that follows I shall tell of our visit to the tomb and of other things beside in this land of striking contrasts.

CHAPTER XVI

OLD AND NEW IN THE LAND OF THE NILE

EGYPT is a land of endless attractions. Her physical features and racial stocks; her ages of history and contacts with her neighbors; her religion and her literature; her works of building so marvelously preserved; her density of population, her methods of agriculture, her immediate political future even, are all of fascinating interest to the traveler. Of all our golden days in Egypt some exceeded in amazement but not one in throbbing interest the day we struck across

The Theban Plain

and visited the tomb of Tut-ankh-Amen, otherwise and popularly known as "King Tut." We counted it a rare privilege, too, for ours was the first tourist party ever allowed to enter the tomb. An interesting situation brought the coveted privilege. Our management had chartered a special train for the day set for the official opening of the tomb. The Egyptian Government wanted the train and a trade was made by the terms of which the train was released and permission given to the consolidated party —numbering eighty and going two days later—to enter the tomb, which nine days later on was to be closed, not to be opened again until winter. It is better to be lucky than rich.

We had stayed in Luxor and had visited Karnak, both on the east bank of the Nile and both suburbs of the great city of Thebes of the far away days. We were now to see, on our visit to the Valley of the Kings, the ruins of that part of the city which lie to the west of the river. We started from our hotels after an early breakfast, crossed the Nile in big row-boats equipped with sails, picked out our donkeys on the further shore and were off for our trip over the dusty plain, our brushes going to right and left to keep off the swarms of flies and our donkey-boys trotting along beside us and keeping pace whether we trotted or galloped. The road was very far from being a lonely one, for we were constantly meeting or passing men, women and children and many donkeys, carriages and automobiles. From quite a distance, and then within their great shadows, we saw the immense Colossi of Memnon and the Ramesseum with its thousand-ton statue of Rameses the Great overturned and broken into huge fragments. Then leaving the Plain we entered

THE VALLEY OF THE KINGS,

a desolate, winding ravine flanked on either side by brown, treeless, uninviting hills, and after a steady climb were soon in sight of the entrance to the royal tombs. We entered first the tomb of Amenophis II of the famous Eighteenth Dynasty. Down the old, worn steps we went, then down an inclined plane, all hewn out of the solid rock; then across a bridge spanning a deep pit; and then through chamber after

chamber adorned with paintings—in browns, yellows, blues, reds, whites—that looked as fresh as if they had been put up in the recent months instead of thousands of years ago. Finally we passed into the sepulchral chamber, elaborately decorated and inscribed, and came in view of the man who had built it all; for fifteen feet below us, in his sarcophagus, under a glass lid, with garlands about him and electric lights beating down upon him, lay the withered mummy of the king himself! And to our right, under glass and within arm's length, were the mummies of three other members of the royal family.

Another tomb we visited was that of Seti I, the father of Rameses the Great. This tomb, driven into the mountainside to a depth of three hundred and twenty-eight feet and containing fourteen chambers covered over with hundreds, and even thousands, of bas-reliefs faultlessly done, ranks as the most extensive of the forty tombs that royalty has built for itself in this far-famed Valley.

A Leap Into Fame

"The most remarkable man in the world today is King Tut-ankh-Amen. Almost overnight he has obtained a position of eminence surpassing that of the President of the United States, or the Premier of Great Britain, or Charlie Chaplin, or Jack Dempsey." So wrote one of our editors soon after the opening of the king's tomb to the inspection of the representatives of the great newspapers. And yet the best friends of Tut-ankh-Amen could claim for

A Gala Day in Luxor: Official Opening of "King Tut's" tomb

The Nile at Luxor

him only mediocre rank among the Pharaohs, for his exploits were negligible and his doubtful distinction consisted in witnessing the once brilliant Eighteenth Dynasty going to pieces before his eyes. True, he did his best through his brief and uneventful reign to avert the catastrophe. The Heretic King who preceded him (one short link between), wishing to blot out the worship of Amon, changed his name, as we have seen, from Amenophis to Khu-n-Aten and shifted his capital from Thebes to Amarna down the Nile. This King reversed the process. Deciding (whether from policy or from principle) to blot out the worship of Aton and restore the worship of Amon, he changed his name from Tut-ankh-Aton, "the living image of Aton," to Tut-ankh-Amen, "the living image of Amon," changed his wife's name, too, in similar manner, shifted the capital from Amarna back to Thebes, set up gold images of the ancient gods and endowed their temples with a lavish hand. But all to no lasting purpose. The end of the dynasty came soon after his death. Thus fortune was not kind to Tut-ankh-Amen, but he seems to have squared accounts with destiny after all and provided for a deal of front-page advertising in these recent years by hewing out for himself a tomb in which was stored the finest and costliest collection of antiquities ever garnered from one of these "houses of eternity."

The discovery was made, after six seasons of profitless digging, on November 4, 1922. Alabaster vases were there, and jewel-boxes, necklaces, finger-

rings and gold buckles and scarabs, chairs and stools and couches, scepters and walking-sticks, the King's bed of ebony, ivory and gold, the King's bows, the King's wishing-cup in alabaster and chests in which were kept his robes of state, the King's gloves, the King's chariots, model boats with sails and rigging, and even the golden throne, and coal black statues of the King standing as guardians of massive doors bearing the royal seal, all this treasure shut up for more than thirty centuries by the drift of desert sands, beyond long halls and behind sealed doorways, valued when brought to light in these modern days all the way from fifteen to forty million dollars and much of it on exhibit in Cairo's great museum.

We Enter "Tut's" Tomb

How pronounce Tut-ankh-Amen? Dr. Samuel M. Zwemer, of Cairo, is credited with a piquant play on words that may help us here. King Tut's tomb, says Dr. Zwemer, is not a tomb but a garage, with this sign over it: "Toot-and-come-in." Called by name and carefully checked off at the entrance, we descended the sixteen steps and entered the ante-chamber, where so much of the great treasure was found. A few moments later and we were in the sepulchral chamber. This approach to the tomb is by no means so pretentious as that to either of the tombs I have just mentioned nor the sepulchral chamber as large, but there are compensations, for in addition to the mural inscriptions and the beautiful panels of beaten gold the sarcophagus, of crystal-

line sandstone and adorned with carvings that combine grace with dignity, is incomparably the most artistic and beautiful I have seen with the one exception of the so-called Sarcophagus of Alexander in Constantinople. The heavy outer lid of the sarcophagus had been removed. The inner lid, showing up clearly under the electric light, was a carved representation of the Pharaoh, with the dual cobra crown and the other trappings of royalty; eyes of lapis lazuli and the heroic (and doubtless very flattering) figure of the king covered from the waist down with beaten gold! What a contrast with all this display and all the priceless furniture buried with the monarch was the shriveled monarch himself when the mummy case was opened and the king was exposed to view! Will the mummy be removed from its present resting-place? An Egyptian patriarch, Hassan Mohammed Abdul Rasoul by name, formerly a shepherd near the Valley, was interviewed soon after the discovery and expressed his opposition to removal in quite characteristic words: "I do not think Lord Carnavon should take Tutankh-Amen away from the Valley. Let him take the gold chairs and all the King's treasures, but leave the poor King in his grave. It would be good for Luxor, good for the Valley of Tombs and good for the King. He is warm in his tomb, but in Cairo the rain comes. The King may get cold and damp if burial in the ground is necessary."

High Points in the Later History

Thebes, the capital of "King Tut," would seem to be an appropriate place from which to view the more significant events in the later history of Egypt. With the exception of Rameses the Great and Manepthah II, whose connections with Israel have been already sketched, there is little to relate until we reach the figure of Shishak I, founder of the Twenty-second Dynasty, protector of Jeroboam from the wrath of Solomon and the measurer of lances with Solomon's foolish son, Rehoboam. The books of Kings and Chronicles tell of his invasion of Palestine and his plunder of Jerusalem (I Kings 11-14; II Chronicles 12). On Amon's temple at Karnak we saw and photographed Shishak's inscription recording this campaign. The great figure of the god Amon holds lines of Palestinian captives and the names of a hundred and thirty-three places captured in Palestine—all the way from Gaza to Megiddo—are posted up in this triumphal record. Cambyses, the Persian, conquered Egypt in 525 B. C. and left destruction in his train, and in 342 B. C., the Persians again took the land. Alexander the Great occupied it ten years later. Then the Ptolemies succeeding him were on the throne down to 30 B. C., when Cleopatra ended her rule by suicide and the Romans took possession. The Arabs completed their conquest of Egypt in 641 A. D., and held it even against the assaults of the Crusaders of the Middle Ages. The Turks came in as conquerors in 1517, the year Palestine fell into their hands, and

the coalition of Turks and British expelled the invincible Napoleon in 1801.

These disturbed conditions were capitalized when Mohammed Ali, probably the most forceful figure in Egyptian history since the Pharaohs, and certainly one of the most unscrupulous, all but won independence for his country, but was forced by the Powers to renew allegiance to the Porte. He reigned from 1805 to 1848. In 1875 the Khedive, appointed by the Porte, sold his shares in the Suez Canal to England. This led to a larger participation in the affairs of Egypt by Great Britain, and on December 18, 1914, a British protectorate of Egypt was declared, which was terminated February 28, 1922. But Great Britain continues "certain special rights and interests in Egypt" and will defend Egypt against all foreign aggression.

The New King and His Kingdom

Ahmed Fuad Pasha, eighth ruler of the dynasty of Mohammed Ali, was proclaimed King of Egypt, as Fuad I, on March 16, 1922, and things moved swiftly in the land. By a constitution promulgated April 20, 1922, Egypt was declared to be a sovereign state, with an hereditary monarchy and a representative form of government, and all legal, civil and political rights were guaranteed irrespective of race, language or religion. The Parliament is composed of the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies, the King having concurrent legislative functions. The Ministry, directly responsible to the King, is made up as

follows: Prime Minister and the Interior, Foreign Affairs, Finance, War, Education, Communications, Justice, Public Works and Agriculture. Islam is the state religion, Arabic the official language and Cairo the capital. The population of the land is not far from 14,000,000, ninety-one per cent of the number being Moslems—and ninety-two per cent illiterate. Universal suffrage has been extended—to the men—and the woman's suffrage movement is gaining ground. Associated with it is the discarding of the veil by many women of the upper class. Four-fifths of the people are considered to be descendants of the ancient race that reared the pyramids and other structures throughout the land.

The agricultural population of Egypt comprises sixty-two per cent of the total. Egypt is a land of small farms, and the farmers are kept busy with their three crops a year. Wheat has a long lead over all cereals and barley comes next. Onions flourish by the ton. We saw large fields of poppies, for the manufacture of opium, we were told. Egypt has 2,335 miles of railway run by the state, and there is also a fortnightly air-mail service from Cairo to Palestine and Mesopotamia. The outstanding representative of Great Britain, until well along in 1925, was His Majesty's High Commissioner for Egypt and the Sudan—His Excellency Field-Marshal Viscount Allenby, G. C. B., G. C. M. G., D. S. O., etc., appointed October, 1919, and residing, when we were there, in a handsome home in Cairo.

Down the Nile to Cairo

We left Luxor in the evening and made the trip to Cairo in comfortable compartment sleepers, in each of which was a notice reading: "The conductor will black and polish passengers' boots when requested." The conductors on the Egyptian State Railways, it is unnecessary to say, have by no means the authority of the men who run our trains. We were admitted by ticket into the dining-car, where the service was quite good. As morning drew on we were glad to find that we were running an hour late, for it meant that we were to see just that much more of the country we had missed on our night trip up to Luxor. The glow before sunrise was most beautiful and the country through which we passed a swiftly changing panorama. A child riding a buffalo and leading a steer came into view; then sheep, cattle, donkeys, buffaloes, a few horses and here and there a dog, camels loaded down with sugar-cane and donkeys with alfalfa, were left as we hurried on. We passed children scraping the black mud from the banks of the Nile or the irrigation ditches and carrying it away for fertilizing fields and gardens. Over to our left and in plain view rose the famous Step Pyramid, built as the tomb of King Zoser about 3500 B. C., and ranking as the oldest structure in Egypt. It is two hundred feet high and each stage recedes more than six feet as compared with the stage below. There are said to be seventy-five pyramids in Egypt, though some of them hardly deserve the name. Then past ancient

Memphis, then the Great Pyramids, and we were again

IN COSMOPOLITAN CAIRO,

an ancient city if we think in Occidental terms, but a modern city (only about 1,300 years old) if we think in terms of Egypt. It is the largest city in Africa and in all that part of the world, containing as it does nearly 800,000 people. It is a picturesque city, even though one of our cooler critics declares that its picturesqueness is staged for effect. However that may be, its streets are filled with life and color and are thronged with new and old, citizen and rustic, East and West, for here racial tides meet and mingle but do not merge. There is not space to tell of the bazaars and gardens and noble bridges of Cairo; or of the view from its citadel, two hundred and fifty feet above the city; or of its hundreds of mosques and their graceful minarets. Nor can I tell of the hours we spent in the great Egyptian Museum, crowded with huge statues, triumphal inscriptions, royal letters, royal mummies, priceless jewels and the thousand and one objects that show the splendor of kings long gone and the multiform ways in which their subjects ministered to their policies of state or their personal whims; or of our visits to the splendid Mosque of Sultan Hassan, one of the stateliest, and the alabaster Mosque of Mohammed Ali, certainly one of the most beautiful, of all the mosques we had seen in the Near East; of our swarthy guide to these mosques, Mohammed

Abd Mawgood, in his picturesque costume, or of the equally picturesque Mohammed who was our man-in-waiting when for lack of bed-rooms we were quartered in the spacious drawing-room of our hotel; or of the trip we made through Old Cairo and to the old Coptic church, the crypt of which, tradition says, sheltered the Virgin and the Child for a month of their sojourn in the land of Egypt; or, by way of contrast, of the refreshing service at the Scotch Presbyterian church, so free of all traditions, so nobly idealistic, so intensely practical, on one of the few rainy Sundays (or rainy days) with which Cairo is visited throughout the year.

I must, however, speak more in detail of our visits to the two universities (Moslem and Christian) in this wonder city of Cairo. And first, because of its age,

El-Azhar University,

the recognized center of the educational life of Islam, founded nearly a thousand years ago, rebuilt and restored and added to by leading Mohammedans as the centuries have come and gone and enrolling about 10,000 students with about four hundred teachers at the present time, though the replies from Mohammedan guides as to the numbers in attendance varied greatly, one of them assuring us that the university has 25,000 students! The curriculum is divisible by two, the preparatory subjects (syntax, grammar, rhetoric, logic, poetry, algebra, arithmetic and the approved way of reciting the traditions)

falling into one class and the professional subjects (theology, jurisprudence, the explanation of the Koran and the teaching of the traditions) into another. Astronomy, drawing and hygiene have been added in recent years, and history and geography are among the optional studies. As it takes seventeen years to complete the course, it is not surprising to learn that some students have spent a life-time in El-Azhar.

Led by our Moslem guide we entered through the Gate of the Barbers—where in times gone by the students shaved their heads—and passed into the great mosque-court surrounded by an ornamented arcade filled with groups of children five years old and up. We studied one group especially. Sandals had been kicked off and piled against the wall. Little tots were being taught by a child a few years older. Some of the larger children had books from which they were reading and slates on which they were writing, while others were minus both. And, look where you would, you could see a multitude of little bodies swaying back and forth and hear a multitude of little tongues studying out loud, all of which meant bedlam to Western ears. I began to see why El-Azhar has an enrollment of 10,000 and why our Mohammedan guide put the number at 25,000! Judging by the noise you would have thought that all Cairo was there. But beyond the court was the Sanctuary with its nine aisles and its one hundred and forty marble columns, and here were quiet groups from different countries, each group sitting

in a semi-circle in front of its professor. I noticed quite a difference in the instructors, some of whom had intelligent faces.

The briefest consideration of the curriculum and the student body will show that El-Azhar is in no true sense a university; but we should face the fact that it is nevertheless a missionary center with which Christianity has to reckon, for out from this school go the men to maintain and to advance the standards of Mohammed in all that part of the East, especially in the great continent of Africa. From this chief school of Islam we drove towards

The American University,

passing on the way the troops, splendidly mounted, drilling for their part in the official opening of Parliament three days later on. This university is almost brand new, for it began its work in 1920. We had the pleasure of being shown through the buildings by its president, Dr. Charles R. Watson, who told us that the administration building in which we were standing was formerly a pasha's palace and that the university, drawing its patronage from the upper classes very largely, is educating the future leaders of the land. The present King, in a lengthy audience granted to Dr. Watson and others interested in the enterprise, expressed himself in the following striking words:

"Two things I wish you to emphasize. One is thoroughness. The present education in Egypt is largely mere memory work and very superficial. The

other is character development. What Egypt needs more than anything else is men who have had the discipline and teaching that produce character and integrity."

And only less striking is the statement made by the editor of the leading Arabic daily paper in Cairo:

"Anyone who studies the situation recognizes that Cairo is the center of thinking for the millions who comprise the Arabic-speaking world. Just now all that world is moving rapidly towards a renaissance: the spirit of contagious enquiry is abroad. Much that is traditional and false is being discarded. What shall take its place? I believe that you Americans can lead the way in this new era better than anyone else. I do not speak only of financial support. I refer to ideals, moral and religious, social and economic. Our King Fouad I and every thinking citizen have repeatedly expressed their welcome to you and the University. We feel that if you Americans do not provide the reconstruction, it is not going to be done."

The work of the University falls into three departments: The Academic (enrolling about two hundred students), the Department of Oriental Studies (with nearly one hundred) and the University Extension Department (with a considerable enrollment). To this University those who are about to engage in Christian missionary work, both men and women, come for training in the Arabic, mission methods and allied subjects, each prospective missionary being assigned a special language teacher and

the two a special room, with the departmental library close at hand. As we left the chapel we saw groups of fine students passing from building to building—all in very striking contrast with those at El-Azhar. I thought of Robert College and the Constantinople Woman's College, both at Constantinople, and the American University of Beirut, and now of this American University at Cairo, as forces that are profoundly influencing for their highest good these lands of the Mediterranean. This leads me to speak of

The American Mission in Egypt,

founded by the United Presbyterian Church of America in 1854. We visited the Cairo headquarters one evening—located just across the street from Shepheard's Hotel—and received a most cordial welcome from several missionaries there at the time. "The Mission's one aim," reads its charming booklet, "has been the Christianizing—not Westernizing—of this most hospitable and interesting land, which before the Mohammedan conquest, thirteen centuries ago, was as Christian as it now is Moslem. The Mission realizes that the country can be evangelized only by Egyptians, not by foreigners. The first essential for this is that the Mohammedans see in their midst a living, breathing Christianity. To this end the Mission has sought to establish a strong, national, spiritual and evangelical Church, thoroughly Egyptian, which one day shall rise to the magnitude of its calling, become the regenerator of Egypt and

win over the followers of the Prophet, now more than ninety per cent of Egypt's 14,000,000 people."

This has been the splendid program of the American Mission. To carry it out the United Presbyterian Church and friends of the cause have invested in it "millions of dollars and hundreds of lives . . . 190 adult Americans—educators, physicians, ministers, and wives of the workers—being stationed from Alexandria to Aswan," and schools, hospitals and churches co-operating as one in seeking the spiritual regeneration of Egypt.

Results

"But will such a scheme work?" the booklet continues. "It is working. In Cairo lives the widow of a missionary who came to Egypt in 1862 when there were fifty members of this Evangelical Church," established and maintained by the Mission. "In her own lifetime she has seen that organization grow to a membership of 16,000 adult communicants in a total community of at least 40,000, enrolled in 300 congregations or preaching places. She has seen the schools grow from five to 187, with 15,000 pupils, Moslem and Christian, receiving Bible lessons as well as instruction in secular branches, daily. She has lived to see the establishment of a medical service—in which the Bible is presented to every patient—providing 82,000 treatments a year. She has even seen a village or two where Evangelical Christians outnumber the followers of all other faiths."

At Alexandria is a girl's school enrolling 298. In the land of Goshen, where Israel once toiled the long days through, the Mission conducts a school for boys and a school for girls. The daughters of Egypt's "Four Hundred" make up largely the student body of the Girls' College at Cairo. Assuit College for the boys of Upper Egypt has solid buildings and an enrollment of 700, while the Luxor Girls' School, with a substantial plant, enrolls 258.

It is significant that while in all Egypt only seven in a thousand of the women are literate, nearly forty times that proportion of the Evangelical women can read. It is even more significant that one in seven of the girls of school age in Egypt are in Mission or Evangelical schools.

The Mission makes use of modern methods in transportation as well as in education. A private railway car—a hotel on wheels—is used for long stays in the country districts; automobiles make parts of the desert a mission highway and sail-boats and large house-boats are used on the Nile.

The Prospects

"All this in one life time!" the booklet concludes. "And though, perhaps, the hardest struggles are yet to come, what may not take place during the life of the newest missionary, now that enlightenment is spreading so rapidly? The responsibility, evangelistically, lies largely with the American Mission and the Egyptian Evangelical Church it has established."

Islam has had its chance in the Near East—and

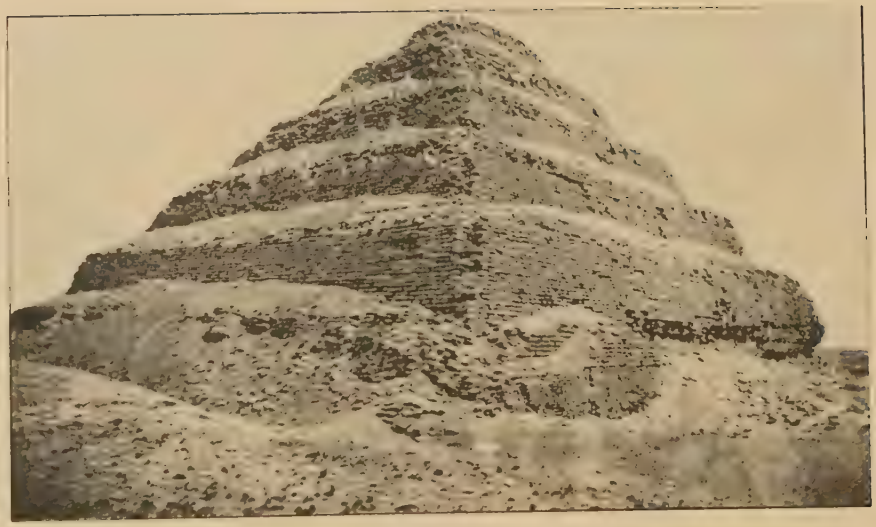
has failed. A vigorous type of Christianity has come in and has done more for this territory in two generations than Mohammedanism has done in thirteen hundred years. Not only so. The work of the American Mission in Egypt is a piece of missionary strategy. It demonstrates the wisdom of dividing up our mission territory, wherever possible, and assigning its sections to our different Churches. It reveals in addition that the Mohammedan world—which has stood like adamant against many an onset of Christianity—may be won by the right sort of Christian work.

A Land of Contrasts

Travel where you will in Egypt and you will be in the presence of striking contrasts. To begin with, the two sections of the land, the Valley and the Delta, are as unlike in shape as the handle and the fan itself. Cairo, the capital, is flanked on one side by the desert and on the other by the richest river valley in the world. Out from Luxor we saw the greenest of fields stop short and a waterless, treeless, grassless desert, as if in contest for the mastery, as sharply begin. There, too, we saw tractors with multiple plows in one field and a buffalo turning an ancient water-wheel for the irrigation of another. In Luxor we drank water furnished by a modern water-system and saw men filling goat-skins with water down on the banks of the Nile. There, too, we had to listen to a swarthy descendant of the ancient race when he insisted on singing to us as we

We Enter "Tut's" Tomb

Shishak's Inscription at Karnak



"The Step Pyramid" Near Memphis

went down to see the Nile by moonlight—and what he was singing was "Tipperary"! We traveled down the Nile on an express train and in comfortable sleepers swept past the ruins of the oldest capital of the world. We saw swift automobiles whizzing by slow camels; airplanes circling above people dressed like the patriarchs; pyramids reared five thousand years ago lighted by electric bulbs, and electric lights beating down on the withered mummy of a Pharaoh of 1500 B. C. We saw one of the oldest and one of the newest of universities in walking distance of each other in Cairo, and from an inspection of the oldest kings whose faces our generation can behold we came in sight of the troops and palace of the newest king in the family of nations. More than all else beside, we saw everywhere in Egypt two contrasting faiths, the one seeking to maintain its age-long hold upon the land, the other to win it for the King of Kings.

CHAPTER XVII

FROM CAIRO TO ROME

ONE finds it no easy matter to leave Cairo or to say farewell to Egypt, for both the land and its great capital persist in presenting attractions—out of an age-long past or a throbbing present—that fascinate the traveler wherever lie his interests.

Consider, by way of illustration,

A Long-Ago Governor's Advice

The Egyptians, from very early days, not only carved their inscriptions of sieges and victories in stone, but also wrote extensively on papyrus, from which, by the way, we trace our word "paper." Gathered in all the great libraries of the world—in London, Berlin, Paris, Vienna, New York—are numbers of these papyrus rolls. Doubtless many of them are more valuable from the point of view of history, but it may be questioned whether any of them possesses more interest, than the one to be presently mentioned. Back in the time when the Great Pyramids were standing as new structures Ptah-hoteph lived, a Governor, already mentioned, who evidently loved the beautiful, if his tomb at Memphis, covered with thousands of figures in exquisite bas-relief, is indication, and who certainly loved literature, proverbs especially. In fact, he was a writer of Egyptian proverbs as far back of

Solomon as Solomon is back of us; and, like Solomon, he put at least some of his proverbs into written form; and they have come down to us in a work known as "The Teaching of Ptah-hoteph." The extract now to be given reveals not a little of the Governor's wisdom and not a little of the life of Egypt in that far away time: "If thou art become great," he says, "after thou hast been humble, and if thou hast amassed riches after poverty and hast become the first in thy town; if thou art known for thy wealth and art become a great lord, let not thy heart become proud because of thy riches, for it is God who has given them to thee. Despise not another who is as thou wast; treat him as thy equal. . . . . If thou be wise furnish thy house well; woo thy wife and do not quarrel with her; nourish her, deck her out, for fine dress is her greatest delight. Perfume her, make her glad, as long as thou livest; she is a blessing which her possessor should treat as becomes his own standing. Be not unkind to her."

Consider, as another illustration of the endless interest of Egypt,

The Obelisks and Their Travels

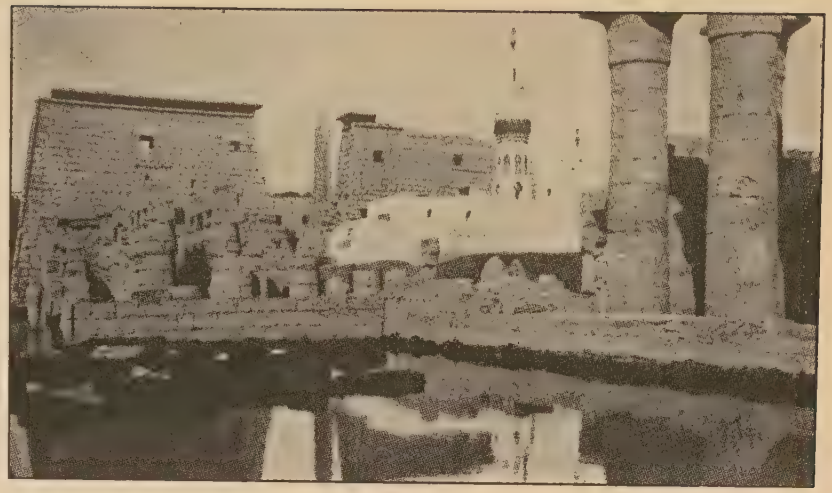
Where were the obelisks quarried, and how, and how were they transported and erected? They were hewn from the granite quarries at Assuan, as far above Thebes as Cairo is above Alexandria. They were monoliths. From obelisks still in the quarries we have indication that both boring machinery and wooden wedges soaked with water were

used to separate them from the living rock. Bas-reliefs on walls at Thebes show that they were transported on specially constructed rafts during the overflow of the Nile. How they were erected no man knows, but we know that the task was one of months and not of days.

These "pack-needles," as the Arabs call them, had intimate connection with

The Worship of the Sun

in Egypt. Some scholars, indeed, think that they are "solidified sun-beams" and represent the rising sun, while the pyramids (west of the Nile) represent the setting sun; and that the Great Sphinx, too, with man's head and lion's form, was another form of this worship. Be that as it may, the center of sun-worship in Egypt was none other than ancient On, where Joseph got his wife (Genesis 41:45), a city later called Heliopolis, "The City of the Sun," and located a few miles north of Cairo. Here stood the great sun-temple, more than half a mile long even in early days and in later times outranked in wealth and splendor by one temple only in all Egypt, the magnificent Temple of Amon at Thebes. Here at Heliopolis stood also a theological school and a school of medicine, each crowded with students, and here some of the foremost philosophers of the later Grecian days, Solon and Plato among them, are said to have studied. Here also in those halcyon days rose a very forest of obelisks, though but one remains to mark the site of this ancient worship and



Obelisk of Rameses the Great at Luxor

Obelisk of Thothmes III in Constantinople

the Temple of the Sun with its thousands of priests. It is a red granite monolith sixty-six feet high, covered with hieroglyphs and in perfect condition although it is five thousand years old, the oldest of any of the obelisks that remain to our day.

At Karnak, part of Thebes, Thothmes I erected two obelisks, each seventy-six feet high, but only one is still standing. A short distance away his daughter, the famous Queen Hatasu, reared two great obelisks, of fine pink granite from Assuan. One of the two is thrown down and broken, but the other stands as the highest in Egypt and with one exception the highest in the world. It is more than ninety-seven feet high, is eight and a half feet in diameter at the base, weighs three hundred and sixty-seven tons, bore a gold-and-silver metal tip in its glory days and is ornamented by a vertical inscription telling the story of the seven months that were required to draw the huge stone from the quarry and to set it in its place as a finished and marvelous production. It was the climax of meanness in her brother-successor, Thothmes III, who had chafed under the restrictions of her regency and who seems to have wished nothing so much as to blot out her memory in Egypt, to erect in front of this lofty obelisk a handsome sandstone structure eighty-two feet high—which left just fifteen feet of the obelisk showing! In this Thothmes III we have not only the warrior but the builder also, and more great obelisks have come down from his reign than from any other. He erected a pair of obelisks at Karnak in front of those

of his father, Thothmes I, and down at Heliopolis erected a number of others, two of which, the so-called "Cleopatra's Needles," have traveled far. Another obelisk he erected at Heliopolis is thought to have stood more than a hundred feet in height. The next great warrior-builder among the Pharaohs, Rameses the Great, celebrated a jubilee by rearing, at Luxor, in the eastern part of Thebes, two beautiful pink obelisks. One is still there. The other stands in Paris. There are thirty-two obelisks still left in Egypt.

The Obelisks See the World

Not content with being the observed of all observers, some of these obelisks have gone visiting to distant parts—and have never come back home. The truth to tell, they got into the habit of traveling (down the Nile) a good many centuries ago, and some have continued traveling up to recent years, with Rome the favored destination. There in Christian days each obelisk was surmounted by a cross, which adds to the symbolism but detracts from the symmetry of these stately monoliths. One of these obelisks was brought from Heliopolis to Rome by Augustus Caesar, in whose reign Christ was born. It stands in the center of the Piazza del Popolo, seventy-eight feet high but with pedestal and cross one hundred and seventeen feet in height. Another granite obelisk, the only one in Rome that has never been overthrown, now stands in the center of the Piazza of St. Peter's. It was brought from Helio-

polis to Rome by Caligula, who reigned from 37 to 41 A. D. It is eighty-four feet in height, but with pedestal and cross one hundred and thirty-two feet high. Still another was transported from Egypt to Rome by Claudius Caesar, successor of Caligula, and mentioned in the book of Acts (18:2). The obelisk standing in the Hippodrome in Constantinople was brought to that spot from Heliopolis by Theodosius the Great in 388 A. D. It is the upper part of an obelisk erected in Heliopolis by Thothmes III, and when complete is thought to have been more than a hundred feet high. It is now sixty-one feet in height. In the Place de la Concorde in Paris has stood since 1836 one of the two jubilee obelisks of Rameses the Great. It is seventy-six feet high and weighs two hundred and forty tons. The loftiest of all the obelisks in the world is the Washington monument, built of many blocks, however. The loftiest of all Egyptian obelisks—each a single stone—stands in the center of the Piazza of St. John of the Lateran in Rome. It was brought from Thebes to Rome by Constantius II in 357 A. D. It is a hundred and five feet in height and a hundred and fifty-three feet with the pedestal and cross included.

But there are two other obelisks whose travels deserve fuller record—the two that go under the name of

"Cleopatra's Needles"

These two, erected by the great warrior Thothmes III before the Temple of the Sun in Heliopolis and

richly re-ornamented by the other great warrior of Egypt, Rameses the Great, were rafted to Alexandria, and there re-erected, about 14 B. C. In 1877 the Khedive, the father of the present King, in quite a generous mood, gave one of these obelisks to the British Government and the other to America. Sir Erasmus Wilson, a distinguished English physician, bore the cost, $50,000, of the removal of the obelisk offered to Great Britain. A great steel tube called the "Cleopatra" was built around it, and towed by the "Olga" it started on its westward trip. A storm caught the craft in the Bay of Biscay, the cable was cut and the "Cleopatra" was left to drift after her crew with great difficulty had been taken off in boats. It was found by another ship, brought to London and set up on the Thames Embankment. It stands sixty-eight feet and a half and weighs about a hundred and eighty-six tons. The grime of London makes it necessary to clean it periodically.

The transportation of the other obelisk to America, in 1880, cost twice as much, or $104,000 to be exact, but Mr. William H. Vanderbilt who paid the bill still had enough left to live on. A hole was cut in the hold of the ship secured for the purpose, the obelisk shoved in, the hole tightly closed again, and thus weighted by historic ballast the ship made her way across the Atlantic. When New York was reached the great stone was dragged from the hold of the ship and later set up in Central Park, where visitors see it now. The obelisk is sixty-nine feet high and weighs about two hundred and twenty tons. Due

to climatic conditions the obelisk has lost more than half a ton by erosion, which is more by half a ton than it lost in three millenniums in Egypt, but the doctors have prescribed for it and treatments have been given which it is hoped will prove effective in its preservation.

But if ancient Egypt is interesting, hardly less so is the Egypt of today. I am thinking especially of

The Recent Change of Sovereignty,

a striking evidence of which we saw in the brand new coins that were issued while we were in Cairo. Coins of earlier mintage that were jingling in our pockets bore the Christian date in our own familiar numerals and the Mohammedan date in Arabic. But the new ten-piastre piece, corresponding to our half-dollar, not only bears the image of the new king, Fuad I, but carries both dates in Arabic. This is in no way surprising when the developments of the last decade are kept in mind. Great Britain in December, 1914, proclaimed a protectorate of Egypt as a war measure. Under the Allenby settlement that terminated it in 1922 Egypt was to be left "free to work out such national institutions as may best be suited to the aspirations of her people," consistent with Great Britain's special interests and obligations in the land. Her paramount special interests are two: The Suez Canal and the upper reaches of the Nile. Great Britain's thunderous ultimatum of 1924 showed clearly that no nation will be allowed to trifle with either of these two paramount interests of

Britain in Egypt. Sir Lee Stack, Governor-General of Sudan and Sirdar (Commander-in-chief) of the Egyptian army, was assassinated in the streets of Cairo on November 19, 1924. Field-Marshal Allenby presented his ultimatum to the Egyptian Government on November 22, seized the customs house in Alexandria November 24 and received the acceptance of every demand on November 30. Now it is significant that these demands included not only an apology (which was tendered), the punishment of the assassins (which was promised) and an indemnity of two and a half million dollars (which was promptly paid by check), but also the removal of all restrictions upon the area of irrigation in the Gezira district, between the White and the Blue Nile, where Great Britain has enormous investments in lands that are supplying her mills back home with cotton. This was the demand that came near to making a breach between the two governments, but Great Britain's show of force, together with the knowledge on the part of Egypt that the Nile, the source of her very life, is in Great Britain's hands, finally brought reluctant but complete compliance, and the threatened breach was averted.

Down the Delta

We came at last to the hour of leaving Cairo for Alexandria, a hundred and thirty miles away, and covered the distance, by special train, in four hours' time and over a historic road, for it was laid by no other than Robert Stephenson, builder of locomo-

tives and great bridges, back in the days of 1856. We had an interesting trip from Cairo down to the Great Sea, passing for some time rich fields, oxen drawing one-handled plows, and herds of buffaloes. We also saw at a number of points on our journey groups of natives making brick by the old process and reminding travelers of the time when the Hebrews, dwelling in this same Lower Egypt and not so many miles away, lived lives made bitter as they toiled "in mortar and in brick and in all manner of service in the field" (Exodus 1:14). We crossed two of the greater streams of the Nile—which was running a light brown—and at one point along its banks saw men at work building boats (thirty or forty feet long) for use upon its waters. On through the flat country, changing from fertile fields to swamps, we sped until Pompey's Pillar, a granite shaft eighty-eight feet high and erroneously thought to mark the grave of Pompey, came in sight and we knew that we were nearing

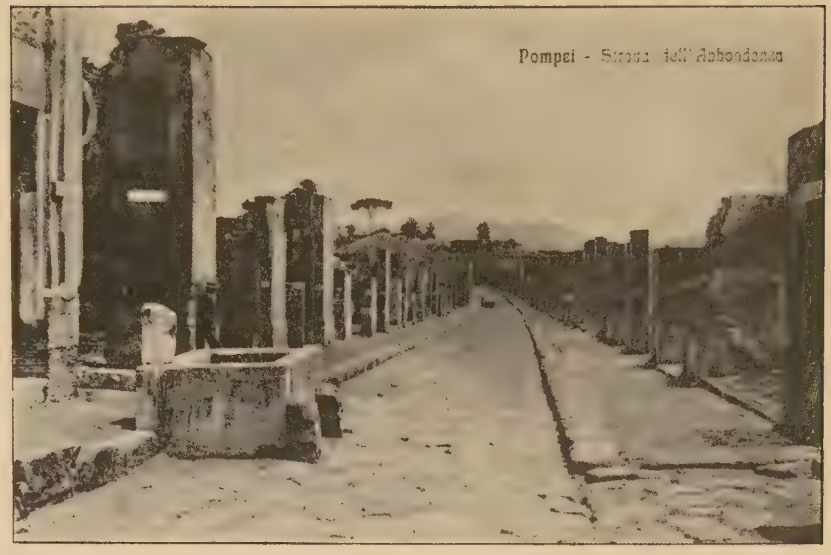
The City That Alexander Built

Have you ever acquainted yourself with the history of Alexandria in Egypt and caught the flavor of romance that lingers yet about a city that was three centuries old when Christ lived among men? Alexander founded the city (in 332 B. C.) for the purpose in part of making it the commercial successor of proud Tyre, which he had just desolated after a stubborn seven months' siege. One of the great geographers of the world, speaking of the

wisdom of the location of the new city, calls attention to the fact that "the prevailing winds are from the southwest, and the strong sea-currents from the same direction carry the Nile mud and fill up the outlet of small streams. Alexander," he continues, "wisely built his great port at the west instead of the east end of the Delta." Alexander's wisdom was shown in still other ways. With characteristic thoroughness he had the city laid out by the most famous architect of the time, Dinocrates of Rhodes (architect also of the rebuilt Temple of Diana at Ephesus) in the form of a parallelogram and with streets said to have been a hundred feet wide, beautified it, provided it with a unique water system of subterranean cisterns and started it on its way to become not alone a commercial center but (as the years were to prove) the intellectual center of the world down the centuries succeeding his. The place this city was destined to hold for a millennium in world affairs suggests the thought of

Alexander's Wide Service to the World

The second half of the Fourth Century B. C. saw Philip of Macedon, despite the philippics of Demosthenes, the master of Greece, but within two brief years assassination had cut him down and transferred the scepter to his son, Alexander the Great, a boy in years (only twenty) but already a veteran in achievement. One after another of the countries that dared dispute his rule went down before his arms—until to the west, at least, there lay no more



A Street in Ancient Pompeii

The Appian Way, Near Rome

unconquered worlds. But Alexander, like Napoleon of later days, was very much more than a thunderbolt of war. He proved himself to be, young as he was and even through years of swift campaigning, a statesman and an administrator of the very first rank. It is not unlikely that he had profited well under the tutelage of Aristotle, who had him for training in the leisurely and impressionable period of his life and placed him in possession of the best ideals that even Greece could furnish. However that may be, we know that his conquests brought in not alone a new empire but a new era in government as well. He sought the maintenance of close relations between all parts of his vast empire. He formed extensive plans for trade. He encouraged Greek immigration and the extension thus throughout his realms of the Greek language and of Grecian thought and influence. He learned at first hand the worth of the Jewish people, so widely scattered, forwarded their plans for emigration in large numbers to Egypt and bestowed upon them there political privileges of the first class. He founded beautiful Alexandria in Egypt, to take immediate rank as a commanding city and to become in the days of the Greek Ptolemies who succeeded him the center of Grecian letters and of a mighty Grecian civilization, a city from which influences were to radiate that would make Greek thought and life dominant in the world for centuries after his day. Strangely it came to pass, as Dean Stanley has noted, that "Grecian history died with Alexander, but Grecian influence

was created by him." In a word, Alexander civilized the lands he conquered and passed on substantial benefits that were ultimately to be garnered and used by the next world-empire, that of Rome. It is of added interest to note that with Alexander, for the first time in history, the scepter of empire had passed the Hellespont and was now on European soil. Henceforth not Asia and not Africa, but great nations of the West, were to rule the world.

The Great Library of Alexandria

Alexander died without an heir, and after a few years his huge empire was parcelled out among his four generals, his favorite among them, Ptolemy I, securing coveted Egypt. The first Ptolemy had in all fifteen successors down to 30 B. C., when the line was closed by the famous, and infamous, Cleopatra, who warred with one brother whom she had married, murdered another and died a suicide. The successive Ptolemies enriched Alexandria with great buildings, their own palaces and the tombs and especially the mausoleum of the great Alexander standing among the chief architectural treasures of the city. It is the distinction of the second of the Ptolemies, Ptolemy Philadelphus, as he is known, whose long reign of nearly forty years covered from 285 to 247 B. C., that he gave to Alexandria an intellectual pre-eminence that it continued to hold for hundreds of years, Athens itself being forced into second place. When this Ptolemy built the famous lighthouse of Pharos, on an island fronting the city, and

made it one of the seven wonders of his world, he was but symbolizing an even larger service he was to render the world in an intellectual way. Probably on the plan laid down by his father he established the great Library at Alexandria and the Museum, that may better be described as a University. In this University were trained many of the greatest thinkers of the time. Into this Library this patron of letters attempted to gather the best writings of Egypt and of all lands in touch with his; and he succeeded in a way that made grateful creditors of the centuries that followed. Priceless manuscripts found place on spacious shelves, not a few of them being copied by litterateurs in other centers and being preserved to us in this way. Whether at this time or later, but almost certainly here in Alexandria, the Hebrew Scriptures were translated into the Greek—the first translation of them in history—and were sent out in multiplying copies near and far. Here, too, most of the books of the Old Testament Apocrypha, which is sometimes even now in certain of our Bibles given position between the Old Testament and the New, were written in the Greek or else translated into this golden language. And here, in the Fifth Century of our era, long after Alexandria had become a Christian capital, one of the famous Greek manuscripts of our New Testament was written, to be called, from its place of origin, the Alexandrian and to be guarded in our day as a premier exhibit in the British Museum in London.

Priceless Fuel

This Library of Alexandria, numbering, it is thought, about half a million books in its flourishing days, was subject to varying fortunes. When Julius Caesar in 47 B. C. came to the help of Cleopatra, in war with her husband-brother, he laid siege to Alexandria and fire that spread from the burning ships reached the Library and destroyed a great part of it, though the loss is considered to have been made good, or nearly so, when Antony gave to Cleopatra for this Library in Alexandria the 200,000 volumes that made up the library of Pergamos. Fanatical Christians are said to have destroyed that part of the Library which was stored in the temple of Jupiter Serapis when the temple itself was leveled in 391 A. D., and the Mohammedans, under the Caliph Omar, completed the work of destruction when Alexandria was taken in 641 A. D. You will recall the story, interesting enough but probably fictitious, that Omar in giving this Library to the flames declared that any books agreeing with the Koran were useless and any opposing it could not be tolerated and so all must go. With this Library perished, doubtless, beyond the possibility of recovery by copy, some of the golden classics of the ancient days, together, of course, with much that the world could spare to its everlasting profit. Contrast, if you will, the destruction of this most famous of ancient libraries with the marvelous preservation, to our own times, of what may well have found place as the chief treasure among its thousands of

books, the famous Greek translation of the ancient Hebrew Scriptures!

John Mark and Alexandria

Did the writer of the Second Gospel ever live in Alexandria? Tradition, sometimes accurate and sometimes just the reverse, has been busy filling in the silences of Scripture touching John Mark, the man who, like Peter, came back again for useful service to the Kingdom; and, whether accurate or otherwise, the traditions in this case are of surpassing interest. They assure us that Mark preached in Egypt and founded there the Coptic Church, numbering today about 850,000 souls and esteeming Mark as its founder and first bishop. That is not all, for they claim that Mark founded in Alexandria the notable Christian school that we know existed from very early Christian days, a school in which were trained some of the leading intellectual giants of the Second Century, men like Clement of Alexandria and Origen, both of whom were eminent protagonists of the faith around the year 200 A. D. It is an interesting tradition (for which there is no proof, however,) that the Evangelist Luke was at one time a pupil of Mark in this Christian school in Alexandria. Another tradition has it that Mark, after suffering martyrdom, was laid to rest in this city of his adoption, his body lying undisturbed until the Ninth Century, when it was transferred to Venice. Upon this very insecure tradition a great structure has been built, for Mark is today, what for

centuries he has been held to be, the tutelary saint of Venice, a city—its Cathedral of St. Mark the center—over which and through which Mark's name is written in enduring stone.

Modern Alexandria,

with its population of about 450,000, is just the size of our own beautiful Washington. Much of the old city has disappeared, but the mixed and stirring life about its quays served to suggest the days when Egypt was the granary of the ancient world and Alexandria its crowded and far-famed port. Ships of all sizes, some of them from distant lands, lay at anchor within the spacious harbor or else were lashed to the solid docks as we stepped from our train, changed our Egyptian into Italian money and proceeded to our home on shipboard. Our sturdy tug, flying the United States flag and pulling four barges and three sail-boats, headed for land. The city, with its long shore-line and its sweeping break-waters and then its higher buildings, receded in the distance, and we were well started on our thousand-mile journey to Naples in sunny Italy.

Our trip

Across the Mediterranean,

in spite of occasional rough seas, was an interesting one and the Sunday on shipboard most refreshing. As we came in sight of lower Italy we could discern great mountains lifting themselves out of the sea

and, like Madeira, cultivated almost to the top, where the soil would at all permit. Sicily appeared on our left and occasionally, when clouds allowed it, we could see Mount Aetna, the red lava running down the mountainside. We were now in the track of Paul's journey to Rome, and we thought of it, and of the Italian earthquake of 1908, as we were passing Reggio. Luke tells us in the book of Acts (28:12, 13) that "touching at Syracuse, we tarried there three days. And from thence we made a circuit and arrived at Rhegium; and after one day a south wind sprang up, and on the second day we came to Puteoli." Ships today, according to their folders, make a circuit from Malta via Syracuse and Catania to Reggio. Opposite Reggio we saw something that illuminated one of these verses in the Acts. As we were driving against a strong head wind we saw two sailing vessels tacking and drifting, waiting for the south wind to drive them through the narrow strait between Scylla and Charybdis. This is just what Paul's ship-master did. So accurate is Luke the historian, and so accurately does he use technical nautical terms, that some have thought that he was once a ship's physician on the Mediterranean! Messina appeared to our left, then through the narrow strait we steamed. Stromboli loomed against the sky. The sea grew calm and a beautiful sunset, with purple tints and much of gold, closed the day.

Naples, and on to Rome

We steamed into the Bay of Naples at 6:30 in the morning, rising early to see the sunrise over the smoking cone of Vesuvius, a sight long to be remembered. Naples itself looked beautiful as day was breaking, and from a distance, but except in residential suburbs it is unattractive at close range. Vergil composed some of his best poetry here. The Aquarium at Naples is hardly worth the visit, but the Museum is filled with fine statuary. "The Farnese Bull" (a replica restored under the direction of Michelangelo and carved from a single block of marble) is an amazing piece of sculpture, the busts of several of the Roman emperors, Vespasian and Titus among them, are well worth seeing, the bronzes and the paintings on stone from Pompeii and Herculaneum are marvels and Raphael's "Holy Family" is worthy of his brush. The morals of the Roman world of the First Century of our era may be judged by the fact that in this museum one room is barred to the entrance of women, as are certain rooms in ruined houses in Pompeii.

I can do no more than mention our trip to Pompeii, with its theater and amphitheater, its temples and forum, its homes with lead pipes between the walls, its public baths and public fountains, its mosaics, its side-walks and stepping-stones, and its streets with ruts worn into them by the wheeled vehicles of two thousand years ago; or our drive to Amalfi and Sorrento, with scenery unsurpassed in Italy—or elsewhere; or our visit to Pozzuoli, a few

miles west of Naples, the Puteoli, then the chief port of Italy, where Paul landed and spent a week with Christian friends (Acts 28:13); or our ride by rail, past cultivated fields and olive-groves, near mountains, and before long in sight of the old aqueduct, picturesque in ruins, to the old yet new city of Rome.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE CITY OF THE CAESARS

NO one can think of Rome, much less tarry within its walls, without considering the part it has played in the history of the world. Uncertain tradition gives the date of the founding of the city as 753 B. C., with Romulus as its first king. The Kingdom, at any rate, is thought to have lasted down to 510 B. C., when the people took over the government and established a Republic, to last for nearly five hundred years longer, or down to about 30 B. C. Julius Caesar, soldier, statesman and man of letters, appears in the last years of the Republic, and his great-nephew and sole heir, by a series of victories in war, brings about a change in the form of government,

From Republic to Empire,

becomes the first Emperor under the name of Augustus Caesar, occupies the throne for more than forty years and gives to Rome such distinction in literature, in art, in architecture and in government that students down to this day delight to dwell upon the Augustan Age as one of the epochs in the history of men. Beautiful buildings took shape in every part of Rome within this period and instead of the carnage of war an era of peace was ushered in, as if furnishing the setting for the Prince of Peace, born over in Judea when Augustus had been reigning a

quarter of a century. But death, which worships no earthly lord nor tarries for the great or small of earth, ended the not too happy life of the first Emperor in 14 A. D. and transferred the scepter to Tiberius his step-son (14-37 A. D.), within whose rule, of ostentation, gross luxury and moral deterioration, fell the ministry of Christ. Moody and morose was Tiberius, and more fond of the solitude of Capri than of the gay and busy life of Rome. Perhaps (who knows?) the ghosts of now one and now another of the more than a hundred of his subjects he had murdered came to haunt him in his leisure hours, and certainly his well founded suspicions touching his nephew, Caligula, who finally made way with him, could only add fuel to the flame. This Caligula, ruling from 37 to 41 A. D., and expressing once the wish "that all the Roman people had but one neck so that he might decapitate Rome at a blow," was a profligate of the worst type and a murderer whose career of blood would give him an outstanding bad eminence in the history of the time had not another worse than he soon occupied the throne. Yet this is the Caligula that called himself the brother of Jupiter and ordered his statue to be set up as an object of worship in all the temples! Caligula fell by the assassin's hand and the timid and vacillating Claudius (41-54) succeeded him. He yielded a fine service to Rome by completing the great aqueduct that Caligula had begun but cancelled it all when he made his stepson, Nero, (54-68), his successor to the throne, a man who has left a name

for luxury, debauchery, cruelty and shameless and monstrous crime that fortunately has not been duplicated in the long history of mankind. In swift succession the military emperors appear. Nero, indeed, in his audiences, is said to have looked into the faces of no less than seven of his successors and the father of an eighth. Things had come to such a pass that three emperors were proclaimed in one year, the third, Vespasian, a quiet, unambitious soldier, once a warrior in far Britain and now engaged in the Jewish War in Judea, being raised to the purple by the shout of his troops and ruling for the next ten years (69-79). He was succeeded by Titus, his eldest son, the conqueror of Jerusalem and the Jewish people, within whose short but eventful reign (79-81) Herculaneum and Pompeii were buried under the ashes of Vesuvius in one of the great disasters of history. With an interest that seemed to be genuine Titus even stripped his palaces to supply the pathetic need of the suffering survivors, in this and other ways making himself the idol of the Romans and winning for himself, though his life had not lacked in cruelty, the title of "the Love and Delight of the Human Race." Not so his brother, Domitian, who succeeded to the throne made vacant by the death of Titus and ruled for fifteen years (81-96), a man who, indeed, completed the conquest of Britain and enriched Rome with great buildings, but who also started going and maintained with cruel hate one of the worst of the persecutions of the Christian Church, wider in extent and even more

The Roman Forum

The Colosseum in Rome

thorough-going than that of Nero some years before. It was Domitian's cruel persecution that sent the Apostle John to Patmos, there to receive the visions that make up the closing book of the New Testament, and it was before this man that the grandsons of Jude were brought to be questioned about their descent from David and the nature of the Kingdom of Christ (think of Herod when the Magi came asking, "Where is He that is born King of the Jews?") and to be dismissed from the presence of the Emperor when he found that they and other Christians were one with the Christ they served in looking for a Kingdom that was spiritual. Nerva reigns for a brief two years (96-98) and Trajan until 117. Then follow Hadrian (117-138), Antonius Pius (138-161) and Marcus Aurelius (161-181), and then the decline of Rome. A century and a half goes by and Constantinople is given first place under Constantine the Great, who well deserves the title. The fateful year 476 is ushered in, and barbarians overrun Rome and overturn the government—and yet are finally conquered by the civilization they thought to destroy. The Papacy comes to imperial power. Charlemagne in the year 800 is crowned by Pope Leo III as "Augustus, Emperor of the Romans." The night of the Middle Ages deepens, but the dawn comes at last and in the long years the fuller day.

The Far-Flung Lines

Thus far the rulers of Rome. The territory over which they held sway was as far as men cared to go

to the east and as far as they could go to the west, stretching as it did from the upper Nile to the forests of Germany and from the Caspian Sea to the Irish Channel, the whole enclosing the Mediterranean, well called "a Roman lake." In the days of the Caesars the Roman Empire numbered about 120,000,000 souls and boasted in Rome, with its population of 1,200,000, one-half of whom were slaves, a capital in which centered the trade and pleasure and intellect of the time and to which flowed the treasures of money and art and the persons of men as the spoils of war and conquest. The subjugation of the world had made the Roman Empire a host of organized provinces and Rome itself, throned upon her seven hills hard by her famous river, the haughty mistress of it all.

THE ROMAN FORUM,

at first a place of trade, gradually became the acknowledged center of the life of Rome. Temple after temple arose, and then triumphal arches. Here ran the Via Sacra and here stood the Golden Milestone, whence radiated great roads out to the far limits of Rome's territory. Here in a space no larger than two city blocks the history of Rome and of the Roman Empire was largely made. Here Cicero spoke to audiences that hung upon his words. Here Mark Antony delivered his famous eulogy of Julius Caesar and so moved his audience that they improvised a funeral pyre and in the presence of their shrines, the utmost of high honor, gave

Caesar's body to the flames. Here Roman generals starting for the battle-front took oath that they would deal fairly with the State in the matter of spoil and prisoners. Here during the Empire the laws were promulgated. Here friends met, religion, perhaps, was mentioned, business was transacted, politics discussed, news distributed, the latest in literature and art given currency, the chances of this gladiator or that in great public games made the subject of jest or speculation, scandal passed on and Dame Rumor quite too often transformed into the Goddess of Sober Truth.

The Forum stood in all its glory down to the Sixth Century of our era, and then for the centuries following was used as the rich quarry from which statues were unearthed and stones, already dressed and polished, were drawn for the building of churches and homes, many of the beautiful marble blocks and pillars being burnt for lime and the whole historic place gradually buried in oblivion. But the scientific investigators, at work for half a century now, have brought again to the light of day parts of the long buried Forum. There one sees the three granite columns that are left of the Temple of Saturn, the three columns of the Temple of Vespasian, the three fluted columns, wonderfully beautiful, of the Temple of Castor and Pollux and the ruined Temple of Augustus transformed into a Christian church, its walls all covered with Christian frescoes,—impressive memorials these of days of glory that are gone.

The Worst of the Caesars,

beyond all question, was Nero, whose reign of fourteen years, from 54 to 68, brought shame to Rome and untold distress to great numbers throughout the city and the Empire. Nero signalized the beginning of his reign by murdering his step-brother, Brittanicus, the natural heir to the throne. In 59 he murdered his mother, Agrippina, who had persuaded Claudius to make Nero his heir. In 62 he murdered his wife. Then later on he murdered Burrus, the Prefect of the Praetorian Guard. He caused Seneca the Moralist, his former tutor, to die by his own hand. He kicked to death his second wife. He murdered his step-sister when she refused to marry him and then murdered the husband of the next woman he married.

With the death of Burrus all restraint seems to have fled away. Tigellinus, who succeeded to the vacant post, was only equaled by Nero himself in spectacular and monstrous crime. The two yoked together drew sin as by a cart-rope. Every excess of dissipation, of foul debauchery, of red-handed crime was carried through with fiendish ingenuity, Nero appearing now as singer, now as actor, now as charioteer, now as bride in mock marriage with one of his court favorites. The wildest abandon of which there is record in history was making the period one of unspeakable shame. In the midst of it all occurred

The Great Fire of Rome

It was the 18th of July, 64. The fire, once started, was swept by high winds to all quarters of the city and swept all before it. Nero, who was absent when the fire started, returned when news reached him that his palace was in danger. For six days and seven nights the flames raged, then died down, then started afresh and burned for three days and three nights longer. When all was over, two-thirds of Rome lay in ashes. Mansions, palaces, temples, treasures of literature and art, trophies of war from far and wide, besides an untold number of human lives, had perished in the conflagration. The world that knew Rome, whither all roads led and all life seemed to flow, was stunned by the mighty stroke.

The Days of Persecution

It is a matter of history that the blame for this vast conflagration was fixed on Nero—who was thought to have ordered it and who, it is said, recited verses about the burning of Troy, while Rome burned—but whether justly or unjustly historians as yet are not agreed. But in order to divert suspicion from himself, with consequences he did not care to consider, much less to face, Nero placed the blame for it on the hated sect of the Christians. The historians of the time sickened at the recital of what followed. The more fortunate were crucified. Others were sewed in the skins of wild beasts and thrown to the dogs. Others were wrapped in tow

and pitch, chained by the throat to posts in the gardens of Agrippa and set on fire to furnish blazing human torches through which Nero drove as the royal charioteer. Others were made to fight with other men or with beasts in the gladiatorial shows provided by the Emperor. Even Tacitus, thorough pagan though he was, declared that "though these sufferers were criminals deserving the worst punishments, compassion was excited for them, since they were destroyed not for the good of the State but for the savage cruelty of one man." And Seneca had to write: "Tyranny has round her steel and flame and chains and a herd of wild beasts to be hounded on to tear the bodies of men. Dungeons, the cross, instruments of torture, iron hooks to drag off the corpses, rise before the mind, and the impaling stick which, forced up through a man, comes out at his mouth, and limbs torn one from the other by chariots driven opposite ways, and that shirt soaked in whatever would burn most fiercely, and all else that hideous cruelty has devised."

Nero's Golden House

The smoke of Rome's great fire had no sooner died away than Nero began rebuilding the city in magnificent fashion. Summoning two leading architects of the time he had them plan a royal palace "worthy of the Lord of the World" set within an immense space half a mile square, in which were gardens and lakes and a deal of priceless statuary that Nero had brought away from Greece. The

palace was adorned with great numbers of gilded stuccoes and from the profusion of them was called the Golden House, and Nero thought he had added the climax of adornment when he reared in his spacious garden a colossal image of the sun-god, 118 feet high and bearing the face of the Emperor himself! This monster did not live long enough to see the work completed. Such hideous atrocities had marked his reign that at the first opportunity he was deposed and declared an enemy of the State. Learning the news, the fugitive Emperor, for many reasons afraid to go back to Rome, died a suicide. It was too much to expect that any succeeding Emperor would ever finish the Golden House. On the contrary those who followed Nero in power took away his works of art, filled in the floors of his palace and reared on the site of his handsome lake the massive Colosseum. It is of interest to note that the periods of imprisonment of the Apostle Paul fell within the reign of this man and that his death, by the sword, seems to have taken place only a few months before that of Nero by his own hand.

Rome Conquers Jerusalem

Another tragedy, for the Jews especially, but only less so for the Christians, soon and terribly filled the horizon: the Jewish War in Judea, beginning in the year 66 and ending with the successful investment and the desolation of Jerusalem in the year 70 of our era. Insurrections against Rome had continued, in spite of the work of the peace party in Jerusalem.

The Roman legions were met with contempt and met contempt with bloodshed, and resistance was followed by ever sterner measures. Town after town was taken throughout the land and fortified by the Romans under Vespasian. Finally Jericho was occupied and Jerusalem alone remained. Vespasian, called to assume the throne, sailed for Italy in the beginning of the year 70 and left Titus, his eldest son, to finish the work of conquest. The Roman camp occupied Mt. Scopus to the north of the city and the famed and dreaded Tenth Legion took position on the Mount of Olives to the east. The details of that terrible siege cannot be given. Fronting Jerusalem was a large and splendid army, while within the city one could see the strife of factions, the firing of stores of provisions, bloodshed and even cannibalism. It was Passover and thousands were coming in from all quarters of the Mediterranean world, drawn to their religious capital by the confident belief that Jehovah was about to appear in person to save His people and wishing to be found fighting in His ranks when He should beat back their oppressors and make Jerusalem the metropolis of the world. The besieging army soon closed all entrance to the city or exit from it. Prisoners by the hundreds were crucified before the walls of the city until, in the words of the Jewish Josephus, who had gone over to the enemy some time before and saw it all, there was no further room for crosses and no wood of which to make them. Other mounds were raised, the breach was made September 8, A. D. 70,

and the Temple itself was fired by a burning brand thrown into it by a Roman soldier, though Titus wished to spare it as a work of art. Then came the wild frenzy of the Jews as they saw their cherished Temple given over to the flames, their fierce defence of even the blazing fractions of it, the Roman eagles planted on the smoldering ruins ("the abomination of desolation standing where it ought not"), what could be saved of the sacred furniture set aside to find place later in the triumphal procession through the thronged streets of Rome and the survivors carried off in slavery. It is estimated that a million in all perished in the war and the siege in Jerusalem and throughout Judea, and that 97,000 were carried captive to other lands of the Empire, those under seventeen being sold from the slave-blocks, those over seventeen being put to work for the State or sent to the amphitheaters to fight with beasts or with their brother-men, the birthday of Titus being celebrated in Beirut in this shameful way.

The Joint Triumph in Rome,

a few months later, Vespasian and Titus sharing the honors, was such as even that city, surfeited with military parades, had never witnessed in all its history. Josephus, now and until his death a favorite of royalty, witnessed this Triumph and later on exhausted his vocabulary in attempting to describe it. Captains of war were there, in purple and gold. Engines of war on great floats represented the siege and capture of strongholds and proud cities. An-

imals of many species and many lands added their touch of interest. Quantities of gold and silver and precious stones displayed the wealth of Rome. Veteran soldiers from far provinces reminded the cheering throngs of Rome's conquests on land, as figures of proud ships symbolized her prowess on the sea and the nearly 100,000 captives from Judea, marching wearily between great crowds, spoke of the invincible might that no nation dared dispute but at its peril. As crowning all, men looked upon the trophies from the Temple in Jerusalem: The Curtain that separated between the Holy Place and the Holiest of All; the Golden Table for the Shewbread; the seven-branched Candlestick of gold and the Temple copy of the Law. Images of the gods, and especially the images of Victory in ivory or gold, were upborne on the shoulders of strong men, to show at whose altars Rome worshiped. Then came Vespasian followed by Titus, each arrayed in purple and crowned with laurel; and along with them rode Domitian, the younger son of the Emperor and a later successor on the throne, making a glorious appearance on his splendid charger. When at last the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus was reached and the news had been brought that the Jewish general Simon had been tortured and put to death in the Forum, the sacrifices were offered and the remaining hours of the day given over to feasts in imperial palaces and the private homes of Rome.

Great numbers of these captive Jews were sent to work in the mines of Egypt and others still to toil

the long days through on great buildings in Egypt and Rome, as many as 12,000

Helping to Build the Colosseum

This great amphitheater, the largest of its kind in the world, was begun by Vespasian, and in 80 A. D. was completed by his son Titus soon after he became sole Emperor. Its foundations were laid on the site of the artificial lake in the gardens of Nero, and it is generally believed that its name was given because of the colossal statue of Nero standing near at hand. The building is in form an ellipse and one who makes the circuit of it three times has covered a full mile. Its exterior is of travertin and its interior of brick, stucco and marble. Originally it had three stories, to which a fourth story was added, and it had seats (numbered) for at least 50,000 persons, the tickets, which were free to all, bearing corresponding numbers, and social lines, in the seating, being strictly drawn. A special balcony was reserved for the Emperor and special reservations were made for ambassadors and other high officials. Titus dedicated the building by gladiatorial combats lasting a hundred days, five thousand wild beasts being killed during this time. How many human lives were sacrificed in these intoxicating days we have no means of knowing. But we do know that a time came, and all too soon, when Christians, for their firm espousal of the faith, were sent into the arena to fight with beasts. "To the lions!" became the cry, with no mercy from Emperor or populace, and

yet an untold number faced death all unafraid and on pagan shouts were borne to the glory that awaits.

The Colosseum up to two hundred years ago was despoiled by other builders until now only one-third of it remains, but even so it stands as an impressive memorial of an era in which men built not for a day but for centuries of time. One cannot stand within its massive walls, and see its rooms and dens, and fail to think of the agony and blood of the days that happily are no more.

A year after the Colosseum was finished

THE TRIUMPHAL ARCH OF TITUS,

erected by his brother-successor, Domitian, rose as a memorial in stone to the success of Roman arms in Judea and Jerusalem. It stands on an elevation just between the Roman Forum and the Colosseum, is of massive proportions, was originally built of Pentelic marble and was taken down and rebuilt in 1822. Great figures in relief on the inner sides of the Arch represent Titus, crowned by Victory, in his triumphal four-horse chariot, while (just opposite) captive Jews are shown bearing the Table of Shew-bread and the seven-branched Candlestick, as part of the spoil taken from the Temple in Jerusalem. The Arch bears the inscription: "The Senate and the Roman people to divine Titus, (son) of divine Vespasian and to Vespasian the August." Through this Arch, which celebrates the destruction of the Jewish nation, one may look upon the Colosseum, which thousands of captive Jews helped to rear as

the playground in which numbers of their own flesh and blood and numbers more who worshiped the same God should go to death to satisfy a heathen lust of blood.

CHAPTER XIX

THE ROME OF THE RECENT CENTURIES

ROME is like Athens in preserving so finely so many striking memorials of her historic past. Rome is unlike Athens in reaching the climax of her art in the triumphs of the more modern days. Leaving the Roman Forum, the Colosseum and the Arch of Titus, impressive reminders of the Rome that once ruled the world, we were soon standing before one of the great buildings of the modern period and, more than this, one of the great art galleries of our time. The structure was none other than

St. Peter's,

the largest and most magnificent of all the churches of the world, an epitome, indeed, of the Roman Catholic Church and a symbol of its long and varied history, its basic use of tradition, its genius for organization, its emphasis on worship, its appeal to the eye in sculpture, painting and elaborate ritual and its love of the beautiful, the ornate, the spectacular. The Piazza of St. Peter's, with its great spaces (1,098 by 780 feet); with its sweeping colonnades sixty-one feet wide and sixty-four feet high with four rows of columns, numbering two hundred and eighty-four in all; with its balustrades upholding a hundred and sixty-two statues of the saints of the Church;

Modern Rome from the Cupola of St. Peter's

The Library of the Vatican

with its stately obelisk in the center—brought from Heliopolis by Caligula—and with its handsome fountain on either side, is impressive beyond description.

St. Peter's was founded in the Fourth Century by Constantine the Great and stands traditionally above the grave of the Apostle Peter. The present structure, however, was begun in 1452 and was a hundred and seventy-five years in building. The most distinguished architects of the period, Bernini, Raphael and Michelangelo among them, were engaged in its construction, successive delays in the completion of the building being brought about in part by the inability of Popes and architects to decide whether the church should be in the form of a Greek or a Latin cross. The entire cost of the building is placed at $60,000,000, though it could not be duplicated for twice that sum, and contributions came in from all over Christendom. It is well known that it was the attempt to raise money for the building fund of St. Peter's by the sale of indulgences that led to Luther's stern opposition and the Protestant Reformation. We entered the church through one of the great bronze doors and before passing in noticed to the right of us the "Holy Door," or the "Jubilee Door," opened every twenty-five years and welcoming great throngs through the Jubilee Year of 1925.

A Veritable Wonderland

No words can describe the vastness and magnificence and symmetry and beauty of the interior (six

hundred and thirteen by four hundred and forty-one feet), or give to any one who has not seen it any adequate idea of the great pillars, the arcades, the barrel-vaulting and the many-colored marbles that make this building a dream in stone. The Dome, four hundred and forty feet high, six hundred and thirteen feet in circumference and resting on four massive pillars each two hundred and thirty-four feet in circumference, was designed by Michelangelo and is marvelously symmetrical and beautiful. Like the Dome of St. Paul's in London it is gradually weakening under the strain and eventually (according to a special report made last year) will have to be restored. In the frieze of the Dome one may read in mosaic letters six feet high the words in Latin: "Thou art Peter and upon this rock I will build my church, and to thee I will give the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven." Beneath the Dome is the great Canopy (ninety-five feet high) supported by four spiral columns. The Apostle Peter, it is claimed, was buried under the floor far beneath this Canopy. Beyond the Dome is the great Tribune, a bronze throne which enclosed the episcopal chair of wood used, it is claimed, by the Apostle Peter when in office!

In a sentence, St. Peter's is a series of naves and transepts, chapels and aisles—and each an art gallery crowded with tombs, shrines, altars, fonts, statues. In the central nave is the round porphyry slab on which Charlemagne was crowned on Christmas Day of the year 800. Near at hand is Michel-

angelo's Pieta (the Virgin Mary with the dead Christ), a striking piece of statuary. Some distance away is the large statue of the Apostle Peter, the foot worn almost thin by repeated kissing. On the walls of St. Peter's are the most wonderful mosaics in the world—copies of paintings like Raphael's "Transfiguration" and Guido Reni's "Michael" found elsewhere in Rome, mosaics so faultlessly executed that unless the light falls on them at certain angles one cannot distinguish them from paintings. Tombs and monuments of the Popes are everywhere in evidence. The bas-relief of one marble monument we saw is no less than three feet deep! A sermon was being delivered and a mass chanted in one of the chapels while we were there. Cardinal Merry del Val was present but was taking no active part in the service. Later we saw several children baptized.

St. Peter's is the largest church in the world and

The Vatican,

which is immediately connected with it, physically as well as ecclesiastically, is the largest palace in the world. It has twenty courts and more than a thousand halls and rooms. Pope Nicholas V, with a soul sensitive to the touch of the Renaissance, projected St. Peter's and—lover of books and art—gave himself to the task of making the residence of the Popes one of the notable buildings of all time. While the exterior of the palace is far from impressive, the interior, with its library and staircases, and its chapels and galleries of art, is of wondrous beauty.

The Swiss Guards, in uniforms designed by Michelangelo, were keeping watch at the entrance as we went through the narrow arched gateway. In the great sculpture galleries we singled out the Apollo Belvedere; the Laocoon group (formerly in the palace of Titus); Hercules, in bronze, the largest ever cast by Romans; the colossal figure of the Nile; the bust of Zeus; the statue of Demosthenes; busts or full length figures of Augustus, Tiberius, Claudius, Nero, Nerva, Commodus; granite tubs from the Baths of Caracalla, the alabaster bath-tub of Diocletian and the sarcophagus of Helena, mother of Constantine the Great and patron of churches throughout the Near East. In the Vatican Picture Galleries we counted as favorites Titian's "Madonna" and Raphael's "Madonna of Foligno," his "Transfiguration" and his marvelous frescoes. The tapestries designed by Raphael and on exhibit in the Galleria Degli are wonderful creations—from the standpoint rather of skill than of beauty, if I may be allowed to express a layman's judgment.

The Sistine Chapel

excels in beauty all else within the Vatican. Here Michelangelo is at his best in mural decoration. Here at the age of twenty-three he put up his high scaffolding and for four years, working on his back, wrought out his marvelous Ceiling Paintings. But this was not all. At the age of fifty-nine he began "The Last Judgment," the great painting that covers the entire altar wall of the chapel, sixty-six by thirty-

The Sistine Chapel of the Vatican

Michelangelo's "Moses," Rome

three feet. This makes it the largest fresco in the world. For seven years his brush was busy at the task—and all the while he loved sculpture rather than painting! When the last line had been laid, men knew that another masterpiece stood in majesty before them and that henceforth, quite apart from the marble screens and the series of scenes from the lives of Moses and of Christ, this chapel would stand immortal in the realm of art. In this small chapel the elections for the Pope are held.

The Great Treasure of the Vatican

The Vatican Library, which we next visited, contains nearly 400,000 volumes, three-fourths of them in Latin. The greatest of all the treasures of the Library is the famous Vatican Codex, pages of which are on exhibit in one of the cases. This great Greek Manuscript, containing the whole Bible with the exception of a part of Genesis, a few verses in II Kings, a number of the Psalms and from the ninth chapter of Hebrews on, comes down from the Fourth Century and may have been one of the fifty copies of the Scriptures that Constantine the Great, the first Christian Emperor of Rome, ordered to be prepared in the finest fashion and at royal expense. At any rate, this manuscript, three columns to a page, is beautifully written on the finest of vellum. Its leaves measure ten by ten and a half inches and there are seven hundred and fifty-nine of them, one hundred and forty-two of which are given to the New Testament. The very name "Codex" indicates

the change that took place in the latter half of the First Century from rolls to books as we now know them. This Vatican Codex, which Scrivener thinks is "probably the oldest vellum manuscript in existence," has had a romantic history. Napoleon took it to Paris in 1809, but it was returned to the Vatican in 1815, and again became inaccessible to Protestant scholars. Finally one of them was allowed to examine it for six hours—then a few others —on condition that no words of it were to be copied down; then a complete edition of it was published in 1881 and a photographic facsimile of the Codex made in 1889-90. Its Greek Manuscript of the New Testament ranks as the best so far discovered, the next best being the Codex discovered in 1859 in the Convent of St. Catherine at Mt. Sinai, called therefore the Sinaitic Codex and preserved in the great library at Petrograd, or Leningrad,—if that is the last name of Russia's historic city.

We saw other things to interest us in this same case in the Vatican Library: A Vergil and a Terence, both of the Fourth Century; the Breviary of Anne Boleyn and love letters to her, in French, from Henry VIII. We were interested, too, in seeing a letter from the pen of Martin Luther and in one case of the Library the largest of all Hebrew Bibles (of the Thirteenth Century) and on it the smallest Latin Bible in existence.

I can give little space to our visit to

The Church of the Capuchins,

which contains Guido Reni's wonderful "Michael" and also contains, in the subterranean crypt, the most gruesome exhibit we saw in all our travels. The bodies of the monks long buried in the cemetery nearby had been disinterred—hundreds of them—and their skulls, shoulder-bones, arm-bones, feet-bones, ankle-bones, curiously wrought into Gothic arches and every quaint design on walls and ceilings. This is not all. The bodies best preserved had been exhumed entire and were lying there at full length, or else standing before you, in the garments they wore when living. This, still, is not all. It seems strange, but it is true, that parts of the walls in reach of tourists had been stripped of bones by souvenir hunters! It goes to show that some men will reach even into the grave to add an object to their collection.

A Storied City

I can do little more than mention the Baths of Diocletian, near the present railway station; the Church of San Pietro in Vincoli, which contains Michelangelo's huge statue of Moses (a marvelous creation in marble) and the offer of our guide to show us there the chains that bound the Apostle Peter when in prison (!); the massive Pantheon, re-erected by the Emperor Hadrian and the best preserved of all the temples of Rome; the Mamertine Prison, the dreary death-chamber of the enemies of the State and not improbably the last prison of

the Apostle Paul; the altar to the Unknown God, found not far from the Stadium of Domitian; the Triumphal Arch of Constantine the Great; the great Baths of Caracalla, with marble seats for sixteen hundred bathers and adorned with some of the greatest statues brought to light in the excavations of Rome; the Church of St. John of the Lateran, with its great bronze doors once used in the Senate House; "The Holy Stairs," the twenty-eight marble steps brought (it is claimed) from the Roman Praetorium in Jerusalem and to be ascended, as we saw great crowds doing, only on one's knees, the very steps Luther was ascending when he heard an inner voice reminding him that "The just shall live by faith;" the beautiful St. Angelo Bridge and Castle, the building of which was begun by the Emperor Hadrian; the Villa Farnese, with its frescoes by Raphael, and the Villa Borghese, with its great art collections, and Hadrian's Villa, which we did not visit, a dozen miles out of the city, covering more than a hundred and seventy acres in which are magnificent ruins of gardens, a swimming-pool, a theater, and the imperial palace with its throne-room, dining-room and library; the gates of Rome and its miles of thick walls; our drive over the Appian Way, the most famous road in history and a good and wide one even now; the ruins of the great Claudian Aqueduct, with its splendid arches in a fine state of preservation; our visit to the Catacombs of St. Calixtus, one of the forty-four (with a total length of galleries of six hundred miles) to

be found in and near Rome, ancient burial-places of the early Christians and then their places of hiding and martyrdom in days of persecution; the handsome Church of St. Paul, at Tre Fontane, a mile and a half outside St. Paul's Gate on the Ostian Way and about that distance from the traditional place of his execution, with its great monolithic columns from Simplon, malachite pedestals, alabaster pillars, handsome gilt ceilings, mural paintings, colossal statues and medallion mosaics of the Popes; and finally the Church of St. Cecilia, where our interest centered rather in her ancestral home beneath the church. Here, about fifteen feet below the street-level, we saw commodious rooms and halls, the storage-room for provisions and the bath-room with arrangements for hot and cold water, mosaic floors and mural paintings, a small statue of Minerva and a bust of Demosthenes, all helping one to visualize a Roman home of the best type in those long ago days of the Empire.

Travel where you will in the land of Egypt, contrasts confront you. Go where you will in Rome, traditions confront you—and not a hundredth part of them based on fact.

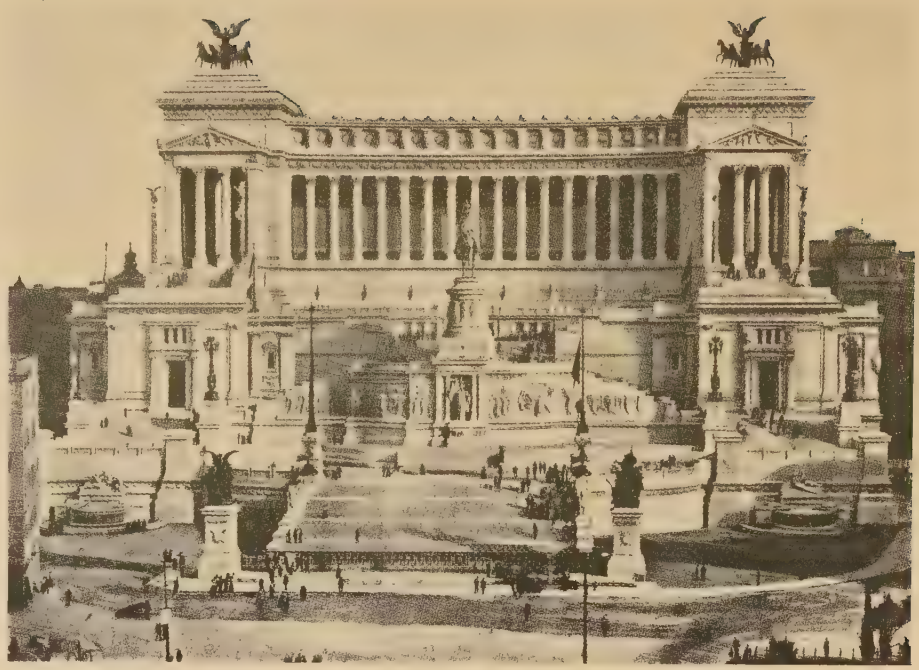
Modern Rome,

a city of 600,000 souls, has wide streets and boulevards, spacious parks and plazas, beautiful fountains, numerous libraries and art galleries, uncounted churches of the Roman faith besides a few that are Protestant, graceful bridges over the narrow Tiber,

solid business houses and splendid public buildings, many schools, colleges and seminaries, a fine water-supply, with ancient aqueducts still partly in use, attractive flower-stands and fruit-stands, fine hotels in which the bath towels furnished you are as big as bed-spreads, people from everywhere, hills from which extensive views of the city may be secured, a striking statue of Garibaldi, who liberated Italy, and

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL MONUMENT IN THE WORLD,

standing in honor of Victor Emmanuel II, who completed the unification of Italy in 1870. This superb memorial, costing about $3,000,000, has been forty years in building. It is of majestic proportions and of gleaming white marble, its colonnade of sixteen pillars impressively symbolizing the union in 1870 of as many parts of Italy and fittingly enshrining the equestrian statue of Victor Emmanuel in bronze and gilt. Beneath the central figure (of Rome) Italy's Unknown Soldier of the World War lies sleeping. France buried her Unknown beneath her Arch of Triumph in Paris; Britain buried hers in Westminster Abbey; America hers in beautiful Arlington. Italy with equal fitness has buried hers within the memorial she has reared to the man who made her people one.



The Imposing Monument to Victor Emmanuel II, the Unifier of Modern Italy

CHAPTER XX

THE FAIREST DAUGHTER OF ROME

FEW travelers, it would be quite safe to say, ever leave Rome without wishing to stay longer. We found ourselves sharing this wish, but our reluctance was lessened by the thought that we were soon to see

FLORENCE,

which Dante, among the greatest of her sons, lovingly characterized as "the most beautiful and most famous daughter of Rome."

It would be only tedious to give in any detail the history of this famous city from the days of its founding as a Roman colony in the Second Century B. C., on through the Thirteenth Century struggle for place and power between the Guelphs, protagonists of the Pope, and the Ghibellines, champions of the German Emperor, followed by the one hundred and fifty years of the Republic, the rule of the Medicis, the brief but blazing reformation of Savonarola, the two centuries of Hapsburg overlordship and the five stirring years, from 1865 to 1870, when Florence was capital of the Kingdom of Italy, this high distinction passing in the latter year to Rome when Victor Emmanuel II had occupied the larger and more ancient city and completed in

this way the unification of his fair land. Suffice it to say that this city of about 250,000, beautifully situated on both sides of the Arno, possesses a setting, of river and valley and sloping hills with rugged peaks beyond, that has set many a poet's soul on fire; and a history, of statecraft, art, literature, science, industry and trade, unsurpassed in interest or importance by any city of Italy with the one exception of Rome; and a list of litterateurs, painters, sculptors, architects, statesmen, historians, educators and reformers unmatched in any city of its size in Europe. Here was the birth-place of the Renaissance. Here was the home, here was the nursery and here were the work-shops of some of the foremost geniuses our race can boast, Dante, Petrarch, Boccacio; Giotto, the father of modern painting, Leonardo da Vinci, Botticelli, Michelangelo, Raphael; Ghiberti, Donatello, Brunelleschi; Savonarola; Amerigo Vespucci, the daring navigator from whom America gets its name; Machiavelli, statesman and historian; Galileo even, all standing in the front rank of names that have given to Florence high eminence among the cities of the earth.

I have spoken already of

DANTE,

who knew this city well. Here he was born. Here, in his own words, he "taught himself the art of bringing words into verse." Here at the early age of nine he fell in love, at first sight, with Beatrice and at twenty-five mourned her death. From

Florence he was banished and like "a ship without sail or helm" was compelled to wander through other cities until he found a permanent home at Ravenna, where his last busy years were given to the task of bringing to completion "The Divine Comedy," a book that has appeared in five hundred editions in the Italian alone. At Ravenna, on a September night of 1321, he passed away at the age of fifty-six, his work achieved and his place among the immortals in literature for evermore secure. Famous as Florence undoubtedly is, its fame would be higher still had Dante spent his whole life within it and there created his masterpiece. The Florentines within half a century after his death quite generally recognized this and would have given much to claim even his hallowed dust. But the folk of Ravenna kept the burial-place a secret, did so, indeed, down to as late as 1865, and proudly guard it until now, while Florence has had to be content with a cenotaph to her exiled bard in the Church of Santa Croce. But it is hardly fair for any one city to gather to itself all the honors and begrudge the few that go to a hospitable neighbor. Florence has Dante's home, and the church in which he was married, and the quaint, narrow streets through which he walked and dreamed, and this should be enough.

Another great name associated with Florence is that of

Savonarola

Forty years before America was discovered and in the very year (1452) that Mohammed the Great

was besieging the doomed city of Constantinople, a boy was born in Ferrara, Italy, whose voice was destined to carry to the remotest corners of his native land. Well educated, Savonarola entered the Dominican Order at Bologna in 1475 and passed the usual years of monastic life. At the age of twenty-five he was welcomed to the Monastery of San Marco in Florence and began a fiery crusade of preaching. The times seemed to demand it. The Florentine Republic had passed and the Medicis were in control, Lorenzo the Magnificent having ruled for eight years before Savonarola came to Florence. His magnificence and his arts of persuasion availed nothing with Savonarola, whose denunciation of the private and official corruption of Florence, the reigning house included, made him the outstanding figure among the Italian preachers of his day. The preacher himself tells us how he was led to undertake and prosecute so herculean a task. "Oh, my Florence!" he says, "I was in a safe harbor, the life of a friar; the Lord drave my bark into the open sea. Before me on the vast ocean I see terrible tempests brewing. The wind drives me forward and the Lord forbids my return. On my right the elect of God demand my help; on my left demons and wicked men lie in ambush. I communed last night with the Lord and said: 'Pity me, Lord; lead me back to my haven.' 'It is impossible; see you not that the wind is contrary?' 'I will preach if so I must; but why need I meddle with the government of Florence?' 'If thou woulds't make Florence a

Michelangelo's "David," Florence

holy city thou must give her a government which favors virtue.' Then was I convinced and cried, 'Lord, I will do Thy will; but tell me what shall be my reward?' 'My son, the servant is not above his master. The Jews made me die on the cross; a like lot awaits thee."

The very year Columbus came in sight of America Lorenzo died, a weakling succeeded him and Savonarola came to virtual rulership of the city by the might of his personal character and of his flaming Christian idealism for Florence. But before long the Medicis returned to power, the Pope, who had been attacked along with all the rest, excommunicated the preacher and was defied, a trial for heresy and sedition followed and on May 23rd, 1498, Savonarola and two other Dominicans were hanged, their bodies burned in the Palazzo Vecchio, on a spot now marked by a bronze slab, and their ashes thrown into the Arno that flows through the city. Thus perished one of the militant preachers of righteousness of his day, a man at whose altar fires others of later times have gratefully lit their torches.

Still another great name most intimately associated with Florence is that of

Michelangelo

Born in one of the tributary towns of Florence in 1475, achieving distinction as sculptor, painter, architect and poet in more than one art center of his beloved Italy, writing in fine appreciation of Dante, living and working to the advanced age of

eighty-nine and buried in Florence, Michelangelo has been called "The Man of Destiny" in the world of art, and such he was. When put to school in Florence, he spent his time drawing pictures and finally, though not without opposition from the family, became an apprentice in art at the age of thirteen. In his early twenties he was stirred to the depths by the fiery eloquence of Savonarola, and religious impressions were made that gave tone and character to his whole later life. His achievements from this time forward read like pages from a romance. Statue after statue sprang from the imprisoning marble; painting after painting leaped from his facile brush. His "Pieta," in St. Peter's, Rome; his "David," in Florence and his "Moses," in the Church of San Pietro in Vincoli, Rome, are among the great masterpieces that give him foremost place among the sculptors of the ages, while his decorations of the vault of the Sistine Chapel of the Vatican in Rome and his "Last Judgment," covering the altar wall of that exquisite building, proclaim him a master-painter as well. But this was not all. From 1547 until his death seventeen years later he was chief architect of St. Peter's in Rome, superintending the construction, from his own plans, of vaults and pendentives and leaving plans for the great Dome, which was finished after his death.

Whatever else the visitor to Florence may see or miss he should not miss seeing

MICHELANGELO'S "DAVID,"

carved from a solid block of discarded marble eighteen feet long. The sculptor was twenty-six when he shut himself up to the task and twenty-nine when the great statue was set up in place in the Palazzo Vecchio in 1504. It remained there, the cynosure of all eyes, for nearly four hundred years, but for protection against the weather it was removed in 1875 to the Academy of Fine Arts, where visitors see it now, a noble and impressive figure of the youthful David ready to meet in single combat, and with no weapon but a sling, the giant champion of the Philistines.

In the exquisite Chapel of the Medici we saw other productions of this versatile and energetic genius. He designed the sacristy, and his figures of Lorenzo and of "Night" and "Dawn" (each complete) and of "Day" and "Twilight" (each unfinished) are marvels of his chisel; but even more interesting is his studio adjoining, with models of his statue of Lorenzo the Magnificent and of Lorenzo's coffin, too, and drawings, on the wall, of his figures in the sacristy. We had been in the work-shop of the greatest sculptor of all time and had all but seen him at his work! And in the Church of Santa Croce, the Westminster Abbey of Florence for hundreds of years, we saw the imposing tomb of the man no small part of whose great work had been the carving of tombs for others, and just opposite his the no less splendid tomb of Galileo, the scientist

who was born the very year the great sculptor passed away.

The Fair City on the Arno

We found Florence interesting and picturesque beyond words to describe, the great Cathedral and the Baptistery across the street from it the dominating features in its architectural life. The Baptistery, an octagonal building with a dome, is famous for its exquisite bronze doors, designed by Ghiberti of the Fifteenth Century. The Cathedral, of wonderful construction and yet quite dark, was a hundred and fifty years in building. It is distinguished for its great dome, the work of Brunelleschi, a contemporary of Ghiberti. This "first great dome in modern art" was modeled on that of the Pantheon and ranks in magnitude second only to that of St. Peter's in Rome. But more wonderful even than this dome is the Campanile, designed by Giotto of the Fourteenth Century, an example of pure Italian Gothic and ranked as the most beautiful bell-tower in the world. Yet, strange to say, this most beautiful of bell-towers encloses a clanging bell! The authorities should take up a collection and order a good one.

The Art Galleries of Florence

are famous the world over. We visited first the Uffizi Gallery, with its many notable works of art, and then through long halls and across the Arno entered the Pitti Gallery with its almost endless

treasures, the chief of which is the world-known "Madonna of the Chair," by Raphael. Others, out of a great number that impressed us, were: Michelangelo's "The Holy Family;" Raphael's "St. John in the Desert" and "The Holy Family;" Rubens' "The Aftermath of War" (an immense and striking picture); Guido Reni's "St. Peter in Tears;" and Murillo's "Madonna and the Child" and "Madonna of the Rosary." Raphael's "Madonna of the Chair," the high praise of which is all deserved, occupies a premier position in one of the halls. An artist was copying it, in its frame and its setting, when we were there and was making of the group of paintings a charming picture.

On our way to the galleries and while passing through the Palazzo Vecchio our guide pointed out two sculptured lions one of which, he said, was ancient and the other modern. We asked him who carved the modern one. "Michelangelo," he said. Four hundred years ago—and yet modern! Age or youth, ancient or modern, is a relative thing after all.

There is much more to be said about Florence. The quaint Ponte Vecchio, a bridge lined with shops on either side; the Haymarket, where we bought woven hats of various makes and shades; the little shop where we saw mosaic jewelry in the making; and the terra cotta factory not far away, each held its share of interest for us but here may be mentioned only.

CHAPTER XXI

THE QUEEN OF THE ADRIATIC

We left Florence for Venice a little past two in the afternoon, crossed the Apennines, passed through more than forty tunnels, caught sight of the higher peaks all covered with snow, saw many mulberry trees and remembered that much of this raw product would ultimately find its way into bolts of silk over in America, and saw, too, many olive-groves along the way. We noted again something we had seen in other parts of Italy, and in Egypt, too,—a little house for the brakeman on many a coal car and box car—a caboose all to himself, as it were. We also observed, what we had seen before and were to see in other parts of Europe, that the locomotives had two bumpers and two headlights just above them and that the coal used for firing the boilers was in blocks, like great bricks. The country through which we were passing presented a shifting panorama of plains, narrow valleys, bold crags and mountain passes. We made a short stop at Bologna and thought of its famous university where students from all parts of Europe sat at the feet of skilled professors in the Middle Ages. Then at half past nine at night we saw lights across the water and knew that we were entering

Venice

Leaving our train we passed through the station to the platform edging on the Grand Canal, stepped into waiting gondolas, which glided through canal after canal and finally drew up in front of our hotel. As we turned into bed that night, and again as we awoke the next morning, we heard men singing in the court below, their voices rich and splendid. We felt that we were in Italy indeed.

A Unique City

Built on a hundred and seventeen islands and along more than a hundred and fifty canals, Venice is unique among the cities of the world. The beginnings of the city may be traced back several centuries before Christ but its firmer founding came hundreds of years later on when the chief islands were chosen as the refuge of nearby cities against the barbarians sweeping Italy from the north. Later the city was caught between the threats of pirates from the sea and Lombards from the land, and so the succession of Doges was established, to rule for a thousand years until the Venetian Republic was brought to an end by Napoleon in 1797. Other political changes came and in 1866 Venice became part of the Kingdom of Italy.

From her very situation, and her necessities, Venice has always been a commercial city, trading with the Mohammedans around the year 1000 and prospering greatly through the period of the

Crusades. Venice has also been an ecclesiastical center. Tradition has it that the body of the Evangelist Mark was removed from Alexandria to Venice in 829. The tradition is wholly unreliable, nevertheless for a thousand years and more the Evangelist Mark has been the patron saint of the city, the Cathedral of St. Mark the busy center of its life and the Lion of St. Mark in evidence everywhere. Venice has also been for many centuries a center of art and architecture. Titian, a miracle worker in color, is the great name here, like Michelangelo in Rome and Florence,—the Titian who was still painting in his ninety-ninth year and died in the Great Plague when he had almost reached one hundred; but the works of Paul Veronese and Tintoretto would of themselves bring glory to any city. From the point of view of architecture Venice may be said to be in a class to itself. Not alone has it registered and preserved in stone the transition from Byzantine to Renaissance architecture. The city as a whole, built on deep piling, is all but an architectural miracle. Its streets (in the main) are canals spanned by four hundred picturesque bridges and lined on either side by homes, palaces, churches and galleries of art that represent every style of architecture from the Twelfth to the Eighteenth Century.

St. Mark's

Think of a city of 200,000 people with not an automobile or a carriage in sight! We walked leisurely from our hotel to the Piazza of St. Mark.

Along the Waterways of Venice

It was early morning, but the pigeons were there before us, like the squirrels in many of our parks back home. St. Mark's Cathedral is far from impressive, whether from without or from within. We were, of course, comparing it with St. Peter's in Rome and the Cathedral in Florence, with each one of which, indeed, it stands in striking contrast. The Cathedral was begun the year after the bones of Mark are said to have been brought from Alexandria, but was rebuilt in Byzantine style in the Eleventh Century and Gothic additions were made four centuries later on. In form it is a Greek cross, and it is capped by five domes.

A service was being chanted as we entered the Cathedral. We were shown the place (marked) where Barbarossa knelt; the eight columns from Solomon's Temple in Jerusalem (!); the mosaics, in the sacristy, designed by Titian; Tintoretto's "St. Peter;" the so-called tomb of Mark under the high altar and the bronzine marble figures of Christ and His Apostles and the saints. The mosaics for which St. Mark's is noted the world around are marvels of the art, with much of gold in the background.

The Bronze Horses and Their Travels

Above the central portals of St. Mark stand the four famous bronze horses. Like the obelisks of Egypt they are experienced travelers. Nero took them from Corinth, their native city, to adorn his ornate Chariot of the Sun in Rome. When Con-

stantine the Great moved his capital from Rome to Constantinople he took the horses along with him; and when Enrico Dandolo, the greatest of the Doges and a participant in the Fourth Crusade, took Constantinople in 1204, he brought them back with him to Venice as a small but artistic part of his huge booty. But the horses had not yet finished their travels. Napoleon, as everybody knows, was an extensive collector of works of art in former enemy countries. He liked the bronze horses and carried them off to Paris, but after Waterloo they were returned to their Venetian quarters. When the World War came and the Austrians were nearing Venice, the horses were shipped to Rome for safekeeping. They are now back again, this time, let us hope, for good. They are rather disappointing as to size, being only five feet in height, but nevertheless they add an artistic and a romantic touch to one of the most ancient and historic churches in that part of the world.

Venice in Wartime

Venice lies between the mouths of the Piave and the Po. The Piave! The very name recalls one of the decisive battles of the World War. I asked our guide—whose token of service in the Great War was a maimed right hand—how near the enemy got to Venice. "Two hours," he said. In a very real sense they got closer than that, for bombing planes killed hundreds of its citizens and came near to wrecking more than one of its historic edifices. In

one of the many churches of the city we saw on exhibit an unexploded bomb that had crashed through the roof, and in front of St. Mark's, and not more than twenty feet from the façade, we saw a bronze plate set into the pavement and bearing the inscription:

Bomba Austriaca
4-9-1916,

which means with us September 4, 1916. It was a fire bomb and had failed to explode.

From St. Mark's we made our way to

THE PALACE OF THE DOGES,

entering this large and historic building between the two huge figures of Mars and Neptune. The Palace contains reception rooms, an audience room of the Doges, the Senate Chamber, the Chamber of the Council of Ten, the dark room in which sentences of death were imposed and the Great Council Hall unsupported by a single pillar. With the exception of the sentence chamber the walls and ceilings of all these rooms are covered with gorgeous paintings of the masters, each room a famous picture gallery. Included in the list of pictures are "The Rape of Europe," by Paul Veronese; "Mercury and the Graces," "Venus, Minerva and Mars" and "The Mystic Marriage of St. Catharine and the Doge," by Tintoretto; and, most striking of all, Tintoretto's "Paradise," which covers the entire end (seventy-two by sixty-nine feet) of the Great Council Hall,

contains eight hundred figures and ranks as the largest oil painting in the world. It was rolled up and taken to Rome in the World War. But one despairs of giving any adequate idea of the wealth of art displayed in this Ducal Palace, its façades and stair-cases, its porches and windows, its lobbies and vestibules and chimney-pieces, its statues and pillars, its massive doors and heroic paintings, all suggesting or proclaiming the glory of Venice in days of war or peace. Of a different type, and yet most interesting, was the Room of Arms, where among many objects that held attention we saw the armor of Henry IV of France. From the Palace we passed over

The Bridge of Sighs

and down to the dungeons where criminals and political prisoners once awaited the day of execution. We saw the block on which they were beheaded, the hole in the floor through which flowed their blood and the hole in the wall through which their headless bodies were pushed out, to drop into the waters of the quiet canal thirty-two feet below. Later we visited, by gondola, the Academy of Fine Arts where among the masterpieces we were impressed by "The Madonna," of Paul Veronese; "Transporting the Body of St. Mark" and "St. Mark Rescuing a Slave," by Tintoretto; "The Holy Family," by Vecchio and the "Pieta," begun by Titian in his ninety-ninth year and completed by Palma Giovane. The Frari Church, five hundred years old, we also visited

Detail of the Cathedral of Milan

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by gondola. Here we saw the strikingly beautiful monument to Canova erected by his pupils and enshrining his heart; the monument to Titian (by no means so impressive) and San Savino's "Christ" (a wonderful creation in marble). But the most famous of all the paintings in Venice is yet to be mentioned. The finest painting in all the world is the Sistine Madonna, now in Dresden. The next finest among oil paintings is Titian's "Assumption of the Virgin" here in Venice.

On the Grand Canal

You would find something to interest you for days on days in Venice, in its short streets and narrow lanes, in its stores and along its quays. You would walk over the Rialto Bridge and note its shops, two dozen of them, on either side, and visit the interesting market and "the house of Shylock" beyond. You would see the glass-blowers and the lace-makers at their work and see in nearby show-rooms some of the exquisite products of their skill. But if you would know a genuinely restful time and breathe in some of the dreamy and languid spirit of Venice, engage, as we did, a gondolier for a full afternoon, step into his black gondola (all but a few are black, in mourning still for the Great Plague that carried off 50,000 of the inhabitants of Venice) and ride out to the Lagoon and thence back to the Grand Canal, which winds through the city like a great S. Then while making your way leisurely through its quiet waters allow your mind to wander

back some centuries to the Venice and its people portrayed by Shakespeare and to the later Venice of Byron, whose home is pointed out, and of Wagner, Ruskin and Browning, each of whom had associations with the city. Then if you are of a practical turn of mind you might think of the length of the Grand Canal, somewhat over two miles, of its average width of two hundred and thirty feet and of its depth of sixteen feet. And certainly you would not fail to notice that instead of name-plates on the doors, posts bearing heraldic colors proclaim the owners and instead of an automobile or two at the door, as many gondolas are tied up, ready to take their owners to places of business or on social calls as the need may be. By the time you have completed these reflections and observations your gondola has pulled up to the little wharf near St. Mark's and you find yourself part of the throng that gathers in the spacious square. Then when night has fallen you will watch the gondolas, some entirely dark, some brilliantly lighted, gliding almost noiselessly through the waters and making a scene not easy to duplicate anywhere else in the world.

CHAPTER XXII

MILAN'S DREAM IN STONE

We were glad to have a daylight ride from Venice to Milan. Passing Padua we remembered its great university, founded in 1222 and educating so many students during the darkness of the Middle Ages, and of the days spent in that noble city by Dante, Giotto and Donatello. Verona, too, we passed, and remembered its not inconspicuous part in the promotion of art and architecture in the same dark days. We were impressed by the number of bell-towers we saw in the towns through which we passed, a few modeled on St. Mark's and many on the matchless one at Florence. Our road wound through the beautiful Venetian and Lombardy Plains, which lay under fine cultivation. We saw miles of mulberry trees, many with vines trailing beneath them, but only two flocks of sheep and very few horses and oxen. Then Lake Gardo, wonderfully picturesque, appeared, its background the towering heights of the Alps. Our train sped on and soon we were

In Milan

Here is a city that traces back to the Third Century B. C. In the Third Century A. D. it attained eminence as the capital of Italy and in the Fourth Century as the home and place of influence of the celebrated Ambrose, the Bishop who compelled the Emperor Theodosius to do penance for his massacre

of the Thessalonians and who seven years later received the celebrated Augustine into the church. Mark is the patron saint of Venice. Ambrose is the patron saint of Milan and the church founded by him and bearing his name stands among the chief points of interest still pointed out to visitors. The barbarians overran Milan and the Goths desolated it, but the Tenth Century saw the return of prosperous days. Then for centuries the history of Milan was a checkered one. Today it ranks as the financial capital of Italy and, with its nearly 700,000 souls, as the second largest city of the kingdom, Naples alone exceeding it in population. Its manufactures are many and varied, its trading relations wide and profitable, its enterprise and wealth the envy of other cities of southern Europe. It has splendid streets and boulevards and public gardens, handsome public buildings, excellent schools, an Academy of Fine Arts and (among unique features) a great glass-covered arcade, lined with shops and surmounted by a cupola a hundred and eighty feet in height.

"The Last Supper"

On reaching Milan we drove at once to the Santa Maria delle Grazie and saw, in the old refectory, used later as a stable, Leonardo da Vinci's "The Last Supper." This mural painting by one of the acknowledged masters of the world has suffered much since 1494, when da Vinci gave it to the world. The artist, as is generally known, has represented Christ as having pronounced the words, "One of

The Cathedral from the Arcade of Victor Emmanuel II.

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you shall betray me;" and the effect upon His disciples of that startling announcement finds vivid portrayal in the faces of the Twelve.

Milan's Dream in Stone

From the church we drove to the Cathedral, the center of Milan with its many busy tides of life. Here I am tempted to lay down my pen, for what words could ever do justice to so artistic and splendid a structure? The Cathedral, begun in 1386 and not entirely finished until 1805, was more than four centuries in building. In form it is a Latin cross; in length, four hundred and eighty-six feet, in width, two hundred and nineteen. Its great bronze doors, of recent construction, cost twenty-four years of skilful work. Ninety-eight turrets rise above the massive towers and the great roof of the building and there are statues, more than two thousand of them, even to the topmost turret, the whole impression being one of airy grace. But pass inside and witness the contrast. Not less beautiful, indeed, is the interior; in fact, it is more beautiful, but here one sees wondrous beauty united with massive strength. Great pillars, fifty-two of them, go up to towering heights. Gothic arches, like graceful bridges, span them. Beautiful ceilings, carved out of solid stone, look like delicate lace-work in the distance. Vast aisles and transepts lend their dignity to the pile and rare windows transmute the sunshine into a

soft twilight. Later on we saw Notre Dame, Rheims and nearly all the cathedrals of Great Britain, and while the exteriors of several of them exceed this in setting, in symmetry and in stateliness, not one of them, to my thinking, can claim an interior as marvelous and noble and impressive as this in busy Milan.

Home Again

Much might be written about our ride through the Alps, our train drawn by a powerful electric locomotive; of war-torn and peace-time France; of endless London and the charming countryside of England; of bonnie Scotland and Ireland in deep green, but I forbear. We had visited many lands, but I am sure we never appreciated our own quite as much as when our great liner nosed her way up to the dock in New York and we were back home once more.

THE END

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